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LIEUT.T J. SHIPP. 87.th Reg.t

Leading the Troops into the Fort of Multras.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

EXTRAORDINARY MILITARY CAREER

OF

JOHN SHIPP,

LATE A LIEUTENANT IN HIS MAJESTY'S 87TH REGIMENT.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle:
* * * Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."

VOL. I.

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1829.

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PREFACE.

In laying before the public a familiar and unreserved detail of the incidents and adventures of my past life, I trust it will not for a moment be supposed that I am actuated by vanity, or by a desire to make an ostentatious display of my military services. That, in the course of those services, I have exercised some degree of daring, to the merit (if any) attached to which I may justly lay claim, I do not affect to deny; but it is far, very far, from my thoughts, to assume the possession of uncommon fortitude, or to arrogate to myself any degree

of heroism superior to that which would be displayed, on occasions which required it, by every brave officer in his Majesty's service.

Having thus, first, disclaimed all intention of boasting of my performances, or of holding myself up as a prodigy of valour, it becomes me next to declare that I do not pretend to afford the reader any important intelligence respecting our Indian possessions, either as regards statistics or politics. Information on these subjects must be sought in the works of writers of far higher pretensions than the humble author of these Memoirs.

My design has been to present the public with a simple and unadorned narration of my own life, from the period of my infancy

to the date of my having been, unfortunately, compelled to quit his Majesty's service. Interspersed with the incidents and adventures which have marked my career, will be found various amusing, and some affecting anecdotes, with my remarks (offered with extreme diffidence, though with great sincerity), on corporal punishment in the army, and on other subjects upon which I deem myself privileged to avow my sentiments, with the conviction that I cannot possibly give offence to any one.

If, among the anecdotes which I have introduced, the eye of criticism may detect many which may be deemed of too trivial a nature, and devoid of that piquancy which can alone confer a value on such light and unimportant materials, I can only

plead that I may have been led to over-estimate their merit, from the hearty laughter which they created when they were first noted by me; and I trust it will be recollected that it is a rough soldier who has ventured to think them worthy of publicity. So, also, if in my account of the battles and sieges in which I have had the honour to participate, my details shall appear flimsy or meagre, more especially as concerns the objects of the government of India in the various campaigns in which I have been engaged, be it remembered that I do not profess to know their designs; that my constant occupation in my professional duties afforded me no time to study them; and that it is the subaltern's duty to act, and not to reason.

It is with considerable pain that I feel myself bound to confess that my principal object in submitting these Memoirs to the notice of the public, is the hope of attracting attention to my present unfortunate situation. Inured, I may almost say from my infancy, to the pursuits of war; having always been an enthusiastic admirer of the profession of a soldier; and having attestations that on many perilous occasions I have performed the duties of that profession to the satisfaction of my superiors; I cannot but admit that I feel with intense severity the sentence which condemns me to be no longer an aspirant in the field of glory. To the justice of that sentence I bow with humility, for it seems to be the opinion of my best friends that I acted in-

temperately under mistaken notions; but its effect I must ever feel acutely, and I cannot refrain from expressing a hope which I can never cease to indulge—that I shall not be permitted, at the age of forty-three, and in active and vigorous health, to linger out my days an outcast from that profession in which my life has hitherto been spent; for which I am qualified by nature and habit; and to which I am enthusiastically attached by inclination.

My Memoirs, such as they are, I leave to the indulgent consideration of a liberal public.

JOHN SHIPP.

Bhuripore Cottage,
Alpha Road, Regent's Park,
January, 1829.

MEMOIRS

OF

JOHN SHIPP,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

In the ponderous mouldy register of the little market-town of Saxmundham, in the county of Suffolk, covered with the red remnants of the old worn-out velvet pulpit-cushion of the said village church, into which the Christian Religion had been beaten and enforced, both with clenched fist and pointed elbow, and which now plainly told the congregation that it had at last yielded only to Parson Brown's *impressive* manner and arguments; in this prodigious volume,—protected by huge brass clasps which naught but the rough hand of the man of skulls * could force to

* The sexton of the parish.

obedience;—after the oft-wetted thumb had aroused some hundreds of gigantic leaves from their peaceful slumber, and the book had opened wide its time-worn pages, there was (and I doubt not is still to be) discovered, a plainly-written record, setting forth, in most intelligible terms, that I, John Shipp, the humble author of these memoirs, came into this wicked and untoward generation, on the 16th day of March, A. D. 1785. If this register be an authentic enrolment, which I have neither reason nor inclination to doubt, I was the second son of Thomas and Letitia Shipp,—persons of honest fame, but in indigent circumstances, who had both "drank deep" of the cup of sorrow. Of the latter of those dear parents I was bereft in my infancy; and, as my father was a soldier in a foreign clime, thus was I thrown on the world's tempestuous ocean, to buffet with the waves of care, and to encounter the breakers of want.

At the death of my poor mother, I was left, with my elder brother, in utter destitution. The advantage which other children derive from the support and good counsel of an affectionate father, we had never known; and we were now suddenly

bereft of a fond mother's fostering care, and, with it, of our humble parental home. Where, under such circumstances, could we look for protection? Friends we had few, if any; and those who might have been generously disposed to assist us, were, unfortunately, incapacitated, by their own distressed circumstances, from extending a helping hand towards us. Need I feel shame, then, in avowing that there was one place of refuge, and one place only, in which two helpless orphans could obtain, at once, food, clothes, and shelter; and that that one asylum was—the village poor-house!

At the age of nine I was deprived of my brother, who was pressed on board a man-of-war. He was a remarkably fine youth of about fourteen; and, being of a wild spirited disposition, I have every reason to believe that but little *pressing* was required to induce him to go to sea; but rather, that being, like myself, homeless and dependant, he gladly availed himself of the opportunity which offered of setting his youthful heart free from bondage, by becoming a volunteer in the service of his country. Since that period (now upwards of thirty years) I

have never heard of him! Whether he early met a watery grave, or still lives, I know not; but this I know, and cannot restrain myself from stating, that the uncertainty of his fate haunts me day and night, and stands an eternal barrier between me and peace. Could I but again see him, though it were even as a wandering mendicant, in the tattered garb of poverty, it would afford me comparative happiness to what I now feel from entire ignorance of his doom. Should this simple narrative, by any possible chance, happen to meet the eye of one who is acquainted with my poor brother or his fate, any information concerning him will be gratefully received by me,*—to say *how* gratefully it were difficult to attempt.

To return to my own memoirs: now that my brother had left me, I was desolate indeed! His departure afflicted me most sincerely, and I felt myself alone in the wide world, a friendless, isolated being.

* My brother's Christian name was *Robert*. He was pressed in the year 1796, but on board what ship I could never learn. His age would now be about forty-eight or forty-nine; and he promised to be a tall, handsome man, of rather fair complexion, but with dark eyes.

But the spirits of childhood, buoyant and elastic, though they may be depressed for a time, readily accommodate themselves to all exigencies, and rise superior to the greatest calamities. Grief, however poignant at first, will not dwell long with youth; and the ingenuity and curiosity of a boy, ever on the alert to discover some new expedient with which to amuse his mind and to gratify his fickle fancy, effectually prevent him from indulging in unavailing despondency. I was naturally a wild dog, of an active unconquerable spirit; and, although the miseries peculiar to my friendless situation could not but at first severely affect me, yet, after a short time, I found that, in spite of them all, I had so contrived it as to have established in the village a character for mischief infinitely superior to that possessed by any other boy of my own age. This character, however reverenced by boys of the same genius, was not, it must be acknowledged, very likely to increase the number of my real friends; and I therefore cannot speak in very rapturous terms of the comforts I enjoyed at this period of my youth. I have a recollection of sundry tricks and misdemeanors in which

I was very actively concerned, and for which I was frequently as deservedly punished; and, as far as my memory serves me, my time, just at this juncture, was passed in a pretty even routine of planning and executing mischief, and receiving its reward.

This, however, was not long to last; for fickle fortune threw an incident in my way which diverted my attention from all my former tricks and frolics, and turned my thoughts into a new channel. One autumn's morning, in the year 1797, while I was playing marbles in a lane called Love Lane, and was in the very act of having a shot at the whole ring with my blood-alley, the shrill notes of a fife, and the hollow sound of a distant drum, struck on my active ear. I stopped my shot, bagged my marbles, and scampered off to see the soldiers. On arriving at the market-place, I found them to be a recruiting-party of the Royal Artillery, who had already enlisted several likely-looking fellows. The pretty little well-dressed fifer was the principal object of my notice. His finery and shrill music were of themselves sufficient attractions to my youthful fancy: but what occupied my thoughts more than

either of these, was the size of this musical warrior, whose height very little exceeded that of the drum by which he stood. "Surely," thought I to myself, sidling up to him, "I must be myself as tall, if not taller, than this little blade; and should make as good a soldier!" Reflections of this nature were crowding thick into my mind, when the portly sergeant, addressing his words to the gaping rustics by whom he was surrounded, but directing his eyes to the bed-room windows in the vicinity of his station, commenced a right royal speech. I swallowed every word spoken by the royal sergeant with as much avidity as the drum-major's wife would her morning libation. It was all about "gentlemen soldiers"—"merry life"—"muskets rattling"—"cannons roaring"—"drums beating"—"colours flying"—"regiments charging"—and shouts of "victory! victory!" On hearing these last words, the rustic bumpkins who had enlisted, exposed their flowing locks, and with their tattered hats gave three cheers to "the King—God bless him." In this I most heartily joined, to the no small amusement of the assembled multitude. "Victory" seemed still to ring in my ears, and the

sound inspired my little heart with such enthusiasm, that it was not until some minutes after the rest had left off cheering, that I became conscious, from the merriment around me, that I still held my tiny hat elevated in the air, waiting for a repetition of that spirit-stirring word. Finding myself observed, I adjusted my hat with a knowing air, elevated my beardless chin with as much consequence as I could assume, and, raising myself on tiptoe to appear as tall as possible, I strutted up to the sergeant, and asked him, in plain words, if he would "take I for a sodger?" The sergeant smiled, and patted my head in so condescending a manner, that I thought I might venture to take the same liberty with the head of the drum; but in this I was mistaken, for I had no sooner touched it than I received from the drummer a pretty sharp rap on the knuckles for my presumption: his drum-head was as sacred to him as the apple of his eye. I again mounted on tiptoe and urged my question, "Will you like I for a sodger?" intimating, at the same time, that I was "bigger than that there chap," pointing to the little fifer. Incensed at this indignity, the boy of notes

was so nettled, that he commenced forthwith to impress on my face and head striking marks of his irritation in being thus degradingly referred to. This I felt that I could have returned with compound interest; but, as my antagonist had the honour of wearing his Majesty's livery, I deemed it wiser to pocket the affront with my marbles, and make the best of my way off. I accordingly made a retrograde movement towards home, full of the scene I had just witnessed, and vociferating as I went along, "left, right,"—"right, left,"—"heads up, soldiers,"—"eyes right,"—"eyes left," &c. In short, I had thus suddenly not only been touched by the military, but got the military touch; and from that day forth I could neither say nor do anything, but in what I thought a soldier-like style: my play consisted chiefly of evolutions and manœuvres, and my conversation of military phrases.

Shortly after this adventure, I was sent to live with a farmer in the town, whose heart was as cold as the hoar-frost which often blighted his fairest prospects. Fortunately for me, however, his wife was of a different disposition. This good dame proved almost a

second mother to me, and frequently screened me from the effects of my master's rage; but so restless and untoward (to say the truth), were my inclinations and propensities, and so imperious in his commands, and unrelenting in his anger, was my master, that, in spite of my kind mistress's intercession in my favour, I seldom passed a day without being subjected to his cruel lash. This treatment was but little calculated either to conciliate my affections, or to effect a reformation in my conduct. My feelings became hardened under the lash of oppression; and my desire to leave a place so little congenial with my disposition increased daily. Meantime, all the cats and dogs in my master's house were made to go through military evolutions; the hoes and rakes were transformed into muskets, and the geese and turkeys into soldiers. Even my master's whip, which was always in requisition at the conclusion of these performances, could not eradicate my propensity for "soldiering." Every time his back was turned, my military exercises were resumed; and, when I could not by possibility find time to be thus actively engaged, I solaced myself with whistling, *God Save the King*—

The British Grenadiers, and *See the Conquering Hero Comes.* The first of these tunes I once commenced in the church-yard during a funeral service, for which I got the sexton's cane over my back; "that being no place," as the said sexton judiciously remarked, "to show my loyalty in." Even the old women in the parish could not pass me without a military salute, such as—*Heads up, missis! Eyes right, missis! Keep the step, missis!* &c. These pranks often brought me into disgrace and trouble, and usually ended with an application of the end of my master's whip.

In the dreary month of December, when the white snow danced along the glen, and the icicle sparkled on the hoary oak, I had transported my frozen limbs into a turnip-field, close by the Great Yarmouth Road, where I stood shrivelled up like a dried mushroom, plotting and planning how to escape from the truly wretched situation in which I felt myself to be then placed. I had just put my cold fingers into my mouth for the purpose of warming them, and had given them the first puff, when I heard the distant sound of martial music. Down

went my hands, and up went my heels. I made an *eschellon* movement towards the place; jumped over the gate; brought up my right shoulder a little; then gave the word *forward,* and marched in double-quick time. The music soon got nearer, or, at all events, I soon got so near to the music that I was glad to halt. Just at this moment the whole band struck up, *Over the Hills and Far Away,* which kindled a flame in my bosom which nothing but death can extinguish, though I have now long since had my full share of the reality of the Scotch melody. On coming up to the party of soldiers, I gave the colonel a military salute, by first slapping my leathers, then bringing up my right hand (which, by the bye, was the *wrong* hand), to my forehead, and extending the thumb as far as I could from my fingers. I continued in this position, keeping my elbow parallel with the top of my head, until the colonel came close up to me, and, remarking how studiously I retained the same position, condescendingly said, with a smile, "that's a fine fellow." On this head, I perfectly agreed with the gallant commandant, as may be readily supposed; and the

compliment so elated me, that I felt by no means certain whether I stood on my head or my heels, but ran about, first in the front, then in the rear, until at last I ran bump up against—"master," who presented himself to my astonished eyes, mounted on Corporal Dash (a horse of his I had so named), with a long hunting-whip (a very old friend of mine) in his hand. The moment I recognized these old acquaintances, I saw that I had not a minute to lose; so, making up my mind that a good retreat was far better than a bad fight, I ran off at full charge, as fast as my legs would carry me, my master riding after me, and roaring out most lustily, *Stop, stop!* If, instead of *stop*, he had said *halt*, it is more than probable that my legs would instinctively have obeyed; for, from the constant drills to which they had been subjected, they began to move quite mechanically. As it was, however, on I went, until a stile brought my master up, when, as I was quite out of breath, I thought I might as well halt too. Here I had the satisfaction of hearing my master swear roundly, that he would kill me when he caught me. "Thank God," thought I to myself,

" you have not got me yet." The moment my persecutor rode on, I cut across a field, and again gained the head of the corps of Royal Horse Artillery, who were at this time just entering the suburbs of the village. Here I dared not venture to follow them any farther, until my master's hurricane had blown over; so I mounted a gate, where my heart yearned after them, as that of a wounded soldier does after his corps in the battle's heat. Here I again set my wits to work how to elude the chastisement I was sure to receive from the infuriated man of clods. The regiment which I had seen was, I had ascertained, on its march to Yarmouth, to embark for foreign service; and, from the condescending manner of the colonel (who returned my salute), I made no doubt whatever that he would be glad to take me for a soldier. Full of these thoughts, I loitered about all day, but dared not venture in, until, at length, my *interior* began to express wants respecting which I had not before reflected. These demands were of a nature not to be drilled into obedience; so, at last, overcome by fatigue and inanition, in I marched, having first seen my master march out. My mis-

tress, who was ever ready to act the part of a kind mother towards me, soon provided me with a substantial meal. I was not long in doing justice to the repast thus kindly set before me; and, having effectually satisfied my appetite for the time present, I took the precaution of lining my pockets with a large hunch of bread and cheese, to subsist on the following day, when I intended to be in light marching order to follow the soldiers. Having thus prudently provided in some degree for the future, I betook myself to my usual occupations; but I had not commenced work more than five minutes, when I espied my master reconnoitreing me from behind a hedge. Presently he crossed a stile with a large whip in his hand, and I could discern, from his artful movements, that it was his intention to come upon me unperceived. Now and then, in order that my fears might not be excited, he would stoop down and pull a turnip; but I was too good a soldier myself to be out-general'd in this manner. I stood from my work, the better to observe the enemy's movements, and kept my eye upon the fugleman. At last, I saw him make preparations to arrange his

whip; so I immediately arranged my legs for a start. "Every step that he now takes," thought I to myself, "is a step nearer to my back; whereas, now that I have ten yards' start, there is still a chance for me." My master perceived that I was ready for a bolt, and soon broke from slow time into quick, and from quick to double-quick, which put me to the charge, my master following me,—swearing, threatening, and roaring out, *Stop him, stop him!* a second time. I turned round to look who was likely to stop me, when my foot came in contact with a large clod, and I tumbled, heels over head. Here the chase ended, for my tyrant caught hold of me by a smock-frock which I had on, and commenced flogging me; but, from the race I had given him, I found he was so winded that he had not strength left to hurt me much; so I "showed fight" at once by seizing hold of the lash of the whip. This so enraged him, that he threw me from him with such violence, that one side of the smock-frock and I parted company, and I had just sufficient time left me to get up again and make my escape, which I did, leaving my master, as a token of my unalterable affection, the one side of

my upper garment. Let it be his winding-sheet, for he was a cruel monster!

The remaining half of my smock-frock I stuck in a hedge in the same field, as a further token of my regard, and as a proof of my anxiety to leave him all I could spare. I then made a movement towards the town, in the hope that I should see the colonel, but he was not to be found; and I went from public-house to public-house, in search of the soldiers, till night began to don her sombre mantle, which was as gloomy as my poor little friendless bosom. Go home I dared not; so, after wandering about the farmer's house, I at last got into the stable, and slept all night in the hay-loft, dreaming I was a general, and riding over the battle's plain. Here I slept as sound as a dead soldier, until I was awoke in the morning by the gruff voice of my master, inquiring if they had seen anything of me, and protesting that, whenever he caught me, he would skin me alive. "Bob" (one of his men), he bellowed out, "saddle that there old horse, Corporal Dash, and I'll go and see where he is, and, if I catches him, I'll put him in the stocks, and see if that can't

cool his courage for him. He is the most tarnationest and outdationest lad I have ever seen; it was only the day before yesterday, that I catched him riding the old sow, Polly, with a pitchfork, and singing out—*Victory, victory;* but I'll see if the stocks won't cool him." The old corporal was saddled accordingly, and led out. I could distinctly see him through a small hole in the loft, and he trotted off towards the market-place. I now began to think what place was best and safest for me. Skinning alive I could not bear the thoughts of; and, as to the stocks, it is true they might have cooled me, for it was freezing hard, and as bitter a morning as ever blew from the heavens; but there was nothing soldier-like in the situation, and the thoughts of such a position were not to be endured.

As soon as Bob had left the place to go to his work, I began to form plans for my retreat. Resolved, for the present, to act on the defensive, I first reconnoitred the course, to see that the enemy was not lying in ambush for me, or lurking in the vicinity of my hiding-place. Finding all clear, I descended to the stable, and soon gained the road.

Having passed through the barn-yard and orchard, I peeped in at the farm-house, but could not catch a glimpse of my kind mistress. My bread and cheese I had eaten the preceding evening, and my stomach began now to evince symptoms of mutinous commotion; but the fear of falling again into the hands of my merciless enemy prevailed over all other considerations, and, in an adjoining field, I regaled myself very contentedly on a turnip. I had just concluded this sumptuous repast, and was beginning to reflect seriously on the situation in which I had placed myself, when the band struck up that beautiful old melody, *The Girl I left behind Me.* This was both meat and drink to me, and its sweet notes comforted my before-inconsolable bowels. I put myself in marching and soldier-like attitude; and with my hands stuck close to my leathers; my fingers directed towards the earth; chin elevated; toes pointed; thus I stepped off with the left leg, keeping time with the tune, until I arrived at the toll-gate, about a quarter of a mile from the town. Here I could not help halting, to look back on the little place of my birth, the scene of my boyhood and of

many a sportive hour. I found the tear trickling down my cheek. It was near the grave of my fond mother, too. I hesitated for some time, whether to proceed or return; but my master's dreadful threat rushed upon my mind in all its terror, and this impelled me onwards; and I again joined the followers, men and boys, girls and dogs. I was but a child, but I was a child cast upon the world, parentless and in the hands of a cruel master. I could not believe it possible to be worse off, and therefore continued my march towards Yarmouth, without a mouthful of bread to eat, or a penny in my pocket. I knew not a soul in the place to which I was going; but my truant disposition took a hop, step, and jump, over all difficulties.

My worldly effects consisted of a hat, which had once been round, but which, from my continually turning and twisting it into the shape of cocked-hats, road-hats, soldiers' caps, &c. was now any shape you wished; a little fustian jacket; waistcoat of the same material; a coarse shirt, which, from a violent shaking-fit, was completely in rags; a pair of leathers, intolerably fat and greasy; ribbed worsted stockings;

and a thwacking pair of high-lows, nailed from heel to toe. These, with a little stick, were my only incumbrances, save a gloomy prospect. I was bitterly hungry and sadly tired; but on I went, until we arrived within a mile of Beccles, some sixteen miles from home. Here some of the soldiers branched off to their quarters in the vicinity of the town; but I followed the greater body, as the more probable means of getting something to eat. The band now again struck up, *Over the Hills and Far Away.* I marched at the head, but began to find that my poor craving stomach could no longer feed upon delicious melody; so I now made up my mind to accost the colonel, and ask him if he could not enlist me for a soldier. The colonel seemed a kind-hearted man; so, as modesty on my part was now quite out of the question, I bent my way to the head inn, where all the officers were assembled. I inquired for the colonel, and was at last shown into a room where he was sitting, with other officers, at breakfast. I strutted up to him with my hat in my hand, and made him a most obsequious bow, with my hand and foot at the same time. I then stood straight, as if I had swal-

lowed a sergeant's pike; when the colonel laughingly said, "Well, my fine little rustic, what's your pleasure?" I said, making another bow, and scraping the carpet with my nailed high-lows, "Soldiering, your honour." At this, the whole of the officers burst into a roar of laughter, in which the colonel most heartily joined. I thought it was the fashion in the army, so I joined them, which only served to increase their mirth, and many of them were obliged to hold their sides from excess of laughter. I soon found that all this merriment was at my expense, at which I began to evince some slight displeasure, and was just about to express it in words, when the colonel said, in the most affectionate manner, "My dear little child, you had better return to your fond mother's lap." Here I could not help piping, and I replied, "Sir, my mother is dead."—"Could I even take you," continued the colonel, "I should imagine that I was robbing some fond parent of its child; besides, we are proceeding on foreign service, against the enemy." This news only served to increase my anxiety to go, and I again entreated him to look with compassion upon an orphan. I saw him turn from

me and wipe away a falling tear; and then, addressing me with the affection of a parent, he said, "My dear little fellow, if I was going to remain in England, I would take you; but, under the present circumstances, I cannot." Here I again began to cry, and I told him that I was sixteen miles from home, and had not got a piece of bread to put in my mouth. Upon this, the whole of the officers vociferated,—*Waiter, waiter, waiter!* The waiter was speedily in attendance, when I was ordered breakfast by twenty persons at the same time. I was still resolved not to give up my point; but the colonel again told me it would be impossible for him to take me, but assured me that I should be taken care of, and desired me to go down stairs and get my breakfast. I did so, and, in passing round the table for the purpose of retiring, some gave me a shilling, some sixpence, so that I had more money than I had ever before possessed in my life. I ate a hearty breakfast in the kitchen, the servants asking me a number of impertinent questions. After breakfast, I counted my riches, and found that I had ten shillings, at least, in my leathers, into the pockets of which I every mo-

ment introduced my hand, to feel if all was safe. In the afternoon I was ordered dinner, and at last placed in the charge of a sergeant, who inquired who and what I was. I slept with him, and slept most soundly, too, thinking I was a soldier. Early the next morning I was awoke, when the sergeant showed me a note from the good-natured colonel to my master, whose name and address he had pumped me out of the evening before. The sergeant was proceeding to Woodbridge Barracks, and he had directions to take me over to my master, as well as to deliver the colonel's note, which was open, and contained a most earnest request that, for his sake, my master would not flog me. The generous colonel had also given the sergeant five shillings for me, which he gave me before I started from Beccles. About three o'clock in the afternoon, I arrived at my master's, who was at home. The kind message of the colonel was communicated to him, and he faithfully promised the sergeant that all should be forgiven and forgotten. I was lured, under this promise, to return to my work, resolved to do better in future; and I began to think that I really had not much reason to complain: for,

on counting my money, I found I had fifteen shillings and sixpence left, after treating the sergeant on the way home. Scarcely, however, had the sun risen on the following day, when my master seized me by the neck, and dragged my clothes off my back. He had with him a double-handed whip, such as is used by colliers, and with this he lashed me so unmercifully, that I have no hesitation in saying that, had not a man, who was labouring in an adjoining field, interfered, he would have killed me. He was the most inhuman man I ever saw; and, if he was not dead, and his family in abject poverty, I should, before this, have published his name; but, not to add to *their* present calamities, I will bury such feelings with their father, and begin a fresh chapter, with accounts more interesting to my readers; first entreating their forgiveness for having dwelt so long on the scenes of my boyhood.

CHAPTER II.

About this period, 1795, the three experimental regiments* were ordered to be formed, viz. the 22nd, 34th, and 65th regiments; the former at Colchester. I was, one morning in that year, about the month of January or February, busily employed in a field close by my master's house, when who should I see but one of the parish officers, making towards me, with a large paper in his hand. I began to muster and parade my crimes, but found, on a fair review, that I had done nothing that merited the interference of an officer; so I stood up boldly till he approached me, and

* The object of government in forming these "experimental regiments," as they were called, was to relieve parishes of boys from the age of ten to sixteen, who were allowed to enlist, on the parish paying the expenses of their joining the recruiting depôt at Colchester. Each of these regiments was composed of a thousand boys, who made such excellent soldiers, that it appears extraordinary that no such plan was ever again adopted; the three regiments here spoken of having been the only corps formed in this way.

smilingly said, "Shipp, I have frequently heard of and observed your great wish to go for a soldier." He then read the paragraph, and asked me if I was willing to go; for that, if I was, the parish would rig me out decently, and that he would take me to Colchester. My little heart was in my mouth; I repeated his words, *will I go*, and eagerly assured him of the rapture with which I accepted his offer. The affair was soon concluded; so down went my shovel, and off I marched, whistling *See the Conquering Hero Comes*. By four o'clock of the same day, to the honour and praise of the parish be it spoken, I was rigged out in my new leather tights, new coat, new hat, new shoes, new every thing,—of which I was not a little proud. I begged, as a particular favour, that I might sport colours in my hat, and even this was permitted to my vanity as long as I remained in the town. I took an affectionate leave of all my old playfellows and my good mistress; and even my cruel master was not neglected by me, for I never had malice or unforgiveness in my disposition. The next day, by seven o'clock in the morning, I was on my way to Colchester; and, when I was seated on

the front seat of the coach, I would not have exchanged situations with the Grand Pacha of Egypt, or the King upon the throne of that land of which I was a native. Scarcely had I seated myself, and adjusted my feet in a safe situation, than I indulged my coach companions by whistling several martial airs; but, coming to a well-known turn of the road, from which you take the farewell-peep at Saxmundham,—as much as I loved my king, I stopped short in the middle of the national anthem,—and my eye bent its way instinctively towards my native village, where I first saw the light of heaven, and rested on the little village spire, which reared its gothic head over the remains of my poor mother. Towards this painfully interesting object I looked and looked, till the place of my nativity was buried from my sight by the surrounding trees. When bereft of this view, I felt pensive and sad, and could only console myself by reflecting that I did not fly from my parental roof; nor was I deserting aged parents or unprotected sisters, for I had no one to bewail my departure. Yet I could not help feeling that I left something behind me that hung like a magnet to my

heart: with all my misfortunes, all my cares and troubles, still I could not quit, without a pang, the place of my birth, and the tomb of my beloved mother. At last, some gentlemen on the coach, having heard my history from the person who accompanied me, cheered me up, by saying that they knew the corps I was going to, and that they were all lads like myself. This notice from strangers so enlivened me, that I began to regard myself as no small personage, and I talked as much as any of them, until we arrived at an inn at Colchester, where we dined. Here I was marched off to the colonel of the corps in which I was to serve; from the colonel to the adjutant; from the adjutant to the sergeant-major; from the sergeant-major to the drum-major; and thence to his wife, an old drunken Irish woman, but as good a creature as ever drank whiskey. In the custody of this lady the friend who came with me left me, first giving me a hearty shake of the hand, and wishing me every happiness. I must confess I felt now quite deserted; about twenty boys gathered round me, and I soon found that my fine leathers were the subject of their ridicule and

laughter; some of them crying out, "Bill, twig his leathers!"—"Smoke his new coat!"—"My eye, what a buck!"—"Some gemman's son, I suppose, run away from his daddy!"—"Never mind," said another, "we'll soon drill his leathers into hot rolls and butter." Here my friend Maggy, the Irish woman, interposed her aid in my behalf,—"Arrah!" said she, "what are you gazing at, you set of spalpeens, you? Be off, you set of thaves, or I will be after breaking some of your nasty dirty mugs for you.—Arrah! don't mind them; sure they are nothing at all but a set of monkeys just patched. Come here, honey, and let me see who will be after laying a finger on you." Here she seated me by her side, rubbed my chin, patted my back, eyed my coat and breeches, and asked me if I had got any pence in my pocket, with which she should get me some hot rolls and butter, for *ta*. I gave her a shilling, and she brought two rolls and butter. The residue I suppose she spent in gin, for she began to give me some of her Irish hugs; so much so, that I wished myself at a greater distance. One of the boys cried out, "Ask for the change,—ask her for the change, or

she will do you." At this imputation Maggy got on her legs, and, seizing a large trencher, tottered, or rather staggered, towards the boy, and exclaimed,—"You great big blackguard, you, do you want to rob me of my name? Take that, and bad luck to you!" Here she hurled the trencher at him, but the effort carried old Maggy off her legs, and she exhibited her gigantic figure on the floor, to the amusement of all the barrack. I could not help laughing heartily, though I found I had got among a queer set; when, the drum-major entering, and seeing his wife on the floor, vociferated,—"Get up, you old drunken hag; or, by St. Patrick! and that's no small oath, but I'll pay you off." Here Maggy made an effort to rise, but the drop had done her up; and I was obliged to give her a helping hand, and she was put to bed, clothes and all.

On the following morning, I was taken to a barber's, and deprived of my curly brown locks. My hair curled beautifully, but in a minute my poor little head was nearly bald, except a small patch behind, which was reserved for a future operation. I was then paraded to the tailor's shop, and de-

prived of my new clothes,—coat, leathers, and hat, —for which I received, in exchange, red jacket, red waistcoat, red pantaloons, and red foraging-cap. The change, or metamorphosis, was so complete, that I could hardly imagine it to be the same dapper little fellow. I was exceedingly tall for a boy of ten years of age; but, notwithstanding this, my clothes were much too large: my sleeves were two or three inches over my hands, or rather longer than my fingers; and the whole hung on me, to use a well-known expression, like a purser's shirt on a hand-spike. My pride was humbled,—my spirits drooped, —and I followed the drum-major, hanging my head like a felon going to the place of execution. I cut such a queer figure, that all who met me turned round and stared at me. At last, I mustered up courage enough to ask one little chap what he was staring at, when he replied,—"Ask my eye, Johnny Raw;" at the same time adding his extended fingers and thumb to the length of his nose. Passing some drummers on their way to practice, I got finely roasted:—"Twig the raw-skin!"—"Smoke his pantaloons!"—"Them there trousers is what I calls

a knowing cut!"—"Look at the sign of the Red-man!" &c. &c. Under this kind of file-firing I reached my barrack, where I was doomed to undergo the same routine of quizzing, till at length I got nettled, and told one of the boys, if he did not let me alone, I should take the liberty of giving him a good threshing. This "pluck," as they termed it, silenced most of my tormentors, and I was permitted, for a time, to remain unmolested. In this interval the drum-major went out, having first put my leathers, &c. into his box, of which he took the key. I sat myself down on a stool, which might not inaptly have been styled the stool of repentance; for here I began first to think that soldiering did not possess quite so much delight as I had pictured to myself. Still I resolved to put a good face on the matter, and so mixed with my comrades, and in an hour was as free and as much at home with them all as if I had known them for years. The drift of my new acquaintances, in being thus easily familiar with me, was soon apparent; for one of the knowing ones among them called me aside, and asked me if I knew where to sell my coloured clothes; as, if not, he

would go with me, and show me. I told him that the drum-major had them. "Yes," replied he, "I know he has; but you see as how he has no business with them. Them there traps should be sold, and you get the money they brings; and, if you don't keep your eye on the fugleman, he will do you out of half of them." He further said, that, when he enlisted, he got more than five shillings for his things. I replied, that of course the drum-major would either sell them for my benefit, or permit me to do it; and, if the latter, that I should be thankful for his kindness. At this moment he entered, when the boy, who had just spoken to me, approached him, and said (pointing to me), "That there chap says as how he wants to sell them things of his in your box, and that I am to go with him, to show him the place where I sold my things." To this falsehood I could not submit, and I therefore went up to the drum-major, and said, "Sir, I said nothing of the kind; all I said was, that I supposed you would either dispose of the things for my benefit, or allow me to do so."—"Yes, yes," said the drum-major, "that's all right; I will sell them for you, and you shall have

the money." The boy here turned upon his heel, muttering something like fudge, and the things were put into a handkerchief and carried off into the town. When the drum-major had left us, the same boy came up to me, and called me a liar, stating that he had a great mind to thresh me; and, as a proof of his inclination, he attempted to seize my nose between his finger and thumb. I got in a rage, and told him, if he ventured to touch me, I would fell him to the ground; when all the boys gathered round us, and said, "Well done, Johnny Raw!"—"Well done, old leather-breeches!"—"That's right, Johnny Wapstraw!" Finding that I did not venture to strike the first blow, my antagonist called me a coward. This I knew I was not; so, as I could submit to his insolence no longer, I struck him, and to it we went in right earnest. After half a dozen rounds my opponent gave in. This, my first victory, established that I was neither a coward nor to be hoaxed with impunity. Eulogiums were showered down upon me, and the shouting and uproar were beyond description. I understood afterwards that he was a great bully, and always fighting.

Our boxing-match had just concluded, when the drum-major entered, and produced the proceeds of my clothes; viz. 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* for a new hat, coat, waistcoat, and leathers: a fair price, some said; while others thought they ought to have fetched thirty shillings; but I was very well satisfied, and stood hot rolls and butter to all around, not forgetting my antagonist, who shook hands, and said it was the first time he had ever been beaten, and that he would some day, in friendship, have another trial. I assured him that I should be at any time at his service, and thus this matter ended.

After this I went into town, to purchase a few requisites, such as a powder-bag, puff, soap, candles, grease, &c.; and, having procured what I stood in need of, I returned to my barrack, where I underwent the operation of having my hair tied for the first time, to the no small amusement of all the boys assembled. A large piece of candle-grease was applied, first to the sides of my head, then to the hind long hair; after this, the same kind of operation was performed with nasty stinking soap; sometimes the man who was dressing me applying his knuckles, in-

stead of the soap, to the delight of the surrounding boys, who were bursting their sides with laughter to see the tears roll down my cheeks. When this operation was over, I had to go through one of a more serious nature. A large pad, or bag filled with sand, was poked into the back of my head, round which the hair was gathered tight, and the whole tied round with a leather thong. When I was dressed for parade, I could scarcely get my eyelids to perform their office; the skin of my eyes and face were drawn so tight by the plug that was stuck in the back of my head, that I could not possibly shut my eyes; add to this, an enormous high stock was poked under my chin, so that, altogether, I felt as stiff as if I had swallowed a ramrod, or a sergeant's halberd. Shortly after I was thus equipped, dinner was served; but my poor jaws refused to act on the offensive, and when I made an attempt to eat, my pad behind went up and down like a sledge hammer.

In the evening I went to parade, and was inspected by the colonel, who said I was a promising lad, but that my clothes did not fit; which he ordered

to be altered. At this moment the master of the band came up to the colonel, and said he should like to have me in the band, to learn the flute and to beat the triangles. This request was granted, and I was the following day removed to the band-room, and commenced my musical avocations, and in six months I had beaten the sides of the triangles nearly as thin as my own, and had also become a tolerable flute-player; but, as at that time we got several volunteers from the militia, among whom were two excellent flute-players, I was removed back to the drummer's room, and put to the fife. In a short time I was made fife-major; no small office, I assure you. I wore two stripes and a tremendous long sash, which almost touched the ground. As the reader may suppose, I was not a little proud of my new office; I began to ride the high horse among my old comrades, and to show my authority by enforcing obedience by very powerful arguments, for I was permitted to carry a small cane, and to use it too. In the absence of the drum-major, which was frequent, I carried the silver-headed stick, some seven feet long, and when we furnished the band for gene-

ral guard-mounting, I astonished the spectators with my double demi-semi twist of my cane, and began to think myself one of the brightest of the bright. At this period the regiment moved to the Hythe, about a mile from Colchester, and twice a day we beat through the streets, followed by all the girls and boys in the town, some of the rosy-cheeked beauties begging me to play favourite tunes of theirs. These entreaties for particular airs were urged with such pathos, accompanied with such fascinating smiles and leers, that the fife-major occasionally vouchsafed to comply, always, however, keeping up his dignity, by making a compliance with such requests appear a great condescension. I strutted about the town with my little cane under my arm, like some great man of eminent consequence, whom the community could not do without; became a great favourite with all my officers; was happy and contented; and time passed imperceptibly and very pleasantly away. Meantime, I grew very tall, though somewhat slender; and my red coat had been thrown off, for which was substituted a splendid white silver-laced jacket, with two small silver epaulettes, which my swagger induced to fan the evening breeze.

My days were now comparatively cloudless; yet still my youthful tricks had not entirely left me. Some of these frequently led me into scrapes and unpleasant predicaments. The following were among the frolics with which I at this time diverted myself: viz. filling the pipes of my comrades with gunpowder; putting a lighted candle in their hands while asleep, then tickling their noses with a straw; tying their great toes together, then crying out fire; blacking their hands with soot, then tickling their ears and noses, to induce them to scratch themselves, and thus to black their faces all over; putting lighted paper between their toes when asleep; pulling the stools from behind them when in the act of sitting down; sewing their shirts to their bedding when asleep: all these, with fifty more, I regret to say, were in those days my constant delight and practice. These mischievous pranks led me into many a fight, but that did not discourage me. I had a natural propensity to tease people, and, as I did not scruple to indulge it, you may be sure I did not escape without my share of tricks in return. He who plays at fives, says the old proverb, must expect rubbers; and

accordingly, one day, when I was sitting up stairs, a hundred voices bawled out,—"Pass the word for the fife-major; the adjutant wants him." I bounced down in an instant, and soon found that the whole barrack were in a roar of laughter at my expense, for to the tail of my coat was attached a large sheet of paper with these words in legible characters,—*The Biter Bit.* To have evinced any displeasure at this hoax, would only have served to render me more ridiculous, and to increase the hooting and laughter at my expense; so I joined in the laugh, and affected to think it a remarkably good joke.

About this period a circumstance happened which, in some degree, blighted my pride, and almost cooled my military zeal. It was nutting season; I made a party to go, and we arrived at the wood, where the filberts hung as thick as laurels on a soldier's brow. We had not bagged more than a bushel, when we were pounced upon by three keepers, and taken prisoners to the barracks. The three boys who were my companions on this excursion got two dozen stripes; I lost my *two* as fife-major, and was turned back to my original post

as drummer, or rather as fifer. This severe punishment did not arise from the enormity of purloining the nuts, but from the fact of our being found some four miles from the cantonment. Under these circumstances we might have been taken up as deserters, and the keepers have received two pounds each man; so that, upon the whole, we had reason to be grateful that the more serious offence was not urged against us.

Shortly after this unfortunate occurrence, the regiment was ordered to proceed to the barracks at Helsea, Portsmouth. This was soldiering in clover; and good living, fresh scenes, faces, and events, conspired to make me, in a measure, forget the *stripes* which I had lost. I was not long on the march before I became as knowing as the best of them, and was soon well versed in the tricks of the road. I found that it was the practice of some of the landlords to give us fat pea-soup, and of others to regale us with greasy suet dumplings, as heavy as lead, by way of taking off the edge of our appetites. These dishes I invariably avoided, stating that they were injurious to my constitution, or that the doctors had

forbidden me to eat such food. I therefore waited for the more substantial fare,—the roast and the boiled,—which I attacked with such zest as could not fail to convince the landlord of the delicacy of my constitution, and of the absolute necessity of my refraining from less substantial diet. In two hours after dinner the duff and pea-soup eaters were as hungry as ever; but I kept my own counsel, and thus was enabled to go on my way with a smiling countenance, that indicated good and substantial fare.

When we were treated in the scurvy way I have spoken of, by the landlords on our line of march, we never failed to leave some token of our displeasure behind us. Thus, one day at Chelmsford, we were compelled to submit to dreadful bad quarters, and even the extreme delicacy of my constitution (which had so often succeeded with me before) could not, on this occasion, induce our host to give us any thing but greasy puddings and fat stews, made of the offal of his house for the last month. The fat on the top of this heterogeneous mixture was an inch thick; and I, for my own part, protested that

I could not and would not eat it. Finding me so positive, he privately slipped a shilling into my hand to quiet me, which I did not think it expedient to refuse. This bribe tended, in some degree, to pacify *me;* but my comrades, on quitting the house evinced their disapprobation of the treatment they had met with, by writing with a lighted candle on the ceiling,

D——d bad quarters.
How are you off for pea-soup?
Lead dumplings.
Lousy beds.
Dirty sheets.

This was the mildest description of punishment with which we visited landlords who incurred our displeasure; for, in addition to this, it did not require any very aggravated treatment to induce us to teach some of mine host's ducks and geese to march part of the way on the road with us: to wit, until we could get them dressed.

These birds would sometimes find their way into

drums. I was once myself a party concerned in a pilfering of this kind; at least, indirectly so: for I was accessory to the act of stealing a fine goose—a witness of its death (or rather what we supposed its death)—and an assistant in *drumming* it. Moreover, I do not doubt that I should have willingly lent a hand towards eating it, also. The goose, however, was, in our opinion at least, very snugly secured, and we commenced our march without the least fear of detection, chuckling in our sleeves how completely we had eluded the landlord's vigilance. The bird only wanted dressing to complete the joke, and discussion was running high among us as to how that could be accomplished, when, to our astonishment, who should pass us on horseback but the landlord himself? He rode very coolly by, and, as he took no sort of notice of us, we concluded that he might, very probably, have other business on the road, and for a time we thought nothing more of the matter; but what were our feelings when, on halting in the market-place, we perceived this very landlord in earnest conversation with our colonel; and, to all appearance "laying down the law," as it is called,

in a most strenuous manner. At last the colonel and he moved towards us; on perceiving which my knees broke into double-quick time and my heart into a full gallop. On arriving near to the spot where our guilty party was drawn up, the Colonel, addressing us, stated, that "the gentleman who stood by his side, complained that he had lost one of his geese, and had informed him he had good reason to suspect that some of the party to whom he now spoke had stolen it." For the satisfaction of "the gentleman" (whom we, one and all, most heartily wished under ground) our knapsacks were ordered to be examined, and underwent the most scrupulous inspection; but no goose was to be found. Professing his regret for the trouble he had caused, and apparently satisfied that his suspicions were ill-founded, our worthy landlord was just on the point of leaving us, and the boys around were grinning with delight at the notion of having so effectually deceived him, when, to our utter confusion and dismay, the goose at this very juncture, gave a deep groan, and the landlord protested roundly that "that there sound was from his goose." Upon

this the investigation was renewed with redoubled ardour; our great coats were turned inside out, and, in short, almost every thing belonging to us was examined with the minutest attention; but still no goose was to be found. The officers could not refrain from smiling, and the boys began again to grin at the fun; but this merriment was doomed to be but of short duration, for the poor goose, now in its last moments, uttered another groan, more loud and mournful than the former one. In fact the vital spark had just taken its flight, and this might be construed into the last dying speech of the ill-fated bird, and a full confession of its dreadful situation and murder. The drum in which the now defunct goose was confined, stood close against the landlord's elbow, and his ear was, unfortunately for us, so correct in ascertaining whence the sound of woe proceeded, that he at once roared out, "Dang my buttons, if my goose bean't in that there drum!" These words were daggers to our souls; we made sure of as many stripes on our backs as there were feathers on the goose's; and our merriment was suddenly changed into mortification and despair.

The drum-head was ordered to be taken off, and sure enough there lay poor goosy, as dead as a herring. The moment the landlord perceived it, he protested that, "as he was a sinner, that was his goose." This assertion there was no one among us hardy enough to deny; and the colonel desired that the goose should be given up to the publican, assuring him, at the same time, that he should cause the offenders to be severely punished for the theft which had been committed. Fortunately for our poor backs, we now found a truly humane and kind-hearted man in the landlord whom we had offended; for no sooner did he find that affairs were taking a more serious turn than he had contemplated, and that it was likely that he should be the cause of getting a child flogged, than he affected to doubt the identity of the goose, and, at length, utterly disclaimed it, saying to the colonel, "This is none of mine, sir; I see it has a black spot on the back, whereas mine was pure white; besides, it has a black head: I wish you a good morning, sir, and am very sorry for the trouble I have given you." Thus saying, he left

us, muttering, as he went along, "Get a child flogged for a tarnation old goose? no, no!" Every step he took carried a ton weight off our hearts. Notwithstanding this generous conduct in the publican, who was also, by his own acknowledgment, a sinner, our colonel saw very clearly how matters stood; but, in consideration of our youth, and that this was our first offence (at least that had been *discovered*), he contented himself with severely admonishing us; and the business ended shortly after with the demolition of the goose—roasted.

We remained at Helsea Barracks for nearly a year, where we acquired the appellation of the *Red Knights*, from our clothing being all of that colour. I do not recollect anything of importance that occurred to me at that place, except that I was condemned to pass a week in the black-hole there, for what the soldiers called "eating my shoes." This punishment I brought upon myself in the following manner. I had been out to receive my half-mounting, consisting of a pair of shoes, a shirt, two pair of stockings, and a stock; and, on my way home, as ill luck would have it, an old woman,

with whom I had frequently before had dealings, and who was well known among us by the title of the plum-pudding woman, happened to throw herself in my way. Her pudding was smoking hot; I was exceedingly hungry; and my mouth watered so at the tempting sight, that I could not drag myself away. But, much as I longed for a slice, what was to be done? I had no money, and my friend the plum-pudding woman was by far too old a soldier to give trust till pay-day. The pudding, however, it was impossible for me to dispense with; and finding, therefore, that all my promises and entreaties, with the view of obtaining credit, were fruitless, I at length, in an evil hour, incited by the savoury smell which issued from the old woman's basket, proposed to her to buy my shoes. After a good deal of bargaining, we at length came to an understanding, by which it was agreed, that in consideration of a quarter of a yard of pudding and a shilling, to be to me paid and delivered, my new shoes were to be handed over to the dealer in plum-pudding, as her own proper goods and chattels. This contract being honourably completed on both

sides, I retreated to a solitary shed to eat my *duff* (the name by which this description of pudding was well known among us), where, without any great exertion, I soon brought the two extremities of my quarter of a yard together. The last mouthful put me to the extremity of my wits to devise how I could possibly account for the sudden disappearance of my shoes. My first impulse was to run in search of the old woman, and endeavour, by fair promises, to coax her out of the shoes again; but I soon found that no such chance was left me, for she had made a precipitate retreat from the place where we had transacted our business together, knowing well that she was punishable for having bought such articles of me. Nothing appeared to be now left for me but a palpable falsehood; and, although of this I had a great abhorrence, yet I really had not sufficient courage to think of avowing the literal truth. At length I thought I had hit upon a sort of compromise, and I determined to say that I had "dropped" my shoes on my way home; which, though not exactly the fact, yet approached nearer to the truth than anything else

I could devise, likely to serve my end. As on all other occasions of the kind, however, it appeared that I might just as well have made a full confession at once; for my statement was not believed, and as I could not in any other way account satisfactorily for the elopement of my shoes, I was ordered seven days' black-hole for the purpose of refreshing my memory. Against this punishment I prayed long and loudly, but all to no purpose; so, with the remainder of my day's rations under my arm, off I was marched, not much elated with the dreary prospect before me. When I heard the door of the cell creak upon its hinges behind me, and the huge key grate in the lock, I began to think that I had parted with my shoes too cheap, and, for some time after, I sat myself down in a corner, and brooded in melancholy mood over the misfortune which I had by my own folly brought upon myself. But I was never one of the desponding kind, and it therefore soon occurred to me, that, instead of indulging in dismal reflections, it would be far wiser, and more pleasant, to devise some means by which I might contrive to amuse myself

during the period of my confinement. Seven days and seven nights appeared to me at first to be a long time to remain encaged in darkness; and yet there was certainly something soldier-like in the situation. The mere fact of being a prisoner had a military sound with it. To be sure, I was imprisoned for having eaten my shoes; but what of that?—Was it not quite as easy for me to imagine myself a prisoner of war? Certainly it was; and accordingly, with this impression strong on my mind, I dropped into a profound sleep in the midst of my meditations, and dreamed that I was deposited in this dungeon by the chance of war. On waking I found myself extremely cold, from which I inferred that it would be necessary for me to contrive some plan by which I might comfort my body as well as my mind; and I therefore immediately set about standing on my head, walking on my hands, tumbling head over heels, and similar gymnastic exercises. In this manner, sleeping and playing by turns, I managed to pass my time in the black-hole for one whole day and night, by no means unpleasantly; when, about nine o'clock the next morning,

I heard the well-known voice of the drum-major asking for me, and desiring that I might be liberated. On hearing this order given, I presumed that, of course, my period of captivity had expired; and, although the time certainly appeared to have passed off at a wonderfully rapid rate, yet I accounted for it by considering that I had slept away the greater part of it; and, in addition to this, that it was but natural it should seem to have passed quickly, since I had been, during the whole period, exempt from parades, drills, head-soaping, &c. When I first got into the daylight, I could scarcely open my eyes, and no sooner had I brought my optics into a state to endure the light, than I was asked by the drum-major how I liked my new abode, and if I was ready to return to it. I perceived, from the smile which accompanied these questions, that I had little further to fear, and I soon understood that I had only spent one day and one night in the black-hole, and that the remainder of my sentence had been remitted. I was hailed by all my comrades as if I had been cast on, and escaped from, some de-

solate island; and, having macadamized my inward man with six penny pies (out of the shilling I had received from the old pudding-woman, of which I was still possessed), I was soon as fit for fun again as the best of them.

But, the regiment being now about to embark for Guernsey, I will commence our voyage in a new chapter.

CHAPTER III.

We had received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to embark—as I then imagined, for foreign parts,—and the idea made my heart bound for joy. In a few days we embarked on board a small sloop, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and in an hour after got under weigh. When the sun had retired to his western chamber, the sky looked gloomy and indicated wind; and, in another hour, there arose so terrific a gale, that we were obliged to put the tarpaulins over the hatches, to protect us against the large seas which broke over us. The scene was enough to frighten a person of greater courage than I possessed. There were soldiers crying—women screaming—children squalling—sailors swearing—the storm all the while continuing to increase, until at length it blew a perfect hurricane; the rain came down in torrents, and the vivid lightning's flash ex-

hibited the fear depicted on every countenance. At this juncture a poor frightened soldier mustered up courage enough to ask the captain or master of the sloop, if there was any danger. At this question every ear was open, and the son of Neptune gruffly replied,—"Danger, shipmate? If the storm continues another hour, I would not give a rope-yarn for all your lives. When we reach that point on the larboard-bow, you must throw out your grappling-irons, and hold in, for she will then be close-hauled, and go under water like a duck, and you will all be in David's locker before you can say *luff, boy!*" Then, addressing himself to one of his men, "Steady, Tom, steady; don't let her go off; don't you see the light a-head; run it down. Steady, boy, steady! luff a little, luff!" At this moment an awful sea broke over us. My mouth was full, and I was wet to the skin; but, strange to say, I felt no alarm. Our little vessel dived like the gull after its prey. As soon as she righted, I said, "Captain, that was a wetter." He replied, "Ay, boy; you will get plenty of them before we make the port."—"Very consoling, truly," thought I to myself. I had just

squeezed myself up into a small compass, head and knees together, close to the helm, when we shipped another tremendous sea, which carried away our fore-staysail, and made so terrific and dreadful a flapping, that an officer bellowed out from below, "Is there anything the matter?"—"Yes," replied the captain, "the devil to pay, and no pitch hot*." These words were scarcely spoken, when we shipped another awful sea, which washed three soldiers overboard. At this crisis, a sailor bellowed out, "Light a-head, sir."—"The devil there is; what does it look like?" roared the captain.—"Like a light," replied the sailor.—"A Frenchman, I suppose," vociferated the captain. These words caught the ear of the *military* captain on board, who hollowed out

* A common expression among sailors, when any confusion or perplexity prevails on board ship. In *Lemon's Dictionary*, 1783, it is attempted to be explained in the following manner:—"*Pay the ship's sides*, [*pix*, pitch; strangely debased by the French into *poix*, and then pronounced as if it was written pay]; that is, to *pitch* the vessel's sides. Hence is derived that common expression among sailors, '*Here's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot*;' meaning, '*Here's the black gentleman come to pitch the vessel's sides* (*i. e.* come to help us), *and you have not so much as made the pitch-kettle hot enough to employ him.*"

from below, "What did you say about a Frenchman?"—"Why, that, if it gets clear, we may have a bit of a fight; for I see there is a Frenchman a-head," replied the sea captain.—"Then," said the soldier, "I had better get my men ready. Sergeant, get the bugler! Sound to arms! Call the drummer, and tell him to beat to arms!" But the devil a drummer, drum, bugler, or bugle was forthcoming. All the men were busily engaged below, and by no means in a condition to come to the scratch, French or no French. Notwithstanding this, the noble soldier strutted about on deck by himself, with a cocked-hat, and sword in hand, when a merciless sea washed off his gay hat, and the gallant captain lost his balance, and fell into the hold, bawling out most lustily for his three-cornered scraper, which was buffeting the raging billows. "I say, captain, have the goodness to send down my hat. Is my hat upon deck? Have you seen my hat?"—"Your hat, sir," replied the son of Neptune, with infinite *sang-froid*, "has got under sail, and I should not be surprised if it made port before you." Here he changed the subject, by hailing the man on the fore-castle: "Tom,

where is the strange sail?"—"Sheered off to leeward; but she is a Frenchman, by the cut of her gib," replied a sailor. "Steady," said our naval commander, and on we went; but by no means steadily, for I never saw a little bark more unsteady, though she really seemed to dive through the water like a duck. Morning now began to dawn, which only threw light (as even the captain confessed), upon the heaviest sea he had ever seen. The black clouds seemed to fly, and the thunder and lightning to rend the very atmosphere asunder. Our distant haven was in sight; but the wind was foul, and it was therefore impossible to avoid making several tacks before we could get in. Our poor fellows, what from fear, cold, hunger, want of sleep, and being wet through, were completely worn out. I kept my station the whole night, more from fear than from any attachment to it; although I certainly did not feel the great alarm that was so visibly depicted on the countenances of most of my comrades. From extreme cold, and being quite wet through, I cut but a sorry figure by the time we began to near the land. The prospect, from about

three or four miles off, was extremely beautiful. Some little cottages studded the high and lofty rocks, and, here and there, small bays and little villages enlivened the scene, and consoled us with the idea that we were not going to be landed on a barren rock. We soon after saw the extensive town of Guernsey. Part of it seemed hanging on an eminence, and the view of the old castle, which is built of stone, and calculated to buffet with many a wintry storm, was extremely picturesque. In the distance we could see Fort George; and, in ten minutes after, we ran into the bay, which, being sheltered and protected by surrounding high-lands, was tranquil indeed, when compared with the main ocean. Boats were in attendance, and we soon set our wet limbs on *terra firma*. Having landed, I could not help viewing my person, of which I at all times had a good opinion. I looked for all the world like a squeezed lemon, or the bag of a Scotch pipe; and I should have been glad to have taken the edge off my appetite, and the dirt off my clothes, instead of dancing through the town; but I was, of course, obliged to obey orders, and when I struck up my

tune (for I still led the fifers), I tipped Monsieur *The Downfal of Paris.* I found the march did me a great deal of good; and, by the time I reached the barracks, I was in prime order for my breakfast.

We were stationed in Fort George, in exceedingly good quarters, though I could not bring myself to be reconciled to the ponderous drawbridges in use there, which foreboded no great stretch of liberty. I was particularly fond of rural and pensive wanderings, to muse on nature's beauties, and the sight of an orchard, in particular, was at all times hailed by me with great delight; for I could feast upon its beauties for hours together, to the gratification of more faculties than my vision. The drawbridges seemed to cut off these delightful prospects. It was true, I could see them from the fort, but then the prospect was too far, and I lost all relish in the distance; and, being in consequence compelled to steal out, I was apprehensive that some of my solitary rambles would get me into disgrace. My doubts and forebodings on this head were soon verified; for, in less than a week, I saw my name posted up at the gate,—"*John Shipp,*

confined to his barracks for one week." A week was to me an age. Confinement was intolerable: deprived of the pure air, of the delightful ramble along an orchard's hedge, and of the salubrious smell of the orange groves. Oft have I, from the rampart-top, sighed at the distant prospect, and, while my longing eye lingered on the golden produce of the orchard within sight, my heart panted to be at liberty, to take a nearer view and taste again of nature's beauties. The word confinement haunted me from one bastion to another, and I saw no refuge for the future but a more circumspect line of conduct, on which I firmly resolved. When three long days of my week had been numbered with the dead, the drum-major was taken seriously ill, and on the morning parade the colonel inspected the drummers. I was always remarkably clean,—that was my pride: the colonel eye'd me from head to foot, and at last told the adjutant that I was to act as drum-major. I was nearly shouting liberty in the colonel's face, but I checked myself just in time. He at the same time gave me a ticket for a play, which was to be acted in the town, and, in the evening, se-

veral boys were committed to my care to accompany me to the theatre. Thus, for a brief interval, I was restored to favour; but, whenever fickle fortune deigned to smile upon me, some untoward circumstance was sure to happen, and nip the fair promise in its bud. I had scarcely got the stick of office into my hands, before I cut so many capers with it, that I soon capered myself back to the dignity and full rank of fifer; was deprived of my staff of office; and, of what I considered even much worse—my liberty. My name was again exhibited to public gaze at the drawbridge-gate, for seven long days, during which I was obliged to kick my heels along the ramparts, contenting myself with contemplating the distant prospect. One day I effaced my name from the list of the confined, unobserved by the sentinel; but in this I was detected by the sergeant, for which I had the felicity of attending drill three times a day with my musket reversed, and my coat turned inside out; and, in this manner, for several hours each day, I was obliged to comply with the mandates of a little bandy-legged drill-sergeant, who did not fail to enforce his authority and dig-

nity in a manner by no means agreeable to my feelings, especially to those of my back. This I could bear well enough; indeed I was obliged to bear it; but my turned coat seemed to hang upon me like some badge of ignominy, and I imagined that every eye was upon me. Had I been a depraved and callous-hearted youth, this method of disgracing me would have only served to harden me in vice; and I cannot deny that at this treatment I felt the seeds of disobedience rankling in my heart, and had almost resolved within my mind, that the next time I was doomed to wear this garb of infamy, it should be for a crime worthy of such disgrace. I found my disposition soured, and the spark of revenge kindling in my bosom; and I am persuaded that this method of disgracing youth, instead of eradicating vice, serves only to nurture those rancorous feelings which irritation, arising from a sense of degradation, is sure to excite, and which, in the young mind, might, by a more judicious and conciliatory treatment, be either totally repressed in their birth, or at least easily extinguished.

Our regiment being now ordered to prepare for embarkation for Portsmouth, my garb of disgrace was thrown off, and I embarked as sprightly as any, having been disgraced in this way for a misdemeanor that would scarcely have disgraced a schoolboy. We reached our old barracks at Portsmouth, without any other occurrence save a little casting-up of accounts, and a few distorted faces from sea-sickness.

CHAPTER IV.

We had not been long at Portsmouth, when the head-quarters of the regiment were ordered to embark on board of the Surat Castle, East Indiaman, a fifteen-hundred-ton ship, then lying off Spithead, and the remainder of the corps on board of other ships at the same place. Our destination was the Cape of Good Hope. The Surat Castle, in which I was doomed to sail, was most dreadfully crowded; men literally slept upon one another, and in the olorp-deck the standing beds were three tiers high, besides those slinging. Added to this, the seeds of a pestilential disease had already been sown. An immense number of Lascars, who had been picked up in every sink of poverty, and most of whom had been living in England in a state of the most abject want and wretchedness, had been shipped on board this vessel. Many of these poor creatures

had been deprived of their toes and fingers by the inclemency of winter, and others had accumulated diseases from filth, many of them having subsisted for a considerable time upon what they picked up in the streets. The pestilential smell between decks was beyond the power of description; and it was truly appalling to see these poor wretches, with tremendous and frightful sores, and covered with vermin from head to foot, many of them unable to assist themselves, left to die unaided, unfriended, and without one who could perform the last sad office. The moment the breath was out of their bodies, they were, like dogs, thrown overboard, as food for sharks. To alleviate their sufferings by personal aid was impossible, for we had scarcely men enough to work the ship. These circumstances were, I suppose, reported to the proper authority; but, whether this was the case or not, in three or four days we weighed anchor, with about sixty other ships for all parts of the world. The splendid sight but little accorded with the aching hearts, lacerated bodies, and wounded minds of the poor creatures below. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when

the signal was fired to weigh. Immediately every sail was wavering in the wind, and in a quarter of an hour after we stood out from land, each proud bark dipping her majestic head in the silvery deep, and manœuvring her sails in seeming competition to catch the favouring breeze.

Such firing, such signals, such tacking and running across each other now prevailed, that our captain resolved to run from it; and the evening had scarcely spread her sombre curtains over the western ocean, and the golden clouds begun to change their brilliant robes of day for those of murkey night, when our crew "up helm," and stole away from the motley fleet, plying every sail, and scudding through the blue waters like some aerial car or phantom-ship, smoothly gliding over the silvery deep. In three or four hours we had entirely lost sight of our convoy. We were running at the rate of eleven knots an hour, and, as it seemed, into the very jaws of danger. The clouds began to assume a pitchy and awful darkness, the distant thunder rolled angrily, and the vivid lightning's flash struck each watching eye dim, and, for a moment,

hid the rolling and gigantic wave from the sight of fear. The wind whistled terrifically, and the shattered sails fanned the flying clouds. All was consternation; every eye betrayed fear. Sail was taken in, masts lowered and yards stayed—preparations which bespoke no good tidings to the inquiring and terrified landsman. I was seated in the poop, alone, holding by a hen-coop, and viewing the mountainous and angry billows, with my hand partly covering my eyes to protect them against the lightning. It was a moment of the most poignant sorrow to me; my heart still lingered on the white cliffs of Albion, nor could I wean it from the sorrowful reflection that I was, perhaps, leaving that dear and beloved country for ever. During this struggle of my feelings, our vessel shipped a tremendous sea over her poop, and then angrily shook her head, and seemed resolved to buffet the raging elements with all her might and main. The ship was shortly after this "hove to," and lay comparatively quiet; and, in about a couple of hours, the wind slackened, and we again stood on our way, the masts cracking under her three topsails and fore

storm-staysail. However, she rode much easier, and the storm still continued to abate. I was dreadfully wet and cold, and my teeth chattered most wofully; so I made towards the gun-deck, some portion of which was allotted for the soldiers. There the heat was suffocating, and the stench intolerable. The scene in the olorp-deck was truly distressing: soldiers, their wives and children, all lying together in a state of the most dreadful sea-sickness, groaning in concert, and calling for a drop of water to cool their parched tongues. I screwed myself up behind a butt, and soon fell into that stupor which sea-sickness will create. In this state I continued until morning; and, when I awoke, I found that the hurricane had returned with redoubled fury, and that we were standing towards land. The captain came a-head to look out, and, after some consideration, he at last told the officer to stand out to sea. The following morning was ushered in by the sun's bright beams diffusing their lustre on the dejected features of frightened and helpless mortals. The dark clouds of sad despair were in mercy driven from our minds, and the bright beams of munificent

love from above took their place. The before downcast eye was seen to sparkle with delight, and the haggard cheek of despondency resumed its wonted serenity. The tempestuous bosom of the main was now smooth as a mirror, and all seemed grateful and cheerful, directing the eye of hope towards the far-distant haven to which we were bound.

A great number of the fleet were the same morning to be seen emerging from their shelter, or hiding-places, from the terrific hurricane of the day before; but our captain was resolved to be alone; so the same night he crowded sail, and, by the following morning's dawn, we were so much a-head that not a sail was visible, save one solitary sloop, that seemed bending her way towards England.

Some three weeks after this, we were again visited by a most dreadful storm, that far exceeded the former one, and from which we suffered much external injury, our main top-mast, and other smaller masts, being carried away. But the interior of our poor bark exhibited a scene of far greater desolation. We were then far from land, and a pestilential disease was raging among us in all its terrific forms.

Naught could be seen but the pallid cheek of disease, or the sunken eye of despair. The sea-gulls soared over the ship, and huge sharks hovered around it, watching for their prey. These creatures are sure indications of ships having some pestilential disease on board, and they have been known to follow a vessel so circumstanced to the most distant climes,—to countries far from their native element. To add to our distresses, some ten barrels of ship's paint, or colour, got loose from their lashings, and rolled from side to side, and from head to stern, carrying every thing before them by their enormous weight. From our inability to stop them in their destructive progress, they one and all were staved in, and the gun-deck soon became one mass of colours, in which lay the dead and the dying, both white and black.

It would be difficult for the reader to picture to himself a set of men more deplorably situated than we now were; but our distresses were not yet at their height: for, as though our miseries still required aggravation, the scurvy broke out among us in a most frightful manner. Scarcely a single indivi-

dual on board escaped this melancholy disorder, and the swoln legs, and gums protruding beyond the lips, attested the malignancy of the visitation. The dying were burying the dead, and the features of all on board wore the garb of mourning.

Every assistance and attention that humanity or generosity could dictate, was freely and liberally bestowed by the officers on board, who cheerfully gave up their fresh meats and many other comforts, for the benefit of the distressed; but the pestilence baffled the aid of medicine and the skill of the medical attendants. My poor legs were as big as drums; my gums swoln to an enormous size; my tongue too big for my mouth; and all I could eat was raw potatoes and vinegar. But my kind and affectionate officers sometimes brought me some tea and coffee, at which the languid eye would brighten, and the tear of gratitude would intuitively fall, in spite of my efforts to repress what was thought unmanly. Our spirits were so subdued by suffering, and our frames so much reduced and emaciated, that I have seen poor men weep bitterly, they knew not why. Thus passed the time; men dying in dozens,

and, ere their blood was cold, hurled into the briny deep, there to become a prey to sharks. It was a dreadful sight to see the bodies of our comrades the bone of disputation with these voracious natives of the dreary deep; and the reflection that such might soon be our own fate would crush our best feelings, and with horror drive the eye from such a sight. Our muster-rolls were dreadfully thinned; indeed, almost every fourth man amongst the Europeans, and more than two-thirds of the natives, had fallen victims to the diseases on board, and it was by the mercy of Providence only that the ship ever reached her destination, for we had scarcely a seaman fit for duty to work her. Never shall I forget the morning I saw the land. In the moment of joy I forgot all my miseries, and cast them into the deep, in the hope of future happiness. This is mortal man's career. Past scenes are drowned and forgotten, in the anticipation of happier events to come; and, by a cherished delusion, we allow ourselves to be transported into the fairy land of imagination, in quest of future joys—never, perhaps, to be realized, but the contemplation of which in the distance

serves at least to soothe us under present suffering.

I cannot close this account of my first voyage on board a large ship, without testifying my heartfelt thanks to all the officers, both naval and military, who accompanied us, for the unbounded kindness and generosity they evinced, and the privations which they endured for the sake of their poor suffering fellow-creatures on board the Surat Castle. Nothing was withheld by these gentlemen that could tend to alleviate the pang of suffering. Could this mark of my gratitude ever meet the eye of even one of these humane individuals, I should be delighted; more particularly the little captain of the ship: he was but a little man, but his heart was, in charity, as big as the ship he commanded.

When the view of land first blessed our sight, the morning was foggy and dreary. We were close under the land, and were in the very act of standing from it, when the fog dispersed, the wind shifted fair, and we ran in close to the mouth of Simmon's Bay. The now agreeable breeze ravished our sickened souls, and the surrounding view delighted

our dim and desponding eyes. Every one who could crawl was upon deck, to welcome the sight of land, and inhale the salubrious air. Every soul on board seemed elated with joy; and, when the anchor was let go, it was indeed an anchor to the broken hearts of poor creatures then stretched on the bed of sickness, who had not, during the whole voyage, seen the bright sun rising and setting,—sights at sea that beggar the power of description. For myself, I jumped and danced about with my long legs like a merry-andrew, and I found, or fancied I found, myself already a convalescent.

The anchor had not been down long, when a boat came off from shore, on board of which were several medical gentlemen, who questioned us as to whence we came, whither we were bound, the state of the ship, the nature of the disease, and the number of men that had died during the passage. The number of men was a finishing blow to our present hopes, and we were ordered to ride at quarantine; but every comfort that humanity or liberality could dictate was immediately sent on board: fresh meats, bread, tea, sugar, coffee, and fruits of all kinds;

and, in a few days, our legs began to re-assume their original shapes, and the disease died away. The quarantine was very soon taken off, and the troops landed, and were marched, or rather carried, to the barracks that stand on the brow of the hill, at the back of Simmon's Town. Here our treatment was that of children of distress; every comfort was afforded us, and every means adopted by our kind officers which could contribute towards our recovery. For the first fortnight drills were out of the question, instead of which we were kindly nursed, until the disease was completely eradicated; and by this careful treatment we were all soon restored to the enjoyment of health. But few men died of those that were landed; and, if I recollect right, our total loss was seventy-two men. Notwithstanding all our troubles and misfortunes, we arrived before the other divisions of the regiment; but they had not suffered from disease: their loss was two men only.

CHAPTER V.

Simmon's Town is situated on the bay which bears the same name, and contains many well-built houses. Here we were stationed for a short time; and, as the regiment was not restricted from going out, I soon commenced reconnoitreing the localities of the neighbourhood, and was glad to find that there were a number of well-stocked gardens close to the barracks. A pound of meat (and that of the worst), and three quarters of a pound of bread per diem, was but a scanty allowance for a growing lad. Indeed, I frequently managed to get through my three days' bread in one; but, as we could get fish for a mere song, and as the gardens of our neighbours, the Dutchmen, supplied us with potatoes, we continued, one way or another, to fare tolerably well at this station.

We were soon after moved to the station of Mui-

senbourg, seven miles nearer to Cape Town, a post defended by a small battery, and the beach, in places of easy access, guarded by a few guns. The road from Simmon's Town to Muisenbourg sometimes runs along the beach, which is very flat, and on which the sea flows with gentle undulations; and, at others, winds round the feet of craggy hills, covered with masses of stone, which have the appearance of being merely suspended in the air, ready to be rolled down upon you by the slightest touch. On these hills whole regiments of baboons assemble, for which this station is particularly famous. They stand six feet high, and in features and manners approach nearer to the human species than any other quadruped I have ever seen. These rascals, who are most abominable thieves, used to annoy us exceedingly. Our barracks were under the hills, and when we went to parade, we were invariably obliged to leave armed men for the protection of our property; and, even in spite of this, they have frequently stolen our blankets and great coats, or anything else they could lay their claws on. A poor woman, a soldier's wife, had washed her

blanket and hung it out to dry, when some of these miscreants, who were ever on the watch, stole it, and ran off with it into the hills, which are high and woody. This drew upon them the indignation of the regiment, and we formed a strong party, armed with sticks and stones, to attack them, with the view of recovering the property, and inflicting such chastisement as might be a yarning to them for the future. I was on the advance, with about twenty men, and I made a *detour* to cut them off from caverns to which they always flew for shelter. They observed my movement, and immediately detached about fifty to guard the entrance, while the others kept their post, and we could distinctly see them collecting large stones and other missiles. One old grey-headed one, in particular, who often paid us a visit at the barracks, and was known by the name of *Father Murphy*, was seen distributing his orders, and planning the attack, with the judgment of one of our best generals. Finding that my design was defeated, I joined the *corps de main*, and rushed on to the attack, when a scream from Father Murphy was a

signal for a general encounter, and the host of baboons under his command rolled down enormous stones upon us, so that we were obliged to give up the contest, or some of us must inevitably have been killed. They actually followed us to our very doors, shouting in indication of victory; and, during the whole night, we heard dreadful yells and screaming; so much so, that we expected a night attack. In the morning, however, we found that all this rioting had been created by disputes about the division of the blanket, for we saw eight or ten of them with pieces of it on their backs, as old women wear their cloaks. Amongst the number strutted Father Murphy. These rascals annoyed us day and night, and we dared not venture out unless a party of five or six went together.

One morning, Father Murphy had the consummate impudence to walk straight into the grenadier barracks, and he was in the very act of purloining a sergeant's regimental coat, when a corporal's guard (which had just been relieved) took the liberty of stopping the gentleman at the door, and secured him. He was a most powerful brute, and, I am persuaded,

too much for any single man. Notwithstanding his frequent misdemeanors, we did not like to kill the poor creature; so, having first taken the precaution of muzzling him, we determined on shaving his head and face, and then turning him loose. To this ceremony, strange to say, he submitted very quietly; and, when shaved, he was really an exceedingly good-looking fellow, and I have seen many a "blood" in Bond Street not half so prepossessing in his appearance. We then started him up the hill, though he seemed rather reluctant to leave us. Some of his companions came down to meet him; but, from the alteration which shaving his head and face had made in him, they did not know him again, and, accordingly, pelted him with stones, and beat him with sticks, in so unmerciful a manner, that poor Father Murphy actually sought protection from his enemies, and he in time became quite domesticated and tame. There are many now alive, in his Majesty's 22nd regiment of foot, who can vouch for the truth of this anecdote.

We soon bade farewell to Muisenbourg, and marched to Windbourg, and were in camp for several months. Here we suffered dreadfully from the

inclemency of the weather, and from lying on damp ground in small bell tents; added to which, our very lives were drilled out by brigade field-days, from three and four o'clock in the morning, until seven and eight o'clock at night. At this period the Caffres were committing the most terrific murders and robberies amongst the Dutch boors up the country. To stop these devastations, a rifle company was formed from the several corps of the 8th Dragoons, and the 22d, 34th, 65th, 81st, and 91st regiments, and placed under the command of Captain Effingham Lindsay, one of the bravest soldiers in his Majesty's army. We were dressed in green, and our pieces were browned to prevent their being seen in the woods where the Caffres congregated. About three months after the formation of the company, we were sent up the country, in conjunction with the light company of the 91st Regiment and a corps of Hottentots. We embarked on board the Diamond frigate, and reached Algoa Bay in fourteen days, having experienced bad weather. From thence we marched to Grafrenette, about five or six hundred miles in the interior, and fifteen hundred miles from

Cape Town, and took up our quarters in a Dutch church. The road from Algoa Bay to Grafrenette is hill and dale, and infested with lions, tigers, hyænas, wolves, and elephants; and we frequently saw eight or ten a-day, at a place called Rovee Bank, a day's march on this side of the great pass. One day I went out shooting wild ducks here with another person. We came to a pool of water, surrounded with very high grass (some of it ten feet high), which abounded with wild ducks and geese. I took aim and fired, and had just time to see that at least one bird had fallen a victim to number four, when I heard a most tremendous roar, and the whole pool was in a moment in a state of commotion. I was in the act of plunging into the water after my butchered duck, when, imagine my astonishment and alarm, on seeing an enormous white elephant rush out from the grass, roaring loudly, and striking the grass aside with his trunk. Neither myself nor my companion had ever seen one before, and we had now no inclination for a second peep; so, leaving the ducks to their fate, we took to our heels, and never stopped till we arrived safe in camp.

At every farmer's house on our line of march we found sad vestiges of murder and desolation. Whole families had been wantonly massacred by this wild and misguided race of people, whose devastations it was now our duty to check, and whose ignorance is so extraordinary, that I am persuaded they are insensible that murder is a crime. Beautiful farm-houses were to be seen still smoking; the families either murdered, or run away to seek refuge elsewhere. Not a living creature was to be seen, unless, perchance, a poor dog might be discovered howling over the dead body of his master; or some wounded horse or ox, groaning with the stab of a spear or other mutilation. The savage Caffre exults in these appalling sights; gaping wounds, and the pangs of the dying, are to his dark and infatuated mind the very acme of enjoyment. This barbarous race, when they have succeeded in any of their murderous exploits, appear to be so excited to ecstasy, that they will jump about in a sort of phrenzy, hurling their spears in all directions, and in the most reckless manner, either at man or beast. They are quite

insensible to the value of money, which they would accept on account of its glitter only; while a more shining gilt button would be prized by them as of inestimable value. In short, they seem scarcely to possess a rational idea beyond what may tend to the gratification of the appetite; and I have myself seen them with women's gowns, petticoats, shawls, &c. tied round their legs, and between their toes, and in this manner they would run wildly into the woods, shouting in exultation.

These people had got information that we were their avowed enemies and come to destroy them, and take from them their enormous herds of cattle: they were, therefore, driven far into the interior of almost inaccessible parts of the country, where we could not follow them. Some few stragglers were left in the neighbourhood to watch our movements, with whom we had some slight skirmishes; but, from the extreme intricacy of the woods, we could do but little with them.

The Caffres may unquestionably be considered as a formidable enemy. They are inured to war and plunder, and most of them are such famous

marksmen with their darts, that they will make sure of their aim at sixty or eighty paces' distance. When you fire upon them they will throw themselves flat upon their faces, and thus avoid the ball; and, even if you hit them, it is doubtful whether the ball would take effect, the skins worn by them being considered to be ball-proof. Added to this, as they reside in woods, in the most inaccessible parts of which they take refuge on being hard pressed by their enemies, an offensive warfare against them is inconceivably arduous.

Before they deliver the darts with which they are armed, they run side-ways; the left shoulder projected forward, and the right considerably lowered, with the right hand extended behind them, the dart lying flat in the palm of the hand, the point near the right eye. When discharged from the grasp, it flies with such velocity that you can scarcely see it, and when in the air it looks like a shuttle-cock violently struck. They carry, slung on their backs, about a dozen of these weapons, with which single men have been known to kill lions and tigers.

From this harassing warfare, travelling through almost impenetrable woods, over tremendous hills, and through rivers, we were soon in a terribly ragged condition. Our shoes we managed to replace from the raw hides of buffaloes, in the following manner: the foot was placed on the hide, which was then cut to the shape of the sole, and fastened to the foot by thongs made of the same material, sewed to the sole instead of upper-leathers. In two or three days this dried and formed to the shape of the foot, and was sure to be a fit. When we had remained at this station about two years, it was truly laughable to see the metamorphosis of the once-white regimental trousers. Here and there pieces had been sewn in to patch up holes, and, these pieces being of materials of other texture as well as other colours, we looked, at a distance, like spotted leopards. During these two years I had sprung up some six inches, outgrowing, of course, both my jacket and trousers; and, when I was in full case for parade, my figure must have been exceedingly ludicrous. My jacket was literally a strait jacket; for, from its extreme

tightness, I could scarcely raise my hand to my head. My pantaloons or trousers had been, during the whole period, continually rising in the world, and now they would scarcely condescend to protect my protruding knees. I was but a novice at the needle, so that the patches I put on were either too small or too large. In this predicament I had to march nearly fifteen hundred miles through Africa. The rest of the men were but little better off, and we might well have been compared to Falstaff's ragged recruits, with whom he swore he would not march through Coventry.

Having continued on this duty for upwards of two years, to very little purpose, the Cape of Good Hope was ordered, by the British Government (in 1801), to be given up to the Dutch. To remove the Rifle Company, and the light company of the 91st Foot, a small vessel was despatched from Cape Town to Algoa Bay, for their conveyance to the capital, preparatory to embarking for India. I was despatched over land with a Dutch boor's family, then about to leave the station for Cape Town. The whole of the officers' baggage was

committed to my care, which was a very serious charge and responsibility, through such a wild and desolate country. On this trip I had to pass along the margin of the country inhabited by the Caffres; and, although the Dutch family with whom I travelled had muskets and four waggons, these sojourners in the woods and hills neither feared them nor their guns. After laying in a good stock of powder and shot, we commenced our march in regular battle array. I was mounted on a horse, with my rifle slung over my back, always loaded, and a pistol in my holster-pipe; on each side rode the Dutchman's two sons; after us, four Hottentots, armed with muskets; then the old boss (the master); and, following him, the four waggons containing the families and property of all. The rear-guard consisted of two head servants (Hottentots), armed, on bullocks; then four on foot, with their families, many of the women carrying two children. Thus we would accomplish twenty miles a-day over the most enormous hills; and, if we could not reach a farm-house by the setting sun (which was the time we generally halted) we selected the most open spot

we could find for our encampment, forming a square with the four waggons, keeping our cattle inside, where they were fed. Six men out of the twelve kept watch the whole night, and were relieved every four hours, in which duty I always took a part. In fact, we were so often disturbed, either by the Caffres, or some beast of prey prowling about our little fortified encampment, that we might be said to be always watching. The Caffre possesses a great deal of cunning and craft. Their system of attack is this: under the garb of night, when all is still, save the roaring lion, the hungry tiger, or the screaching owl, they will crawl on their hands and knees, imitating the cries of any animal of the woods, or any bird of the air. At the smallest noise they will turn themselves flat on the ground, so that you may walk close by and not observe them; and the first indication given you of having such dangerous neighbours, is by the incision of a spear, or the blow of a club. These imitations of the cries of animals, and chirping of birds, are well understood amongst themselves. No wonder, then, that we should watch. It was no unusual thing in the morning to see their

spears lodged in the top of our waggons, and close by where we kept watch; but we never attempted to leave our possessions, and resolved not to throw away our precious powder and ball on slight occasions. To narrate the numerous trials, watchings, privations, perils, and escapes of this trip, would of itself fill a larger space than I can devote to such a detail. Suffice it, for the present, that we at last reached Cape Town in safety.

The Dutchman with whom I was travelling had two daughters; the younger of whom, Sabina by name, was a most lovely creature. She was tall, and rather slim; of symmetrical form; in complexion, a brunette; with black eyes and hair; her foot extremely small; and her waist scarcely a span. Her manners were vivacious and interesting, and her education had been by no means neglected. As we proceeded on our perilous journey, this charming girl would single me out as her companion, and seek consolation in my society and conversation, from the coarseness of her father, who was a very gross man. It need scarcely be confessed by me, that I was nothing loath to be thus distinguished; neither can

it reasonably be expected that I was long insensible to the charms of my amiable companion. I would walk by her side, while she rode my horse the whole march; and, in this manner, day after day passed away like so many hours, and our attachment grew stronger and stronger, and at length settled into a deep-rooted affection, and was cemented by an interchange of protestations of mutual love. She was a year younger than I; my age being then sixteen, and her's fifteen; but the appearance of both was far beyond that tender age.

Convinced of the reciprocity of our attachment, thus we journeyed on, indulging in visions of bliss; and it was not until we had approached within a short distance of our destination, that the idea first crossed my mind that we must soon part. Until this moment all my faculties had yielded to the fascinations of my enslaver, from the contemplation of whose beauty it had seemed treason to steal a thought; but, now that the time approached when my duty must tear me from her, and when I reflected that from that duty there was no possibility of shrinking without disgrace, the absolute necessity

of separation from my beloved Sabina rushed upon my senses, and almost drove me to despair. These bitter thoughts having thus suddenly and painfully intruded, I revolved within my mind, in all ways, the possibilities of extricating myself from my perplexing situation; and the more I reflected, the more was I distressed and embarrassed. Marriage would not have been consented to by my commanding officer, on account of my extreme youth; the thought of any less honourable proposal I could not myself encourage for a moment: and, in short, it soon became clear to me, that there was but one road of escape from the heart-rending necessity of parting at once, and for ever, from my lovely brunette,—*desertion.* The idea of being compelled to resort to such an alternative startled me; I knew the enormity of the offence, and the consequences of such a step; but the recollection that it was my only resource haunted me day and night. As often as it intruded upon my distracted mind, I endeavoured to drive it from me; but it stuck to me like ivy on the crumbling tower. What to do I could not resolve. I at last mentioned the subject to

Sabina, and it seemed that the thought of our approaching separation had been by her also forgotten in our mutual love. The moment I hinted at the possibility of parting, she turned as pale as death; I saw the crystal tear steal down her beautiful cheek; she trembled; and at last swooned away. It was then the dark fiend again urged me on, and I promised, in the moment of grief and excitement, that I would desert, and follow her wherever she might go. Her sweet eye beamed ineffable pleasure; she seized my hand; kissed it a hundred times; and she said, in a most pathetic manner, "Will you really return with me to my home?" I declared I would, whatever might be the result. She said, "Swear it, and I shall live; deny me, and I shall die." The concluding part of this appeal was urged with such a searching anguish, that it drew from me a solemn promise of desertion. This resolution was communicated to her family, and one and all urged me to go, or rather return with them to their home, pointing out the happiness I should enjoy with their beautiful sister. These were arguments too cogent to be resisted, and I again pro-

mised to return with them. Scarcely had the fatal promise been repeated, when the recollection of my native country, my home, my country's glory, my regiment, and the disgrace attaching to the committal of so bad a crime, all rushed in quick succession upon my bewildered mind. I thought—I paused; but a single glance from the eye of my beloved Sabina plainly told me that the first whisper of love would suffice to confirm me in my fatal resolution.

We were now within sight of Cape Town, and here again my feelings, distressed at the thought of deserting, goaded me beyond description. I sometimes gave up the idea, and resolved to fly from temptation, and seek protection with my regiment; but the melodious voice of Sabina calling me by name, would at once dissipate my better resolutions, until I at last abandoned all idea of the possibility of parting. I contented myself with praying most devoutly that the regiment might have sailed ere I arrived, which would have saved me from the stigma of desertion. In the event of the regiment being still at Cape Town, I had sworn to

my betrothed and her family to return to them. Thus we parted: my arrival was hailed by my comrades with delight, as they feared I had been murdered by the Caffres; and I received every kind of congratulation, and several very handsome presents, from all those officers whose things I had in charge. Some hundred miles before I had reached Cape Town, the old Dutchman had tried hard to persuade me to remain behind, with all the property, till he and his family returned. This I resolutely refused: desertion was of itself bad enough, without adding to it the crimes of breach of trust and theft. I had not, in our long and arduous march, lost or injured a single thing, but delivered them all safe into the custody of their rightful owners, and in the evening went to see my Sabina at her friend's house, where I was informed that the family proposed leaving Cape Town for their home on the following Monday. After a severe struggle, I consented to accompany them; for which purpose I stole out of the barracks after hours, and joined them at the appointed place outside the town. I need not say my arrival was hailed with delight,

for I had kept them waiting an hour beyond the appointed time; Sabina locked her arm in mine; the procession moved on; and in my excessive love I forgot my crime. Reader, judge me not too harshly: consider my youth, and the temptation I had to contend against; and, before you utterly condemn me, place yourself under the same combination of circumstances, and tell me how you would have acted in my place.

We had proceeded about thirty miles from Cape Town, and were busily engaged building castles of future bliss, when (oh, short-sighted mortals!) the provost-marshal thrust his head into the waggon, and pointed a pistol at me, saying, if I attempted to move, he would shoot me. This mandate was too pointed to be disobeyed; and, in ten minutes after, I was on my way back to Cape Town, having been dragged from the embraces of her for whom I had sacrificed my all. From that moment I never saw, or heard of, the fair Sabina or her family, who would also undoubtedly have been seized, but that I took all the blame upon my own shoulders. I was tried by a regimental court-martial for being absent

from morning parade, and for desertion, and sentenced to receive 999 lashes, being more than fifty lashes for every year I was old; but my commanding officer was a kind and affectionate man, and had known me from the day I entered his regiment; he could not consent that I should receive a single lash, but sent for me, and admonished me like a parent, painted the crime of desertion in all its enormities, and dismissed me, with the assurance of his full forgiveness and friendship, adding, that he was assured I had been deluded away by the Dutchman and his family. This I never would acknowledge, until some months afterwards, when, knowing that they must be far out of our reach, I related the whole transaction.

Some of the Dutch troops, to whom we were to resign the Cape, had already arrived from Java and Batavia, and other Dutch setflements, many of whom flocked to the wharf to see us embark, and, where they dared, to offer insults. A huge brute sidled up to me, with his greasy mustachios, which he began to curl and twist between his fore-finger and thumb, at the same time chucking me under

the chin, and calling me a pretty boy. For this I took the liberty of saluting him with a kick on the shins, for which he attempted to seize my ears; but I fixed my bayonet (a weapon the Dutch have a great aversion to); so he marched off. The following morning we embarked for India, on board a small American vessel that had been lying a considerable time at the Cape.

When the land was buried in distance, I could not help reviewing the many providential escapes I had already experienced during my short career, and the mercies that had been extended to me in the most perilous situations. Did men but oftener attribute them to that great source from whence all our mercies are derived, we should think less of our often fancied hardships, and feel grateful for the blessings we enjoy. In my case, it was impossible to look back upon the last four years of my life, without trembling at the scenes I had been carried through in safety, and addressing a prayer of thanksgiving to the fountain of all love, for the unmerited protection that had been extended towards me.

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We had scarcely got to sea a day, when we found that it was a difficult matter to determine which was the more cranky, the vessel or the captain. She took in water in large quantities,—he grog; she would not go steady,—neither would he; she rolled and pitched,—so did he; she shook her head,—so did he; she was often sea-sick,—so was he: in fact, they were a cranky pair. She had lain so long at the Cape, that her bottom had become foul, and she would not go more than four knots an hour, if it blew a hurricane, and then she seemed to tear the very water asunder. We prowled about the deep like the wandering Jew on earth, until at last our water began to evince symptoms of decline, and it was justly feared we should soon suffer much under a hot sun for want of that great essential; but about a week after we stumbled upon land, which, after a great deal of reconnoitreing, our wise captain pronounced to be some part of Sumatra. However this might be, it was a welcome sight to us; but, as it was late in the evening when we discovered it, we were obliged to steer about the whole night. About ten o'clock

the clouds began to thicken, and the wind blew from shore; about twelve it blew a smart gale, and we hove to; our vessel lay like a log of wood, scarcely moving, till the morning dawned, when the storm had subsided in a great degree, and we stood in for land. The hills looked woody, and the valleys fertile. We at last got into a small bay, or basin, where the surrounding scenery was beautiful in the extreme. Several canoes were to be seen steering up the creeks, and men and women running into the woods, in seeming alarm and consternation. We anchored about 300 yards from the shore. The movements of the natives did not evince any friendly inclination towards us, but the contrary; and it was fortunate that we had the means of taking by compulsion what we should willingly have purchased, wood and water, those two essentials to man's existence. To convince them, if possible, that our appearance in this basin was not of a hostile nature, a small boat was despatched, with six or seven men, four of them armed. I was one, and we approached the shore with great caution. We could plainly see people

hiding behind trees, and carrying away their moveables from some huts which stood about two hundred yards from shore, where we could also discover fishing-nets, canoes that had been dragged ashore, a few domestic fowls, and one or two goats and kids. We beckoned them to approach, but they seemed shy, and would not come near us. The captain's servant was a native of Ceylon, and could speak several languages. We landed him, but he was justly afraid to venture far from the boat. He soon, however, made them understand the object for which we put into this port, and informed them that we were willing to purchase both wood and water at a reasonable price. This they would not consent to, but requested us immediately to weigh anchor and leave the bay, or dread the displeasure of their king, whom they had apprised of our intrusion into their country. It appeared from this that we had no alternative but to take what we required by force; we, therefore, disregarded the threats of the subjects of his black Majesty, and the following morning got out the long-boat, with implements for

getting in water, and cutting wood. The latter was already cut to our hands, as the surrounding country was one mass of fuel, that had decayed, and been blown down by the tempest. The water was close by, a most beautiful crystal stream; but the moment we had commenced work, we saw an enormous number of people, with swords, spears, and daggers, approaching towards us. We formed a line, primed and loaded, and prepared for a fight; but, resolved not to be the aggressors, we again despatched the native servant to endeavour to reason them into compliance; for which purpose, a small safeguard went with him. After a great deal of threatening and blustering, they consented to sell the water for five dollars per butt, and the wood in proportion. This exorbitant claim was of course rejected with indignation; but, still wishing to keep friendly with them, we offered one dollar per butt. This was refused by them, and the servant returned. Meantime, we continued filling our water utensils and collecting fire-wood, with the greatest industry, keeping our eyes on them all the while. There appeared to be a deal of consultation among the

natives, and a number of messengers going and coming: at last an arrow was fired, which fell close to where I was standing. Another soon followed it; and the officer in command of our party then ordered two or three men to fire in the air. This alarmed them so, that they took to their heels, and ran shouting into the woods, and we went hard to work. In about an hour, the inhabitants, encouraged by our pacific appearance, sent a man to inform us, that "his Majesty had been pleased to permit the strangers to tread upon the margin of his country, and drink his water of mercy," (so interpreted by the native servant); and that "his Majesty would come and hold communion of friendship with the strangers on the following day, if the day was auspicious; that we might drink as much water of his mercy as we pleased, and cut as much wood; but his Majesty begged we would not attempt to make incursions into his country, as he could not be held responsible, if his elephants and bull-dogs got loose, and destroyed the strangers; and further, that he would, in his most gracious mercy, send us all sorts of fruits, &c., at a moderate price."

To this message we returned a very gracious answer; and about ten the following morning a great number of boats were seen coming down the several creeks, which, concentrating at the bottom of a small village a little way up the largest creek, at last came on their way towards the ship, in number about thirty, with about four men in each boat. It had been before understood that not one person would be admitted with arms, and only ten people at a time. His Majesty did not choose to make his appearance, but had instructed those that did come to say, that he had consulted his divines, and they had pronounced the day an inauspicious one. We were, therefore, deprived of his royal presence; but, if he was as big a thief as those he sent to represent him, his Majesty was qualified for a more exalted sphere—the gallows: such a set of rogues I have never seen in the whole course of my life. They brought oranges, plantains, &c. and some few ducks, chickens, and eggs, for barter; but they were such thieves that you could not trust them even to handle the article you wished to barter. If you trusted it out of your own hand, it was

handed by them from one to another, and ultimately to their canoes, and then you might "fish for it," to use a soldier's term. A ludicrous scene took place between a tar and one of these fellows. Jack offered his blanket for sale, as he had now got into a warm climate, and it was of no further use to him. Jack, in good, sound, and intelligible English, particularized the length, breadth, and quality of his blanket, qualifying his description with many an oath, not one syllable of which did the purchaser understand. During the examination of the said blanket, Jack kept hold of one end, pledging his tarry honour to the authenticity of his assertion, that it was a real Witney. Some one at this moment took off Jack's attention, and he withdrew his hand from the blanket, which soon found its way to the canoe. The tar uttered sundry imprecations touching his "day-lights" and "grappling-irons," and was up on deck, and down into the canoe, in a moment, overhauling every thing; but neither the blanket nor the purchaser was to be found. At this the sailor ran about like a madman, until, at last, he espied the fellow moving down the fore-hatchway.

Being certain of his man, he took one hop, skip, and jump, and fastened on the fellow's neck, vociferating,—"Halloa, shipmate, where have you stowed my blanket? Come, skull it over, or I shall board you, before you can say luff." The fellow did not, of course, understand one word he said; but Jack soon brought him to his bearings, as he called it, by mooring him on the deck, and swearing that, if he did not "skull over the Witney," he would tear him into rope-yarns. Thus roughly treated, poor blackey bellowed out lustily for mercy, which brought down the first officer, who asked Jack Carter (for that was his name), what was the matter. He replied, "This here black rascal has grappled my blanket, so I am just after boarding him; and, if he don't shore it out, I'll sink him, or Jack Carter is no sailor." Here he commenced hammering his head against the deck, until the knave said something to one of his countrymen, who ran forward where his canoe was, and put an end to the dispute by producing the Witney.

The following day we again bent our way towards India, with light hearts and cheerful countenances.

We soon reached the Pilot, cruising off the sand-heads of Saugar, and steered our way up the River Hoogley. This river is wide, and its current powerful. The views on each side, when you get as far as Fultah, are romantic, and we wore out our eyes in feasting on nature's beauties. On rounding the corner, or protruding neck of land, on which stand the company's botanical gardens, Fort William first appears; then Calcutta, with its innumerable shipping, bursts upon the view, and the beholder gazes on the beautiful fortification of the fort, and the city of palaces, with astonishment and delight. We passed the fort in full sail, and were hailed from its ramparts by the artillery, and part of the 10th Regiment of Foot, then in garrison there. We returned the welcome greeting with three loud cheers, and in five minutes after came to anchor off Esplenade Ghent, after a voyage of more than five months.

CHAPTER VI.

THE instant the anchor was gone, boats were alongside, for the purpose of conveying the two companies ashore; and, in a couple of hours, we were safely lodged in our quarters at Fort William. Here the five companies of his Majesty's 10th Regiment of Foot joined our lads, with bottles of rum, and a scene ensued that was beyond description; drinking, singing, dancing, shouting, fighting, and bottles flying in all directions. The sight was terrific; so I marched off to the bazaar, to get out of the bustle; went round the fort, and visited everything worth seeing. On my return to the barracks, I found the men lying in a state of the most disgusting drunkenness; some on the floor, others on cots, trunks, and boxes. In those days I knew not the taste of spirituous liquors; and, indeed, for years after: consequently, instead of joining those scenes of revelry and discord, they

were to me offensive and disgusting in the extreme. The very smell of arrack would at any time drive me from the barrack, and many a night have I slept in the open air to avoid the fumes arising from its use, as well as the drunken jargon of those who drank it to excess.

I had now attained the age of eighteen years; was healthy and active; a zealous (though very humble) member of the profession I had chosen; and an ardent aspirant to share in my country's glory. With these feelings and qualifications, assuring myself that, now I was in India, I was in the wide field of promise, I began to revolve in my mind if I could not better my situation. I was then fifer and bugler in the light company, the kind captain of which, seeing my anxious spirit, generously undertook to improve me in reading and writing, of which I at that time knew but little. In the course of one year's close application, I so much improved as to keep his books of the company and his own private accounts. I then begged of him that I might be removed from the drummers to the ranks. I did not like the appellation drum-*boy*. As I have seen

many a man riding post, who was at least sixty years old, still called a postboy, so, if a drummer had attained the age of Methusalem, he would never acquire any other title than drum-boy. Indeed, there were many other things I could never bring myself to relish in any eminent degree: such as flogging (to say nothing of being flogged), and dancing attendance on a capricious sergeant-major, or his more consequential spouse, who is queen of the soldiers' wives, and mother of tipplers, and an invitation-card from whom to tea and cards is considered a ponderous obligation.

In about a week after having made this request, I was transferred from the drummers' room, and promoted to the rank of corporal. This was promotion indeed,—three steps in one day! From drum-boy to private; from a battalion company to the Light Bobs; and from private to corporal. I was not long before I paraded myself in the tailor's shop, and tipped the master-snip a rupee to give me a good and neat cut, such as became a full corporal. By evening parade my blushing honours came thick upon me. The captain came upon parade, and read

aloud the regimental orders of the day, laying great stress upon, "to the rank of corporal, and to be obeyed accordingly." I was on the right of the company, being the tallest man on parade, when I was desired by the captain to fall out, and give the time. I did so, and never did a fugleman cut more capers; but here an awkward accident happened. In shouldering arms, I elevated my left hand high in the air; extended my leg in an oblique direction, with the point of my toe just touching the ground; but, in throwing the musket up in a fugle-like manner, the cock caught the bottom of my jacket, and down come brown Bess flat upon my toes, to the great amusement of the tittering company. I must confess, I felt queer; but I soon recovered my piece and my gravity, and all went on smoothly, till I got into the barracks, where a quick hedge-firing commenced from all quarters; such as,—"Shoulder *hems!*"—"Shoulder *hems!*"—"Twig the fugleman!" This file-firing increased to volleys, till I was obliged to exert my authority by threatening them with the guard-house, for riotous conduct; but this only increased the merriment, so I pocketed

the affront, as the easiest and most good-natured mode of escape; my persecutors ceased, and thus ended my first parade as a non-commissioned officer.

In my new sphere of life I now felt that there was, unquestionably, some satisfaction derivable from being—

"Clothed in a little brief authority."

A corporal has to take command of small guards; is privileged to visit the sentinels whenever he pleases, his suggestions are frequently attended to by his superiors; and his orders must be promptly obeyed by those below him. There is certainly a pleasure in all this, and a man rises proportionately in his own esteem. In short, to confess the truth, I now looked upon a drum-boy as little better than his drum.

Full of the importance of my situation and duties, thus passed the time for nearly six months, at the end of which I was advanced to the rank of sergeant, and, shortly afterwards, to that of pay-sergeant, in the same regiment. The post of pay-sergeant is certainly one of importance, and he who holds it a personage of no small consideration. He feeds and

clothes the men; lends them money at *moderate* interest and on good security; and sells them watches and seals, on credit, at a price *somewhat* above what they cost, to be sure, but the mere sight of which, dangling from a man's fob, has been known to gain him the character of a sober steady fellow, and one that should be set down for promotion. Thus, at least, good may sometimes be educed from evil; and, as it is not my intention to enter into a detail of the chicanery practised among the minor ranks in the army, let it suffice that I never served in a company in which every individual could not buy, sell, exchange, lend, and borrow, on terms peculiar to themselves.

Shortly after my promotion, an order arrived for the two flank companies of the regiment to proceed to join the army then in the field, with all possible speed. We were to proceed by land, the distance about twelve hundred miles, and the season winter. Every hand was busily engaged in making the necessary preparations for the journey, equipping ourselves as lightly as possible; when an unfortunate misunderstanding occurred, which was but too likely,

not only to prevent our journey, but to put an end to some of our lives.

On the arrival of troops at Fort William, it had been the custom to stop from each soldier of his Majesty's army, eight rupees; but for what purpose, strange to say, they were never told. This deduction had been made from the pay of our two Companies without any explanation; and, as the men were now proceeding on active service, it was but right and natural that they should desire to know (as we had been accustomed in the regiment), why any part of this pay was withheld from them. They called upon their officers for explanation, who were as much in the dark as themselves. The greater part of the two companies then marched, in a sober deliberate manner, towards Major-General Sir Hughen Bailey's quarters, to seek redress. Here they were given to understand that the sum of eight rupees was customary to be stopped from each soldier, to insure him a decent burial. This explanation only added fuel to flame, and excited in the hearts of the men (few of whom, poor fellows! ever wanted burial, as will be seen in the sequel of this narrative), the most

bitter rancour against such a custom. The men returned to the barracks; liquor was resorted to to feed the spark already kindled in their bosoms; till at length they became bent upon open rebellion and mutiny. This spirit of disaffection was manifested most strongly in the grenadier company. Both companies were doatingly fond of their officers, who took great pains to explain to them that violent measures, and taking the law into their own hands, would never be likely to get their wrongs redressed; but that, on the contrary, those very acts deprived them of the power of interceding for them, and explaining to the proper authorities, the grounds of their complaints. This timely explanation had its due effect, and *we*, one and all (I mean the Light Company), said, "March us before the enemy, that we may wipe away this our first disobedience;" but those who had drank deeper of the poisonous cup of rebellion, in the Grenadier Company, were still unappeased and spreading wide the infectious sparks of mutiny; so much so, that the officers were again called in to quell them. Their colonel they loved dearly; he was a father to his men; the adjutant they hated.

On the arrival of the former, the men became passive, and the tumult was hushed; but, when the latter appeared, the shouting of, "Kick him out!"—"Turn him out!" resounded through the barracks, and he had a narrow escape for his life. When he had left, the tumult again ceased; the men retired to their cots; and, in an hour, all was silent as the grave. The next morning the eight rupees were refunded; and, on the morning following, we left the fort, with the band of the regiment playing through Calcutta, where we were met and hailed by all assembled. Every face smiled with joy; every breast beat high for glory. The country through which we passed was fertile and well inhabited; plenty smiled around, and all seemed peace and contentment. Here presided English justice; the Pariah cottager was protected in his reed-thatched hovel, and the ploughman was seen smiling over his nodding crops. We lived like fighting-cocks; thought nothing of five or six and twenty miles a day; every face wore the smile of contentment; all were healthy; and the merry song and story beguiled some of our more dreary night-marches.

Thus merrily we reached the army, our marches averaging twenty-six miles a day. We were met some miles from camp by his Excellency Lord Lake, the Commander-in-Chief, who said that he was delighted to see us. At this flattering greeting of the Commander-in-Chief, we gave three cheers, in which his lordship and staff heartily joined us. I must confess I felt at this moment sensations I was a stranger to before; a kind of elevation of soul indescribable, accompanied by a consciousness that I could either have laughed heartily or cried bitterly. Nearer camp we were met and greeted by nearly the whole European army. Such shouting and huzzaing I never heard, nor could I have imagined that the mind of man could be worked up to such a height of feeling. For myself, I could not help dropping a tear,—for what, I cannot tell; but so it was. On reaching the general hospital, we saw many men without legs, some without arms, others with their heads tied up; and it was a most affecting sight to behold these poor wounded creatures waving their shattered stumps, and exerting their feeble frames, to greet us warmly as we passed

along. The scene that followed would beggar description: drinking, dancing, shouting, that made the Byannah Pass echo again! Reader, believe me when I assure you that in those days I knew not, as I said before, the taste of spirituous liquors; consequently, I did not join in these bacchanalian orgies, but reconnoitred the camp, which, to my spirits, was far more exhilirating than the jovial cup. Three days restored us to some kind of order and discipline, and all went on smoothly.

Hoolkah, a native Pindaree, was at this time in full force, with about sixty thousand horse, and twenty-five thousand infantry, encamped a short distance from us, ever on the alert to watch our movements, and supported by Ameerkhan, and other self-created Rajahs. From the very nature of this service, against a flyin genemy, thoroughly acquainted with the localities of the country, we had but little chance of coming up with them. Anything like a general engagement they studiously avoid; plunder only is their aim. In this way they pay themselves, giving their chiefs any great article

of value that may fall into their hands; that is to say, if they are known to have it. Their wives are excellent horse-women, and many of them good shots with the matchlocks, and active swords-women. They are always mounted on the best horse, and it is not an unusual thing for them to carry one child before them and another behind, at full speed. The Pindaree horsemen (and indeed all horsemen in India) have a decided advantage over the English. Their horses are so taught that they can turn them right round for fifty times without the horse's moving his hind legs from the same circle, or pull them up at full speed instantaneously. Our horses are heavy, fat, and quite unmanageable with the bit; it takes them as long to get round as a ship; and you cannot pull them up under ten or twenty yards. Some of their horsemen have spears seventeen feet in length, which they handle in so masterly a style that singly they are dangerous persons to have any thing to say to; but I have frequently seen Lord Lake charge, with his body-guard, a whole column of them, and put them to the rout.

A few days after our arrival, we moved on towards Jeypore, these plundering rascals riding close by us, manœuvring on our flanks, and giving us a shot now and then, to let us know they wished to be neighbourly. On one of these occasions it nearly cost me my life. We were in column on one side of a field, near some high corn called juwar, about half a mile from our column on the other side of the field. I had at this time the fastest pony in India, called Apple, on which I rode on a-head to the extreme end of the field, to have a shot at the head of their line of march; for which imprudence my own life was nearly the forfeit, for round the corner I came almost in contact with about a hundred of the enemy. I soon wheeled round, and galloped back again as fast as my pony could carry me: they fired at me fifty or sixty shots, not one of which touched me. Ever after, I kept a little more within bounds.

We had frequent skirmishes with detached parties, killing numbers with our six-pounders; but we could not come up with them. We therefore made our way towards Mutta, a great haunt for

the Pindarees, where we lay for some time, trying to surprise them; but they were ever on the watch, as the rattling of our swords might be heard a mile off. Tired of this service, we took possession of the town of Muttra, driving them out. Here we had glorious plunder—shawls, silks, satins, khemkaubs, money, &c.; and some of the men made a good thing of it. I was not idle; but an untoward circumstance for a time delayed my exertions:—I was quartered in a large square or Rajah's palace, and had to ascend several flights of steps to get at anything worth notice. All the way up this staircase were little iron plated doors, locked with several locks. As Paul Pry says, I thought this "rather mysterious;" I therefore commenced locksmith and knocked off the locks, when I found the room full of bales of silk and shawls. I had just removed one of the largest bales from the top, and was in the very act of walking off with it, when, on turning round, a most brilliant eye met mine, set in one of the most hideous heads I had ever beheld. What monster this could be I could not at first imagine, nor did I stop very long to consider, but

marched off rather precipitately with my prize; being at the moment more frightened than I was willing to confess, even to myself. On reflection, I was ashamed of my fears; so, having "screwed my courage to the sticking-post," in I marched again, with a drawn sword in my hand, and having convinced myself, by a second peep, that my friend with the glaring eyes was no other personage than one of the Gods Mahadooh, I saluted him with a cut across his face for taking up his quarters in that solitary place, and took the liberty of making free with all the silks and shawls under his protection. A short time after, we returned to quarters at Cawnpore, to spend the produce of our short campaign, Hoolkah having retired to a distant part of India, to his winter quarters.

Early in the following spring our active enemy was again in the field, and approaching the city of Delhi, where the inhabitants were not very well disposed towards us, and in which we had but a small force of native troops. We immediately marched, by forced marches, to their relief, and found Mr. Hoolkah had been besieging that place,

but that, some two or three days before our arrival, he had raised the siege and crossed the river Jumna; a necessary precaution on his part, for our cavalry were lightly equipped. Colonel Burn, to his praise be it spoken, was marching from the opposite direction towards Delhi, for the succour of that place, with five companies of native infantry, when he unfortunately fell in with the whole body of Hoolkah's cavalry, and, wonderful to say, he made his retreat good to Shamlee, a large town, fighting every inch of his way. There he took possession of a small gurry, or mud fort, for the space of six days, defending himself against an immense body of the enemy, suffering the most dreadful privations, and worn out by continual watching. The grand army crossed the Jumna, to the rescue of Colonel Burn and his little band of native heroes, and in two days afforded him the succour he so much wanted, having, with this view, performed a distance of eighty-four miles in forty-eight hours. Never shall I forget the cheering of the handful of men on the ramparts of this little asylum. His lordship, to whom I was

close, dropped the tear of sympathy when waving his hat to them. I had that morning preceded the army for the purpose of taking up the encampment, and on the approach of our advance-guard, some of the straggling enemy were seen loitering behind the main body, who had marched early that morning. We had two six-pounders with us, five troops of his Majesty's 8th Light Dragoons, five troops of his Majesty's 24th Dragoons, with a regiment of Native Cavalry; and we succeeded in killing a few of these marauders, who were plundering and laying waste the whole country. We could always trace their line of march by the dreadful destruction they had committed. Some few sepoys were killed from the tops of the houses of Shamlee, many of which were higher than the little fort. For this breach of good faith his lordship gave up the town to plunder. The scene that followed would take an abler pen than mine to describe—breaking open houses and boxes; tearing open bales of shawls, silks, and satins; and fighting hand to hand: the tumult is inconceivable to any one who has not witnessed such a scene.

We marched the following morning, treading upon the heels of the enemy; but, as they had a day's start of us, and their horses will go from fifty to sixty miles a day, it was impossible for us to come up with them.

On our road we passed several villages that had been burned to the ground; poor, naked, and plundered creatures, men, women, and children; burning corn-fields; dead elephants, camels, horses, and bullocks; and the road was strewed with moah-berry, on which they feed their horses for the purpose of making them drunk, in which state it is incredible the astonishing distance they will go, though you can count their ribs a mile off. The rear-guard of the enemy generally kept their eye on our advanced-guard, detaching parties on each of our flanks, and, by way of amusement, giving us occasionally a shot. I recollect, on one of these days' marches, a most impudent fellow, mounted on a beautiful horse and finely bedizened, came within two hundred yards of our column, passing upon us some unpleasant epithets, and once or twice firing his matchlock. He at last

wounded a man of the native cavalry. This so annoyed me that I asked his lordship if he would permit me to attack him. His answer was, "O, never mind him, Shipp: we will catch him before he is a week older." I never in my life felt more inclined to disobey orders, for he was still capering close by us. An officer commanding one of the six-pounders, came up at the same time, and told his lordship that, if he would permit him, he would knock him over the first shot, or lose his commission. His lordship said, "Well, try." At this moment the fellow fired his matchlock again, and immediately commenced reloading his piece. Our gun was unlimbered, laid, and fired; the ball, striking the horse's rump, passed through the man's back, and the poor animal's neck, and we said "So much for the Pin."

We marched, on the average, about twenty-five miles a-day; but we were obliged to push our poor horses on even faster than this, for Holkar was making his way to Futtyghur, a small military station. This is a rich city; and, no doubt, his inclination was to plunder and burn it. He

arrived at Furrackabad, about three or four miles from the above station, the day before us, for the purpose of exacting money from the Rajah there. The little force at the station was withdrawn from the barracks, and placed for the protection of the mint, which had a short time before been established there. In the evening they arrived, and on the morning of the same day we marched upwards of twenty miles, halted till eight o'clock at night then made ourselves as light as possible, and again moved on, intending to surprise them before daylight the following morning. We had twenty-eight miles to accomplish before that time, and there is no doubt, from the judicious arrangement made for this attack, by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, that scarcely a man would have escaped us, had not a most unfortunate circumstance occurred, which was near destroying all our plans. An ammunition-tumbrel belonging to one of our six-pounders, from the rapid rate at which we were moving, blew up within half a mile of the enemy, who were buried in the arms of sleep, they having made a forced march, so as to prevent the

possibility of our reaching them. This alarmed a few of those who happened to be awake; but they supposed it the station-gun at Futtyghur. This station-gun was really fired about ten minutes after, and some of them got on the move; but thousands of them were still asleep. I would recommend all officers who serve in India, to attack the enemy, if possible, in the night. At this time it often happens that not a single sentinel is to be found on the watch. This want of vigilance is to be attributed to their eating and smoking too much opium, a practice carried by them to such an excess, as completely to deaden their faculties; from which, their stupor in sleep is so extraordinary, that if a gun were fired under a man's nose, he would scarcely have the power to awake.

When the day dawned, they were surrounded, and a general attack commenced on all sides. Some were cut to pieces in their sleep, others in endeavouring to escape. The carnage became terrific; his Majesty's 8th, 24th, and 25th Dragoons, two regiments of native cavalry, and a corps of horse-artillery, mowing them down with grape-shot in

hundreds. About two thousand were left dead on the field, and, amongst the number, several poor tradespeople from Furrackabad, who had come to the spot to sell their commodities. We pursued them many miles from the scene of action; they, in their flight, burning the barracks and adjacent villages. The same evening, or the following morning, the enemy reached the station of Mainporee, a distance of seventy-two miles. At this station we had one native corps only; but they were prepared to receive them. This little band took possession of the house of the judge (Mr. Cunningham), and defended themselves against Hoolkah's immense body of horse.

The battle of Furrackabad was on the 16th or 17th day of November, 1804; after which the enemy shifted their course towards the Fort of Deig, the property of the Bhurtpore Rajah. In the neighbourhood were his infantry, about twenty-five thousand men, with upwards of a hundred pieces of cannon. Hoolkah little dreamt that, on the 13th of the same month, his infantry had met with a similar defeat to that which his cavalry had experienced on

the 16th. Major-General Frazer, with a small force, had completely routed and defeated them, taking all their guns and stores. This action was at several intervals extremely doubtful, our force being so inadequate to that of the enemy. We had no European regiment there, except the Company's European regiment, and the 76th Foot, both corps not more than six or seven hundred men. The enemy sought protection under the walls of the fort, and, although our ally (the governor of the Fort of Deig) fired on our army, General Frazer, seeing the danger of a defeat, charged at the head of the 76th, supported by the European regiment and Native troops, and succeeded in driving them from their guns, and from the protection of the fort; but, in the heat of the action, the gallant general received a ball in the foot, and was obliged to retire from the field. He died a short time afterwards. Colonel the Honourable W^m Monson, on whom the command devolved, completed his work, and a decisive victory was the result. Hoolkah, being informed of the disaster of his infantry, then shifted his course towards Bhurtpore, demanding immense sums of

money from the Rajah, under threats of laying waste his country, which at that time might be called the garden of India. His encampment was close under the walls of the fort, leaving a body of about two thousand men to harass and annoy us.

About the 18th of December, we took up a position before the Fort of Deig, and in two days after broke ground against it. The two companies to which I belonged led the column, carrying tools for working. The night was as dark as pitch, and bitterly cold. Secrecy was the great object of our mission, and we slowly approached the vicinity of the fort, steering our course towards a small village about eight hundred yards from the spot, where we halted under shelter from their guns. This village had been set on fire two days before, and its inmates compelled to take shelter in the fort. Small parties were despatched in search of eligible ground for trenches, and within breaking-distance. I was despatched alone through the desolate village, to see what was on the other side. I was yet but a novice in soldiering; and, believe me, reader, I had no great fancy for this job; but an order could not

be disobeyed, so off I marched, my ears extended wide to catch the most distant sound. I struck into a wide street, and, marching on tiptoe, passed two or three poor solitary bullocks, who were dying for want of food. These startled me for the moment, but not another creature could I see. I at one time thought I heard voices, and that I could see a blue light burning on the fort, from which I inferred that I was getting pretty close to it. Just as I had made up my mind that this must be the case, I distinctly heard a voice calling out, "*Khon hie?*" in English, "Who is there?" I was rivetted to the spot, and could not move till the words were repeated; when I stole behind one of the wings of a hut close on my right. Soon after, I heard the same man say, "*Quoi tah mea ne deckah;*" which is, "I am sure I saw somebody." Another voice answered, "*Guddah, hogah;*" which signifies, "A jackass, I suppose;" for there were several wandering about. I fully agreed with the gentleman who spoke last; but was determined to throw off the appellation as quickly as possible, by endeavouring to find my way back. In attempting to make my retreat with as little noise as possible, I put my foot into some fire.

This compelled me to withdraw rather precipitately, and they heard me, when one of them said, "*Hi quoi;*" which is, "There certainly is somebody." The other replied, "*Kis wastah nay tuckeet currah,*"—"Why don't you ascertain it, then?" Hearing this, I dashed into another hut, and squatted myself down close, resolved, at least, to have a fight for it. A man passed the door of the hut twice; but, at last, crying out, "*Cally ek lungrah bile hie,*" which signifies, "There is only one lame bullock," he rejoined his party. The attempt to steal away in so dark a night would have been impracticable; I must infallibly have been heard. I resolved, therefore, to have a run for it, and off I bolted, up the same street through which I had come, when a whole volley of matchlocks was sent after me, but they did not attempt to follow; at least, as far as I know, for I did not stop to look behind me. I arrived safe at the division, not a little frightened; and I can venture to say that (the elephant affair excepted), I never ran so fast before in my life. This afterwards proved to be a strong cavalry piquet.

We at last took possession of the village, and

established a depôt there, and a rising ground about two or three hundred yards from it was the spot selected for our batteries. We were at first heard, when the fort commenced a heavy firing, but in the wrong direction. Every man was employed in digging a sufficient space to lie down in, and, in the course of a couple of hours, we were covered and protected from their shot. We then erected batteries; and, by daylight in the morning, every thing was finished, and we were so close to the enemy that we could distinctly hear English spoken*, and the *reveillée* beaten.

On Christmas eve, as dark and cold a night as ever blew from the heavens, the breach was reported practicable, and the rising of the moon was a signal for marching to the storm. She did rise, in splendid effulgence, over one of the highest bastions of the fort we were about to storm; and we could see, by her light, spears on the ramparts as thick as plants in a new-set forest. We were now

* The English, which we were confident we heard spoken on this occasion, was, no doubt, by a drummer who had deserted from the 76th Regiment, and who was afterwards found dead in the fort.

and then saluted with a solitary gun from the fort, to let us know they were not asleep; blue lights were seen burning on their ramparts, and they occasionally indulged us with a rocket or two, which played beautifully in the air.

The soldiers, seeing I was a spirited youth, and a competitor with them for glory, gave me a few salutary hints, especially an "old veteran" of the 76th Foot, who had been then fighting about twenty years in the East. Among the hints he gave me were these: 1st. Never to pass a man lying down, or supposed to be dead, without giving him the point of the bayonet or sword; for it was a common trick of theirs to lay themselves down on your approach, and then to watch the opportunity of cutting *you* down. 2nd. Whenever I saw a rocket, or shell, fall near me, to get as close to it as possible, and lay myself flat on my face. This was undoubtedly very excellent advice; but I soon got tired of killing dead men, and lying down every time I saw a rocket; the having neglected to do which, on one occasion, however, nearly cost me my life, which I shall mention in its proper place.

The storming party consisted of about seven hundred men, composed of two companies of his Majesty's 22d Regiment, two of the Company's European regiments, and the rest Native troops, the whole under the command of Colonel Ball, a brave old hero, but so feeble, that he was obliged to be pushed up the track of glory. The two flank companies to which I belonged led the column. Sergeant Bury, of the Grenadier Company, headed the foremost; but, being wounded at the moment, he was compelled to leave the battery. I volunteered to take his place. The enemy had a strong intrenchment between our batteries and the breach, with innumerable guns, so placed as to have a cross fire on the storming party. However, we soon fought our way through their intrenchments,—our gallant Captain (Lindsay) cheering, and boldly leading us on. Crossing these trenches, this brave officer was cut with a spear in the arm, and also received a severe wound from a sabre; but his gallantry and zeal were so great, that he could not be prevailed upon to retire from the scene of action. A little on our right I saw some of the

enemy point a gun at us. Immediately, with three or four comrades, I rushed out to spike it; for which purpose, I was in the act of searching for the touchhole, to put a nail in it, when one of the enemy's gollandauze (artillery-men) fired the gun off, and I was thrown on my back in the trench, and the same man was in the act of cutting me to pieces, when a grenadier of our company, named Shears, shot him, and I once more escaped. Fortunately for us, the whole of the enemy's great guns were elevated too much, owing to which the shots passed over our heads. If they had been properly directed, we must have been annihilated to a man. Within fifty or sixty paces from the breach, I received a matchlock ball in the head, which dropped me to the ground, the blood flowing profusely. When I came a little to myself from the stun, I found myself impelled onward by one of our companies, who were close together, and running stooping to avoid the shots, which, being near the breach, were uncomfortably thick; but we reached, and soon planted the British flag on the summit of the bastion which was breached. Our

opponents fought hard to resist our entrance, throwing immense stones, pieces of trees, stink-pots,* bundles of straw set on fire, spears, large shots, &c.; but resistance was in vain: we were determined to conquer. In spite of this laudable resolution, however, we found some hard work cut out for us on making good our ascent. The streets in the fort were narrow, running across each other, and every ten yards guns were placed, for the purpose of raking the whole streets. Added to this, many of the enemy had got into high houses, in which there were loop-holes, from which they could fire down upon us, without the possibility of our getting at them. Near the corner of a street, in a kind of nook, I saw our dear Captain Lindsay attacked by five or six of the enemy. He was on one knee, and quite exhausted, having lost much blood from his former wounds; but, to our great joy, we were just in time to save him, and punish some of his as-

* As this term occurs here for the first time, and may appear to be somewhat unseemly, it may be well that the polite reader should be informed, that it is commonly used in the army, and means a vessel filled with combustibles, tar, brimstone, &c.

sailants. From the intricacy of the place, we were afraid of shooting our own men, and were therefore obliged to keep pretty close together. At midnight, I again met Captain Lindsay, clearing one of the streets, when he asked me how I felt myself. I complained of a wound in my side, but said that I could find no hole; but this was not a time for talking. In turning sharp down a street rather larger than those we had cleared, we met a column of the enemy, with a person of rank in a palanquin. We soon stopped his black Highness; and, to ascertain who was inside the palanquin (which was an open one), I, with several others, probed our way with our bayonets, when a tremendous fat Zemindar (an officer) roared out most lustily, and began to show fight. He fired a matchlock at me, which went through the wing of my coat, but did not touch my person. Before I could retaliate, my comrades had finished him, and we then commenced at the column; but I took from the palanquin the gun which had nearly robbed me of life. It was like the barrel of a gun, about two feet long, with a round handle; at the handle-end was a

sharp hatchet,—at the other extremity a sharp hook. This extraordinary instrument I presented to the commander-in-chief; but he refused the present, saying it was my trophy. His lordship was afterwards prevailed on to purchase it, at the price of two hundred rupees. We at this time got information that the five companies which had deserted from the Honourable Colonel Monson, in his disasterly retreat from Jeypore, were standing, dressed in the full uniform they deserted in, outside the principal gate of the fort, with their arms ordered, without apparently making any resistance, and frequently crying out, "Englishmen, Englishmen, pray do not kill us; for God's sake, do not kill us." As these supplications proceeded rather from fear than from penitence for the crime they had been guilty of—that of deserting to an enemy—these men could expect no mercy. We had positive orders to give them no quarter, and they were most of them shot.

About three o'clock, when I was completely tired and done up, I took my station under the gable end of a brick building, and began to examine the

extent of my wounds. The one on the head was a bad one, having touched the skull; it was about two inches long, and one broad, and I was a little alarmed for the consequences. The wound which I supposed I had received in the side, was nothing more than the wind of a cannon-ball, which it was thought must have passed between my arm and side. It was quite black, and much swoln, and on its margin there appeared red streaks, which convinced the doctors that it was caused as before stated. I felt it for months afterwards. The wound in my head had been so long exposed to the night air, that, on examination by the medical gentlemen, it was pronounced to be a dangerous one; but, with an excellent constitution, and youth on my side, I soon recovered.

The killed found next morning exceeded the number of our storming-party. We had but few killed, but a great number wounded. Poor Sergeant Bury found his way in, wounded as he was, before the whole company had entered, and fought hard the whole night. Early in the morning he was looking over the parapet of the fort, when a

cannon-ball struck him on the back, and killed him on the spot,—otherwise he would have been rewarded with a commission; but such is the fate of war! The taking of this small redoubt was but a preparatory and necessary step before we commenced a regular siege against the strong fort, and equally strong town, both of which, however, they gave up, being fully satisfied of the impossibility of holding either.

CHAPTER VII.

I was obliged to nurse myself a little, as the strong fort of Bhurtpore was, we understood, to be our next job. Having but in part led the last party in, I became a volunteer to lead the Forlorn Hope at Bhurtpore. This offer his Excellency, Lord Lake, accepted, with encomiums on my zeal, and a promise that, if I escaped, I should have a commission. We arrived before this place about the 29th day of December; encamped about two miles from it; and immediately commenced our operations against it. Hoolkah was lying under its walls, with his immense body of cavalry, who committed every kind of cruelty on the camp-followers that fell into their hands, such as cutting off their hands from the first joint of the wrist, cutting off their noses, ears, &c.; but seldom killing them outright.

During the preparation for the siege, when off duty, I amused myself with going out to the advanced piquets, where there were continual skirmishes with Hoolkah's cavalry, who were always loitering about, day and night. On one of these occasions, I nearly paid dear for my imprudence. I ventured far beyond the piquet, in hopes of picking off a fellow who was showing off his horsemanship. As I was mounted on a good horse, and was well armed, I rode after him, gaining ground fast; but, on looking behind, I found myself a considerable distance from the piquet, and that several horsemen had got between me, to prevent my return. To have run away, would have given them encouragement; no other remedy was left but to dash through them. Our piquet, seeing my situation, got a six-pounder, and fired a long shot at them. During the consternation caused by the ball striking near them, and smothering them in dust, I made the best use of my horse's legs, got safe to the piquet, and never ventured so far from home again.

On the 1st day of January, 1805, we broke

ground against this strong fortress and town. I was again on the working party, my wound being nearly closed. We halted near a wood, and, a party having been sent on to reconnoitre, we at last pitched upon a place, and commenced our nocturnal labours. We had not been at work ten minutes, when they heard our working-tools, and commenced a most terrific cannonade. We were ordered to desist, and to lie down behind the earth we had thrown up, which, fortunately for us, was of a sufficient thickness to be musket-ball proof, or we must have suffered dreadfully; for their little rough iron balls flew about as thick as bees. The cannon-shot were generally high: some that fell short, rolled, and were brought up by our little mound of defence. They kept it up gloriously for half an hour, conceiving that we intended to take them by surprise; but, from the reports of this fortress containing 100,000 soldiers, and the enormous sum of nineteen croer of rupees, our orders were to approach it by a regular siege. I fear I shall be thought rather tedious in relating the disastrous events at this place; but we must take the gall

with the honey. The firing having ceased, except at intervals, we re-commenced our labours; and glad indeed were we to set blood again on the move. The night was bitterly cold, and the ground damp; but we kept ourselves in exercise with our work, and by daylight we had completed our trenches, and four-gun breaching-battery, within five hundred yards of the town wall. The moment the day dawned, our night's work was observed. The fort was again in a blaze;—flags were hoisted;—the parapet of the town wall was one general mass of spears and little flags, as far as the eye could reach; and the heads of soldiers studded the ramparts with variegated colours,—their turbans being generally of the most prominent dyes,—red, yellow, and pink. Such shouting, roaring of cannon, whistling of shot, grumbling of rockets, and waving of flags and spears, made me reflect for a moment on the folly of having ever sold my "leathers," to participate in such a scene; but this thought was soon buried in the shouts of defiance from our trenches. We did not show hands, as we had none to spare; but as we were, of course, anxious to see

what kind of a place this said Bhurtpore was, we took every opportunity of peeping, whenever we saw a gun fired, crying out, "Shot," which was a signal to bob our heads. On the firing subsiding in the slightest degree, we continued our work, and at length completed our batteries and magazines, and widened our trenches to seven feet, leaving just sufficient room to pass and repass, so as to communicate with our principal depôt under shelter. During the whole of this day, the enemy kept up an almost incessant fire, both with great guns and small arms, and we had some few men wounded. A soldier of the Light Company, named Murphy, stood upon the bank, exposing himself, and drawing upon us the fire from the fort. Some of us remonstrated with him on his imprudence, when Paddy coolly replied, "Never fear, honey; sure I have got my eye on them; and, if they kill me, bad luck to me if I don't be after paying them for it when I get into that same fort." In the course of the day he was shot in the finger for his disregard of our advice, which, he said, was "just because he was looking another way at the time."

In the evening we got our guns into battery, erecting two small batteries of twelves and sixes. A constant fire was kept up by the enemy during the night, and blue lights were to be seen at intervals, as though to inform us that they were on the watch. From the debauched habits of the Musselmen, in any situation in life, they seldom retire to rest till very late; and then, indeed, so stupified with eating and smoking auffeem (opium), that they are incapable of being roused to any active duty. From their constant use of this intoxicating drug, they are dull companions when the spirit is absorbed and dead within them; but, when revived, I know no set of people more talkative, communicative, and jovial. Often have I listened with delight to an old Musselman soldier's relation of his campaigns and stories. We heard drums and music the whole night, now and then accompanied by the inharmonious roar of their guns. The guns used in India by the Natives are of cast iron; but, from their using ball beat out instead of cast, the guns labour and roar dreadfully, and the rough surface of their balls tears the muzzles to pieces.

When the morning bestrewed its bright rays abroad, we threw a little further light upon the subject, by opening our breaching-battery with a salvo, accompanied with such terrific cheering and shouting, as seemed to startle the new-risen sun, which at that identical moment peeped from behind its golden curtains to see what was the matter. The enemy, after a moment's pause, were seen in a tremendous bustle, mustering their full force; and their heads were so thick, that, had our shelling-battery been ready, we might have made dreadful havoc among the motley group. They shouted, yelled, screamed, groaned; small arms whistled, cannons roared; and, in an instant, the fort was enveloped in smoke. It was altogether a most terrific scene. At this moment a soldier called out, "Shipp, have you made your will?" I said "Yes; which is, that I will lead you into that fort undaunted, for all their smoke and rattle."—"Well done, Jack!" said one; "That's a hearty!" said another; and many a joke followed: but, to confess the truth, I thought it no joking matter, but wished most earnestly that I could say with Mac-

beth, "I have *done* the deed." Notwithstanding this, I saw no cause for fretting. Without parents, or ties of any other kind, I felt that I was fully justified in acting—

"As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin."

My ambition was to signalize myself in the field of honour; and, if it was to be my fate to fall, I consoled myself with the reflection, that I could not die in a better cause than fighting for my king and country. These were my real feelings, but the business that was going on during the whole of this day afforded me but little time for reflection. Towards evening, however, we were relieved from the trenches, and obtained some rest.

The next day I took another peep at the Pins, who were in immense numbers in front of our piquets. My fingers itched to be among them, but my last escape withheld me. It was truly tantalizing to see these fellows chuckering their horses not more than a quarter of a mile from our post; but what irritated us still more was, that these miscreants, that evening, sent into our camp about

twenty grass-cutters, belonging to the 8th Dragoons, some with their right arms cut off by the wrist-joint, and others with the loss of their noses and ears. These poor creatures paid dearly for their disobedience of general orders, which forbade any grass-cutter from going out alone; but, for the love of plunder, they will at all times risk their lives. It will appear scarcely credible to the general reader, when he is informed, that to every fighting-man in an Indian army, there are at least ten camp-followers. The majority of these live by plundering the adjacent villages round the camp and on the march; robbing every hut and field within ten miles round. There is no possibility of checking them, or preventing these abuses. Amongst these fellows are thieves of every description, and the most notorious are jugglers. They commence their nocturnal pilferings in a state of nudity, oiling themselves all over to prevent their being held if caught; they then creep on their hands and feet like dogs, and frequently imitate them in barking and howling, as well as most other animals, more particularly goats, sheep, and

asses. In the course of my narrative, I shall have occasion to mention several instances of this nature that happened to myself.

On the following morning, I went again on duty in the trenches. We retired into the wood before mentioned, which had a path of communication with the trenches, though it was a considerable distance from the grand breaching-battery. Our operations against the fort continued active and resolute; but our balls made but little impression upon the mud bastions and curtains. Many of them scarcely buried themselves, and others rolled down into the under-works of the enemy, and were kindly sent back to us. It is almost folly to attempt to effect a practicable breach in a fort built of such materials. The crust you knock off the face of a bastion or curtain, forms a great barrier to your approach to a solid footing. Young engineers are too apt to judge, from the appearance of the fallen mud, that the breach is practicable; when, the first step the storming-party takes, they find they sink up to their necks in light earth. A woful instance of this nature I shall have to

advert to more particularly in the course of my narrative; and, if it prove a timely hint to the inexperienced, I shall be rewarded. Stone forts are soon demolished; when undermined well at the bottom, the top will soon follow, and they cannot easily be repaired: but mud forts defy human power.

We this day erected howetzer and mortar-batteries, and, when they first opened, they struck terror and consternation into the enemy, who fled in every direction, to avoid those destructive engines; but, in a few hours, they dug holes in the ramparts, which they got into whenever they saw those unwelcome visitors on the wing; and, unless the shell happened actually to fall on them, they escaped in this way. But our shelling in those days was a mere bagatelle to what it is now. A shell in five minutes, was then enormous; now, twenty in one minute is by no means extraordinary, and these twice as big as in the times of which I speak.

This day the enemy was pretty passive; no doubt, making places of refuge. Our shells, if thrown further into the town, must have been most

destructive, for the population was evidently prodigious, from the number of fighting men. The houses frequently appeared on fire, and several small explosions took place daily; no doubt, small magazines. These little incidents generally created cheering by the besiegers, and redoubled firing by the enemy. In the course of the day we saw the Rajah for the first time: he was on the shabroodge, or royal bastion, with his suite, reconnoitreing with a spy-glass. The officer commanding the howetzer battery laid a shell for the shabroodge, which struck the very top of it, and soon dislodged his highness and suite. In a moment not a soul was to be seen. On this bastion was an enormous gun, about a seventy-two-pounder, which before had been laid up in embryo, but which, as a mark of revenge for our having disturbed his highness, was now got ready. From its gigantic size they could not depress it sufficiently to bear upon our batteries, or it must have torn them to pieces. At last off it went; the report was like that of an earthquake, but the ball went a good quarter of a mile over us. Several other shots were, in the course of the day,

fired from it, but the balls never came nearer. Our soldiers, finding it did no harm, christened it *Civil Tom;* but, from the enormous dust it kicked up, the enemy thought it did wonders for some time; until, at last, finding out their mistake, they turned its gigantic muzzle towards camp, and actually threw a ball close to the flag opposite Lord Lake's tent, more than two miles from the fort. The only real mischief Civil Tom ever did (which, by the by, was rather uncivil) was killing a poor water-carrier's bullock, and carrying away the poor man's right arm. This was more than a mile from camp.

The night passed away without anything of moment, we still keeping up a regular and constant fire (to prevent the enemy from rebuilding what we had had so much trouble in knocking down), and at times indulging them with a few whistling shells, to keep them awake.

We now began to grow impatient to see what was inside this boasting fort, for we had pretty well seen what was outside. The breach soon began to wear a stormable appearance, when we

discovered that they had thrown out two small guns for the purpose of a cross fire and cutting off our storming party, and to annoy and rake our breaching-battery. For removing this evil we threw out two six-pounders, and we had not fired many shots and given them more than a dozen shrapnells, when a tremendous explosion took place, which finally removed the annoyance.

In the evening I heard the head engineer say to Captain Nelley, commanding the breaching-battery, that he imagined we should, on the following evening, put a stop to their vaunting. "The next evening!" I muttered to myself. I was standing close to Captain Nelley, who turned round to me and said, "Shipp, how do you like that information?" I replied, "I wish it was this night, sir." This I did wish most sincerely, for I felt that, having once resolved to undertake the desperate service in which I had volunteered, the sooner I was in action the better:

> "Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;

> The genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council; and the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection."

I have heard some men say that they would as soon fight as eat their breakfasts, and others, that they "dearly loved fighting." If this were true, what blood-thirsty dogs they must be! But I should be almost illiberal enough to suspect these boasters of not possessing even ordinary courage. I will not, however, go so far as positively to assert this, but will content myself by asking these terrific soldiers to account to me why, some hours previously to storming a fort, or fighting a battle, are men pensive, thoughtful, heavy, restless, weighed down with apparent solicitude and care? Why do men on these occasions more fervently beseech the divine protection and guidance to save them in the approaching conflict? Are not all these feelings the result of reflection, and of man's regard for his dearest care—his life, which no mortal will part with if he can avoid it? There are periods in war which put a man's courage to a severe test: if, for

instance, as was my case, I knew I was to lead a forlorn hope on the following evening, innumerable ideas will rush in quick succession on the mind; such as, "for aught my poor and narrow comprehension can tell, I may to-morrow be summoned before my Maker." "How have I spent the life he has been pleased to preserve to this period? can I meet that just tribunal?" A man, situated as I have supposed, who did not, even amid the cannon's roar and the din of war, experience anxieties approaching to what I have described, may, by possibility, have the courage of a lion, but he cannot possess the feelings of a man. In action man is quite another being: the softer feelings of the roused heart are absorbed in the vortex of danger and the necessity for self-preservation, and give place to others more adapted to the occasion. In these moments there is an indescribable elation of spirits; the soul rises above its wonted serenity into a kind of phrenzied apathy to the scene before you, a heroism bordering on ferocity; the nerves become tight and contracted; the eye full and open, moving quickly in its socket, with almost maniac wildness;

the head is in constant motion; the nostril extended wide, and the mouth apparently gasping. If an artist could truly delineate the features of a soldier in the battle's heat, and compare them with the lineaments of the same man in the peaceful calm of domestic life, they would be found to be two different portraits;—but a sketch of this kind is not within the power of art, for in action the countenance varies with the battle: as the battle brightens, so does the countenance; and, as it low'rs, so the countenance becomes gloomy. I have known some men drink enormous quantities of spirituous liquors when going into action, to drive away little intruding thoughts, and to create false spirits; but these are as short-lived as the ephemera that struggles but a moment on the crystal stream,—then dies. If a man have not natural courage, he may rest assured that liquor will deaden and destroy the little he may possess.

Our two companies were relieved for the night, for the purpose of resting ourselves and preparing for the ensuing evening's attack. On this occasion one of our poor fellows was killed by a shot from

the fort, and he was ordered to be immediately buried. When we were about to leave the trenches we found him still lying there, when the sergeant was called, and asked by his officer, why he had not been buried, according to orders. The sergeant, an Irishman, answered,—'Faith! your honour, he has grown so mighty stiff since he went dead, that he would neither ride nor walk; he threw himself off my back twice; but I am just after ordering a fatigue-party to march him there, whether he will or not."

The same sergeant was chided a short time before for shooting an unarmed man. His officer told him it was a cowardly act to shoot a poor fellow without arms. "Arms! your honour, I beg your honour's pardon, he had two; ay, faith, and fists at the end of them; and he was just after going to be mighty saucy besides. Besides, your honour, did not a spalpeen shoot at and hit me at Deig, without so much as bidding me the time of the morning, or by your *lave* or with your *lave?* Fait! they must expect no palaveration or blarney from Dennis Gaffen." To relate the anecdotes of

this man would fill a volume; but, as the two little ones mentioned may bear the reading, I will insert a few more in their proper places.

I slept soundly, and early in the morning commenced cleaning and new-flinting my musket, and pointing my bayonet, that it might find its way through the thick cotton-stuffed coats of our enemies. All Musselmen soldiers wear these coats during winter. The cotton is about two inches thick, and the coats are worn rather loose, so that you can with difficulty cut through them; and I am persuaded that many of them are ball-proof, and that bayonets and spears are the only weapons against them. In the course of the day I walked down to the batteries, to well ascertain the road I had to take to the breaches. Our batteries continued, with unabated exertions, to knock off the defences; and every thing, from appearances, seemed calculated to insure complete success. My heart was all alive this day, and I wished for the sombre garments of night. This was the 9th day of January, 1805. The greatest secresy was observed as to the storming party; no general

orders were issued, nor was there any stir or bustle till the hour appointed,—nine o'clock. Orders and arrangements were communicated to officers commanding regiments and companies, and in the same private manner conveyed to us. The gun fired as usual at eight o'clock. This was the signal to move out. I kissed and took leave of my favourite pony, Apple, and dog, Wolf, and I went to my post at the head of the column, with my little band of heroes, twelve volunteers from the different corps of the army. Reader, you may believe me when I assure you, that at this critical juncture, every thing else was forgotten in the enthusiasm of the moment, except the contemplation of the honourable post confided to me. "What!" thought I, "I, a youth, at the head of an Indian army!" I began to think it presumption, when so many more experienced soldiers filled the ranks behind. I thought that every eye was upon me, and I did not regret the pitchy darkness of the night, which hid my blushing countenance. All was still as the grave, when I distinctly heard somebody call, "Sergeant Shipp!" This was Lieut.-Colonel Salkeld, adjutant-

general of the army, who brought with him a gollandauze, who had deserted from the fort, and who, for filthy lucre, was willing to betray his countrymen. This man was handed over to me, he having undertaken to lead me to the breach. If he attempted to deceive me, or to run from me, I had positive orders to shoot him; consequently, I kept a sharp look-out on him. We then, in solemn silence, marched down to the trenches, and remained there about half an hour, when we marched to the attack in open columns of sections,—the two flank companies of the 22nd leading, supported by the 75th and 76th European Regiments, and other Native infantry. I took the precaution of tying a rope round the wrist of my guide, that he might not escape; for firing at him at that moment would have alarmed the fort. Not a word was to be heard; but the cannon's rattling drowned many a deep-drawn sigh, from many as brave a heart.

I was well supported, having my own two companies behind me. Colonel Maitland, of his Majesty's 76th Regiment, commanded this storming-party, and brave little Major Archibald Campbell his

corps. The former officer came in front to me, and pointed out the road to glory; but, observing the Native whom I had in charge, he asked who he was, and, on being informed, said,—"We can find the way without him; let him go about his business." I remonstrated, and repeated to him the instructions I had received; but his answer was,—"I don't care; if you don't obey my orders, I will send you to the rear." I did obey, and on we moved to the attack. Immediately behind me were pioneers, carrying gabions and fascines to fill up any cavities we might meet with. The enemy did not discover our approach till within fifty paces of the ditch, when a tremendous cannonade and peels of musketry commenced; rockets were flying in all directions; blue lights were hoisted; and the fort seemed convulsed to its very foundation. Its ramparts seemed like some great volcano vomiting tremendous volumes of fiery matter; the roaring of the great guns shook the earth beneath our feet; their small arms seemed like the rolling of ten thousand drums; and their war-trumpets rent the air asunder. Men were seen skipping along the lighted ramparts, as busy as em-

mets collecting stores for the dreary days of winter. The scene was awfully grand, and must have been sublimely beautiful to the distant spectator.

We pushed on at speed; but were soon obliged to halt. A ditch, about twenty yards wide, and four or five deep, branched off from the main trench. This ditch formed a small island, on which were posted a strong party of the enemy, with two guns. Their fire was well directed, and the front of our column suffered severely. The fascines and gabions were thrown in; but they were as a drop of water in the mighty deep: the fire became hotter, and my little band of heroes plunged into the water, followed by our two companies, and part of the 75th Regiment. The middle of the column broke off, and got too far down to the left; but we soon cleared the little island. At this time Colonel Maitland and Major Campbell joined me, with our brave officers of the two companies, and many of the other corps. I proposed following the fugitives; but our duty was to gain the breach, our orders being confined to that object. We did gain it; but imagine our surprise and consternation, when we

found a perpendicular curtain going down to the water's edge, and no footing, except on pieces of trees and stones that had fallen from above. This could not bear more than three men abreast, and if they slipped (which many did), a watery grave awaited them, for the water was extremely deep here. Close on our right was a large bastion, which the enemy had judiciously hung with dead underwood. This was fired, and it threw such a light upon the breach, that it was as clear as noonday. They soon got guns to bear on us, and the first shot (which was grape) shot Colonel Maitland dead, wounded Major Campbell in the hip or leg, me in the right shoulder, and completely cleared the remaining few of my little party. We had at that moment reached the top of the breach, not more (as I before stated) than three a-breast, when we found that the enemy had completely repaired that part, by driving in large pieces of wood, stakes, stones, bushes, and pointed bamboos, through the crevices of which was a mass of spears jobbing diagonally, which seemed to move by mechanism. Such was the footing we had, that it was utterly

impossible to approach these formidable weapons; meantime, small spears or darts were hurled at us; and stones, lumps of wood, stink-pots, and bundles of lighted straw, thrown upon us. In the midst of this tumult, I got one of my legs through a hole, so that I could see into the interior of the fort. The people were like a swarm of bees. In a moment I felt something seize my foot: I pulled with all my might, and at last succeeded in disengaging my leg, but leaving my boot behind me. Our establishing ourselves on this breach in sufficient force to dislodge this mass of spearsmen, was physically impossible. Our poor fellows were mowed down like corn-fields, without the slightest hope of success. The rear of the column suffered much, as they were within range of the enemy's shot. A retreat was ordered, and we were again obliged to take to the water, and many a poor wounded soldier lost his life in this attempt. Not one of our officers escaped without being wounded, and Lieutenant Creswell was almost cut to pieces. He, I believe, still lives in England, and, should this little history fall into his hands, he will read these events with

as much regret as the narrator writes them. We, as may be supposed, returned almost broken-hearted at this our first failure in India. Our loss was a melancholy one, and the conviction that the poor wounded fellows we were compelled to leave behind would be barbarously massacred, incited our brave boys to beg a second attempt. This was denied: had it been granted, it must infallibly have proved abortive; for there was, literally, *no breach*. The disastrous issue of our attack caused the enemy to exult exceedingly; and the shouting and roaring that followed our retreat, were daggers in the souls of our wounded and disappointed soldiers, who were with difficulty restrained from again rushing to the breach. I found that I had received a spear-wound in the right finger, and several little scratches from the combustibles they fired at us. Pieces of copper coin, as well as of iron, stone, and glass, were extracted from the wounds of those who were fortunate enough to escape. We were, in the course of the night, relieved, and went to our lines to brood over our misfortunes.

I found, the next morning, to add to my feelings of distress, that the old wound in my head had opened afresh; the wound on my shoulder, having injured the bone, was also extremely painful; but that on my finger, being a flesh-wound, did not trouble me much. The general orders of the day following were highly flattering to us all, placing the blame, if any, where it ought to be. Our engineer, finding the spot we had attempted strong and impracticable, changed his position more to the eastward, where the difficulties were not so formidable. During these new operations, our breaching-guns, four in number, were sent to the park to be re-bushed, their bushes having been injured from the constant firing and heat.

Thus ended our first attempt to take the strong fort of Bhurtpore by storm. Not to dwell longer on our painful failure, I will conclude this chapter with the introduction of two or three anecdotes, illustrative of the felicity of matrimony among the Irish soldiers. These may serve to divert the reader, during the repairing of our guns, and the erection of new batteries, preparatory to a second attack.

An Irish soldier once waited on his commanding officer with what he termed a very serious complaint: "Another man," he said, mentioning his name, "had upbraided him that he was not married to his own wife, whom he accused of being no better than she should be, and called her many bad names besides, which he should be ashamed to mention to his Honour."

Colonel. "Well, my good fellow, have you any proof that you are legally married?"

Soldier. "Faith, your Honour, I have the best proof in the world." Here he took off his hat, or rather cap, and exhibited a cut skull, saying, "Does your Honour think I'd be after taking that same abuse from any body but a wife?"

Colonel. "Indeed, I should imagine not; but have you no marriage-certificate?"

Soldier. "None, your Honour, except the one on my head. Don't your Honour think I am married?"

Colonel. "I never saw more positive proof of any fact in my life; and, if the man dare again to say that you are not, I will punish him."

"Thank your Honour," said Paddy, and off he marched, perfectly satisfied, leaving the Colonel and his friends to laugh heartily at the irrefragable proof that had been submitted to them of the fact of the poor fellow's being legally noosed.

On another occasion, I happened to be in the adjutant's office, when a sergeant entered, for the purpose of reporting another man of stripes, for speaking disrespectfully of himself, and reducing his wife's character in the barracks, by "calling her bad names."

"What names did he call her?" said the adjutant.

"Faith, your Honour, I would not make such a big baist of myself before any gentleman as to repate them; but the worst name he called her was that she was a drunken blackguard, and never sober besides. Now, your Honour, my wife never gets so right down drunk but she can always stand upright without tumbling; and when she does take a drop of the cratur, she never says a word to nobody, but lies quiet in her bed till she gets sober again."

"Well, well, sergeant," replied the adjutant, "if your wife will be so imprudent as to get drunk in the barracks, she must expect men will make ill-natured remarks upon her, and I cannot interfere; but, if you will manage to keep your wife from drinking, I will punish any man who may molest her: as long as she forgets *herself*, men will talk."

"It's a hard case, too, your Honour," rejoined the persevering sergeant, "that we cannot take a drop of comfort together without the ill-natured remarks of the men about her parentage and hedication, and her family abstraction. She is of as good a family as any in the town of Mayhoe. Sure, her father, who was a trumpeter, made a great big noise during the Irish rebellion; and she had three own brothers by the same mother, but not the same father, that were drummers in the same regiment with their father. Indeed, she is from a genteel family, your Honour, and cannot put up with the language of those foul-mouthed savages in the barracks."

Much more would he have said; but, finding

the adjutant inflexible, he went off, muttering to himself, and by no means pleased with the reception he had met with.

Some years ago, at the station of Meerutt, in the East Indies, as I was passing the barracks of the 53d Regiment, late one evening, I heard a man and his rib at high words.

"By the powers, Judy, if you don't be after holding your tongue, but I'll stop your gab, so I will."

"You, you spalpeen! Arrah! do you think to frighten me, who have been campaigning it these forty years, and travelled through all the countries in Europe, besides Spain and France? Fait, you may as well attempt to frighten a milestone as me; therefore, none of your blarney: sure, it would have been better for me to have been blind the first day I saw you. Och! Judy has made a pretty bargain for herself: after all her service, to have such a husband!"

"Faith, honey, I wish the first time I saw your ugly mug I had been hanged; it would have been much more genteel than to be humbugged by a

famale woman; and, only I don't like to strike one of the softer six, bad luck to me if I wouldn't bate you as black as indigo: therefore, will you be after going for the liquor?"

"The divel a toe, Paddy—the divel a toe, my dear honey; don't think to come the old soldier over me: one who has roughed it winter and summer, day and night, hail and snow, thunder and lightning, fire and water, smoke and dust; it won't fit, Paddy."

"Fait, Judy, you have seen a little service, joy; and it's a great shame you haven't got a mighty big pinsion for your loyalty to your country,—for gin-drinking, rum-tippling, whiskey-stealing, husband-scolding, dead-robbing."

"By the powers, you villain, if you dare be after saying I rob the dead,—I, Judy O'Gum, all the way from Donoughmore, and who have followed the soldiers from my very cradle,—I will bate your head as flat as your sense. Och! you tafe, do you mane to cast a slur upon me, who have gone through the toils of a hundred campaigns?"

"Fait, you followed the soldiers,—becase why,

Judy? Sure, honey, I know all about you: dogs and girls always follow the soldiers."

"Say that again, and I'll split your ugly mug with this stick."

"Put a finger on me, Judy, and, by my conscience, but I'll give you what you never had before in your life,—a great big bating."

"Och, then, Pat, here goes if I die."

Upon this, she rushed at him with the fury of a tigress; and poor Pat had enough to do to parry and guard, to keep off her well-aimed blows. At last she tumbled, exhausted by her own efforts, when Pat triumphantly exclaimed, "By St. Patrick! there lays three yards of bad stuff."

"It's a lie, Pat, it's a lie; the divel a bit of better stuff in the whole regiment. Fait, Pat, I am not done yet; only let me get up, and I'll show you that I am blood to the back-bone:" but Pat, convinced that his last imputation against his rib was false, kept her down, her hands and feet going at the rate of double-quick, accompanied by a volley of epithets not exactly adapted for ears polite.

Thus went on the scuffle, till I thought a timely

interference might prevent worse consequences; but scarcely had I told the man to desist, than the woman turned her abuse upon me, called me everything but a gentleman, and asked what business was it to me, if a man chose to bate his wife? "Oh," said I, "certainly not; it is no affair of mine; therefore, don't let me interfere in your domestic avocations;" and off I marched, reflecting on the delectable pleasures of matrimony.

Having merged into the merry mood, I cannot close this chapter without making some mention of an officer who served with us at Bhurtpore, and who, by his uniform good humour and love of fun, contributed greatly to keep up our spirits. The officer to whom I allude, was Captain Nelley, commanding the breaching-battery,—a most brave, active, and zealous soldier, and dearly beloved by the men, for his condescending and jocular manners. He would join in any piece of fun to keep us alive; was always particularly anxious to detect the Irish soldiers in the perpetration of bulls; and would pervert whatever was said by Sergeant Gaffen, and others from the Emerald

Isle, to his own meaning. Being in the constant habit of joking with and quizzing the men, it was not to be wondered at that many tricks were played him in return. These he would take with the most perfect good-humour. When the captain was seated on the ground at his dinner, some mischievous wag would, on a sudden, call out, "A gun on our left." On this the captain would instantly spring up to reconnoitre, and, on his return, he would find some part of his dinner purloined, or his grog drunk. When it was cold weather, the captain always wore a Welsh wig. On these occasions, when he was fast asleep, we would stick a crooked pin in the wig, attached to a cord some ten yards long, and then sing out, "A gun." This would always rouse him from his slumbers; and, the moment he moved, the wig, of course, suddenly disappeared. On these occasions he would affect to be quite outrageous, would stamp and storm, and call us all the thieves he could think of. After a time, the wig would be returned, by putting a stone in it, and then throwing it close to him, singing out, "Shot."

At these jokes the gallant captain would laugh heartily, generally concluding with, "Ay, ay; never mind, my boys; I'll pay you off for this." In short, he was as prime an old boy as ever graced a battery.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAVING abundance of spare time while preparations were making for a second attack on the fort, Lord Lake determined to disturb Hoolkah in his hiding-place; for which purpose a party of infantry was despatched with about four six-pounders. We soon came within sight of him, sheltered a good deal from his view by high trees and jungle. The fort, observing our manœuvres, commenced a heavy cannonade. Hoolkah, alarmed, got on the move, and made towards Futtypoor Seccrah, one of his old haunts. Once from under the walls of the fort, our cavalry soon put his troops to flight; immense numbers were killed, and elephants, horses, camels, spears, matchlocks, colours, &c. were brought into camp. Hoolkah's best elephant was that day taken, and some little treasure was found on camels. Notwithstanding this routing,

however, they took up their old ground, and we returned to camp, with some few men killed and wounded. This skirmish, instead of decreasing their impudence, seemed only to increase it; for they were day and night hovering round our piquets, the object of which was to take our attention from their main body, who had been despatched to intercept a small detachment that was on the way to join us, from Muttra. Our spies soon brought intelligence of this, and, in little more than ten minutes after, three regiments of dragoons were on the move to rescue them, and arrived just in time to save our stores and the lives of the little party. Hoolkah commanded in person on this occasion, and it was reported that he was killed, though this proved afterwards to be false. A reward was offered for his head, and a great number were tendered, but none belonged to one-eyed Hoolkah. It is true, heads were produced without an eye, but the phiz of that notorious Pin was too well known to Chiggram (our best spy), to admit of our being imposed on.

My wounds at this time were nearly well, and,

having been unsuccessful in the first Forlorn Hope which I had led, I volunteered to lead the second. One night, previous to the time appointed for the second attack, I sauntered to a retired spot, far from the observation of my comrades, to muse over the prospect then immediately before me, and to ask His aid who alone has the power to protect us. Scarcely had I entered a wood about one hundred yards from the trenches, when my attention was arrested by a soldier on his knees, fervently supplicating the aid of Almighty God in the coming storm. The moment he heard my foot-step, he suddenly arose, and, seeming ashamed of the way in which he was engaged, he said, "Who's that?" I answered, "Sergeant Shipp; who are you?" He replied, "Private Murphy." —"Murphy!" I repeated; "is it possible that such a blasphemer as you, who, day after day, and hour after hour, boast your own infamy in a wanton disbelief and contempt of every quality that can constitute the man and the Christian, and who, no later than yesternight, solemnly protested before your comrades, that you firmly be-

lieved there was no place of punishment save a man's own conscience, and that hell was merely a name to frighten and intimidate schoolboys—can it be possible," continued I, "that *you* have at this late hour retired to this lonely place, and are found in the act of prayer?"—"Shipp," he replied, in a softer tone, and in nearly the following words:—"Whatever men may boast or say in their deluded and more irrational moments, there is a period when all those blasphemous expressions rush across the human mind, and the recollection of having uttered them leaves an inconceivable pressure on the humbled heart; but I pray you, do not expose me to my comrades, or I shall become their jeer and ridicule. I beg this as a favour."—"What!" said I, "more afraid of the derision of men, than the wrath of an offended God?"—"No, no," replied he; "but you know how religious soldiers are held in derision by some of our comrades."—"Well," I said, "I shall keep your secret, and you may confidently trust me on this subject; I will promise you most solemnly that I will never join in the laugh against you, and, if you have not finished, I shall

be gratified in joining you in prayer, as I have rebuked you for your profligacy." He affectionately seized my hand, and pulled me towards the earth. * * * * *

On the following day this poor fellow was summoned to his last account; and who knows but this single act of faith and devotion might have saved his immortal soul?

Two o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th of January, 1805, was arranged for the second storming of Bhurtpore. To prevent any obstruction by the trench, which was supposed to be at this part deep and wide, a bridge of bamboos was made, that would admit of three file a-breast. This bridge could be thrown a considerable distance by a hundred men, and was supported by ghee dubbahs (skins), in which the natives keep oil and butter for exportation, which, when dried, are light, and will bear a considerable weight before you can sink them. Elephants and camels were also laden with tents, and hackeries (or carts drawn by bullocks) with bales of cotton, all to fill up the ditch, to enable us to cross to the breach.

I once more took my station with my twelve

volunteers, supported by my two companies as before. A shell from one of the howitzers was a signal to move. On this signal being given, the shell, bursting in the muzzle of the gun or mortar, killed two of our grenadiers: a sad beginning. The bridge followed the Forlorn Hope, carried on men's shoulders, and must have appeared some extraordinary monster to those who were not acquainted with its intended use. We moved on, and before I got half way down to the fort, six of my men were killed or wounded. The enemy, no doubt encouraged by our late defeat, had redoubled their fire, both in guns and men; and on the right side of the breach they had thrown out an under work, which was filled with matchlockmen, and in which they had several guns. My men kept falling off one by one; and when I arrived at the edge of the ditch, which appeared wide and deep, and was assisting the men with the bridge, I received a matchlock ball, which entered over the right eye, and passed out over the left. This tumbled me, my forehead literally hanging over my nose, and the wound bleeding profusely. I

was at this time close to our gallant Captain Lindsay, who, at the same moment, received a ginjall ball* in the right knee, which shattered the bone to pieces. I recovered a little from the stun of my wound, when the fist thing that met my eye (for I could only see with one) was the bamboo bridge quietly gliding down the stream, being some yards too short. Nothing but killed and wounded could be seen, and there was not the most distant chance of getting in. To have attempted crossing the ditch would have been an act of madness. In descending we must have plunged over our heads in water, and they had two small guns bearing on the spot. At last a retreat was ordered. Previous to this, our poor fellows stood like sheep to be shot at, without the remotest hope of success. The camels and elephants, alarmed by the tremendous firing and shouting, could not be induced to approach the fort, many of them throwing their loads and running back to camp, and wild into the woods.

* This is a long matchlock, which moves on a pivot, and carries about a two-pound ball.

Seven hundred men were killed and wounded on this occasion. Our brave Captain Lindsay's wound was so bad that his leg was amputated in the battery. My wound was a dangerous one, having touched the bone. I was immediately sent home to camp, where I lay completely blind for several days. This, added to our disastrous defeat, threw me into a fever, and nearly cost me my life; but, with the aid of a kind providence, and the advantage of a strong and unimpaired constitution, I soon recovered.

Our engineer now gave up this side of the fort as perfectly hopeless, and we went more to the eastward, breaching a prominent bastion; but the whole fort was so constructed that one part protected the others, and therefore, wherever we breached we were sure of a destructive cross-fire. From our melancholy failures, our poor fellows became disheartened; scarcely a man had escaped without being wounded, and the sad recollection of their poor comrades that were left behind in a mutilated state, was the constant topic of conversation. Our mortification was greatly increased

by seeing our men's clothing paraded on the ramparts, and worn by the miscreants in the fort. However, we still lived in the fond hope that our next effort would prove more successful.

I could again go abroad, although my wound was by no means healed. It was now truly distressing to enter our men's tents, where, but a short month before, the merry joke went round, and mirth and hilarity prevailed. Naught but gloomy faces, and even them but few, were to be seen: some had lost brothers; others, dear comrades; Captain Lindsay had lost his leg; Lieutenant Creswell had been cut to pieces; and every other officer was wounded. Our loss in killed and wounded in the two assaults, in our two companies alone, was nearly the one half of the total number.

After the storm, our breaching-guns were again sent to the park to be re-bushed. This was a seasonable pause to enable us to recruit our shattered frames and spirits; but it also gave the enemy an opportunity of repairing and reinforcing every point of attack.

On the 18th of Feoruary things began to wear

a more enlivening appearance. The breached bastion seemed to bow its haughty head to our roaring guns, and the 20th was talked of as the day for storming it. Our last disastrous repulse was scarcely eradicated from our minds; the massacre of our brave comrades was still alive in our memories; but the fond hope of retaliation (I do not mean in cutting up a poor defenceless creature, not a single instance of which can, in the long course of our wars, be brought against the Company's army) spirited us up, and we looked forward to the time when we might drag the garments of our murdered comrades from the backs of the vaunting foe. They were now daily and hourly exhibiting to our view the number of muskets they had taken; our ammunition which had fallen into their hands was now turned against ourselves; as also our cannon-shot, which they had picked out of the two old breaches. We again possessed our wonted spirits and cheerfulness, and made preparation to retrieve the British character. The patient conduct and intrepid gallantry of our officers and soldiers when in the hour of their utmost dis-

tress, from repeated defeats, did not pass unnoticed by the enemy; and it is not improbable that the resolution and heroism then displayed by the troops were the means of facilitating that long friendship which afterwards subsisted between the Rajah of Bhurtpore and the Company.

The day appointed, 20th of February, arrived, and was ushered in with a new and unexpected scene. About four hundred men from the fort, emboldened, no doubt, by our tardiness, and the repeated defeats which our troops had experienced, rushed out upon us just as we were relieving trenches, and actually reached and had possession of our batteries and trenches before we could return. Every one of these men were in a state of intoxication, and fought desperately; but we soon drove them from the batteries; then, turning our guns against them, dreadful was the carnage. The fort fired indiscriminately at the whole party. These fellows were, no doubt, a set of vagabonds they wished to get rid of, and, if this was the case, their wish was fully realized, for a very few returned to tell the tale. This was the kind of reta-

liation we sighed for; but we lost a considerable number of men, killed and wounded, in this affray; but these they had not the barbarous gratification of cutting up. Their wounded men left within our reach were sent to the Native hospitals, and every comfort administered to them. They were in the same wards with our wounded men, where friendship presided instead of murder. Had the war been between Native and Native, the cruelties would have been equal on both sides.

When this strange rencounter had subsided, the storming-party was ordered for twelve o'clock. Reader, imagine my disappointment when my doctor most positively forbade my being employed on this occasion, as my wound in the forehead was still in such a state that, should I get heated or catch cold, he feared an inflammation of the brain would take place. I could have thrown what few brains I had in his face, but I was obliged to obey. The Forlorn Hope was led by Lieutenant Templer, of the 76th Regiment, as brave a little fellow as ever wore a red coat. I looked on at a short distance from the scene of

action, and a desperate hard struggle it was. No sooner did our brave boys gain the top of the breach, than the well-directed fire from the fort swept them off. Footing they had none; they literally hung on the bosom of the bastion. A third retreat was the result; leaving behind them upwards of five hundred dead and wounded: indeed, they might all be said to be dead, for death was inevitable. The enemy again manned the breach in swarms, shouting victory! It would have been better for me had I been there, for I am sure I fought and struggled as hard as any one engaged. I cannot describe my feelings and those of the other spectators of this dreadful scene; but what can eight or ten men a-breast do against a legion, posted aloft, and protected by walls, bastions, &c., and where every possible engine is in requisition for their destruction? Thus exposed, there was never any real chance of success. The whole circumference of the bastion, if lined with men, would not have contained more than fifteen or twenty men a-breast; and the whole means of the fort were levelled on this small space, to their

certain defeat and destruction. All that was in the power of mortal man to do was done, but all our efforts were in vain.

The storming-party was again ordered for the following day. I suffered an excruciating headache, but said nothing of the badness of my wound, which at that time bore a most frightful appearance, resolved to die rather than give up my past honour. I assured my doctors that I was well, and felt quite adequate to take my station, and entreated that they would not stand between me and glory. At last they consented, and I made the most of the short period between that and the storm, in supplicating the divine protection, and in penning a letter to my only relation, on account of arranging my little affairs. I had made up my mind that I could not, in all human probability, escape a third time; but He alone who created life can destroy it. In the evening I left my tent, to seek in solitude that consolation for my troubled bosom which the drunken and tumultuous riot of a camp could but ill afford. The captain of our company, under whose care I had been brought up,

was one of the best and most pious of men. In gratitude I mention the name of Captain Effingham Lindsay, now Colonel on the half-pay of the 22nd Regiment of Foot. To this beloved individual I am indebted for having implanted in my bosom, in early youth, those religious principles and feelings by which I have ever since endeavoured to direct my conduct, and from which, in the hour of affliction and of peril, I have ever derived inexpressible comfort. It was with the view of gaining consolation and support from private meditation and prayer, that I now retired from the riotous company of my companions in arms,—the evening previous to my leading, for the third time, the Forlorn Hope at Bhurtpore. Scarcely had I gone beyond the discordant sound of revelry, and begun to muse upon the subjects that were ever uppermost in my mind, viz. the possibility of my ever returning to my native village, or ever seeing my poor father, when an object presented itself to my sight that for a moment startled, and, I must confess, a little alarmed me. The moon was just peeping from behind the high

towers of the fort, and shedding her bright rays through the tree near which I stood, when, by her light, I perceived that the object which arrested my attention was an European soldier, prostated on the ground,—as I supposed, dead. I approached him, but could not hear him breathe. I laid my hand on his cheek: it was cold and chilly; which confirmed me in my first opinion, that he was dead. At last I ventured to grasp his icy hand, which roused him, and he rose up and said,—"Why did you disturb me? I have had a sweet sleep." Then, looking at, and suddenly recognizing me, he said, —"Is that you, Shipp?" I replied,—"Yes; what brought you to this dreary spot?" He replied,—"The same, in all probability, that guided you here."—"What," said I, "do you suppose that to be?" He replied,—"To reflect on the scene before us for to-morrow. Yes, sergeant," he continued, "I have this night stolen like a thief from the riotous parties I have too long joined, to spend an hour or two alone; and, if I must confess it, in prayer. Having offered up my prayers, I felt my poor heart relieved of a burden I cannot describe,

and thus I fell asleep, and am now glad to meet a friend in this lonely spot." We then, together, made the earth our communion-table, and offered up our poor but fervent devotions to the throne of mercy. It was the will of the Almighty to call my companion in prayer the next day from the world, and to spare me, but with a wound in the head, to show my dependance upon his mercy.

Two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day was ordered for the assault. I forgot my aches and wounds, and was at my old post. Lieutenant Templer, of his Majesty's 76th Regiment (he was but a little man, but he possessed the heart of a lion), accompanied me on this occasion, with a small Union Jack, to plant on the enemy's bastion. He gave me his hand, and, smilingly, said,—"Shipp, I am come to rob you of part of your glory; you are a regular monopolist of that commodity." He continued, "I will place Old England's banner on their haughty bastion, or die in the attempt!" He fell a victim to his zeal, having first planted his colour on the bastion.

On the way down from the camp, we met his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief and suite. His Lordship addressed me and my Forlorn Hope: "Sergeant, it is with sincere regret I again see you wounded, and again at the head of your little band of heroes. I will not check your praise-worthy spirit; go into glory, my lads, and may heaven prosper your zeal, and crown you with triumph!" His lordship addressed every corps that passed him; but when the remnant of the two companies of the 22d Regiment marched by, he was seen to turn from them, and the tear fell down his cheek; but, fearful it might be observed, he took off his hat and cheered them. This was not the tear of Judas, for his lordship often shed tears of sorrow for our great loss at this place. He was a true soldier's friend, and valued their lives as much as he did his own.

The storming-party marched out in the usual steady order; yet, from our recent calamitous defeats, there was not that spirit amongst the men which I had witnessed on former occasions. We had already experienced three disastrous repulses from this fort, and there now seemed a cloud on

every brow, which proceeded, I have no hesitation in asserting, from a well-grounded apprehension that this, our fourth assault, would be concluded by another retreat. If any sight could be exhibited to the human eye that was calculated to work upon the feelings of men already disappointed and dispirited, it was the scene that was exposed to our view on approaching to this breach; for there lay our poor comrades who had fallen in previous attempts, many of them in a state of nudity; some without heads; some without arms or legs; and others whose bodies exhibited the most barbarous cruelties, for they were literally cut to pieces. The sight was truly awful and appalling, and the eye of pity closed instinctively on such a spectacle of woe. Those who attempted to extend the hand of relief were added to the number of the slain, as the spot was much exposed to a cross-fire from the fort. Could any sight be more distressing for affectionate comrades to look on? I say affectionate, for, among men living together in one barrack, and, perhaps, under one tent, in familiar intercourse, there must be a greater regard for each other than is found to subsist among those

who meet casually, once a day or once a week. In a soldier's barrack the peculiarities, good or bad, of every individual are known; added to which, arduous services will always link men together in the bond of union and affection. Many of these mutilated objects still breathed, and could be seen to heave the agonized bosom; some raised their heads clotted with blood; others their legs and arms; and, in this manner, either made signs to us, or faintly cried for help and pity. It was a sight to turn nature's current, and to melt a heart of stone. Such was its effect upon our lines, that, after a short conflict of the softer feelings, the eye of every man flashed the vivid spark of vengeance against the cruel race who had committed such wanton barbarities; and, if mortal effort could have surmounted the obstacles in our path, those who witnessed the horrid scene I have just described must infallibly have succeeded. But the effort was beyond mortal power. Braver hearts, or more loyal, never left the Isle of Albion, than those who fell like withered leaves, and found a soldier's grave at Bhurtpore.

Our ascent was found, for the fourth time, to be quite impossible: every man who showed himself was sure of death. The soldiers in the fort were in chain armour. I speak this from positive conviction, for I myself fired at one man three times in the bastion, who was not six yards from me, and he did not even bob his head. We were told afterwards, that every man defending the breach was in full armour, which was a coat, breast-plate, shoulder-plates, and armlets, with a helmet and chain face-guard; so that our shots could avail but little. I had not been on the breach more than five minutes, when I was struck with a large shot on my back, thrown down from the top of the bastion, which made me lose my footing, and I was rolling down sideways, when I was brought up by a bayonet of one of our grenadiers passing through the shoe, into the fleshy part of the foot, and under the great toe. My fall carried everything down that was under me. The man who assisted me in getting up, was at that moment shot dead: his name was Courtenay, of the 22d Light Company. I regained my place time enough to see poor Lieutenant

Templer, who had planted the colour on the top, cut to pieces, by one of the enemy rushing out, and cutting him almost in two, as he lay flat upon his face on the top of the breach. The man was immediately shot dead, and trotted to the bottom of the ditch. I had not been in my new place long, when a stink-pot, or other earthen pot, containing combustible matter, fell on my pouch, in which were about fifty rounds of ball cartridges. The whole exploded: my pouch I never saw more, and I was precipitated from the top to the bottom of the bastion. How I got there in safety, I know not; but, when I came to myself, I found I was lying under the breach, with my legs in the water. I was much hurt from the fall, my face was severely scorched, my clothes much burnt, and all the hair on the back of my head burnt off. I for a time could not tell where I was. I crawled to the opposite side of the bank, and seated myself by a soldier of the same company, who did not know me. I sat here, quite unable to move, for some little time, till a cannon-ball struck in the ditch, which knocked the mud all over me. This added greatly to the

elegance of my appearance; and in this state I contrived, somehow or other, to crawl out of the ditch. At this moment the retreat was sounded, after every mortal effort had been made in vain.

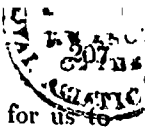
The case was now deemed completely hopeless, and we were obliged to give up the contest, having lost, in killed and wounded, upwards of three thousand men (braver, or more zealous, never lived) against this fort. Of the twelve gallant fellows who composed the third forlorn hope led by me, not one returned to reap the proffered reward of the Commander-in-Chief. Add to this, the loss of one of the best officers in our army, Captain Menzies, of the 22d Grenadier Company, Aid-de-Camp to Lord Lake. He fell endeavouring to rally some Native troops that were exposed to a galling fire, and began to give way. In this heroic attempt he lost his life, regretted by the whole army. Of our two companies, scarce a soul escaped uninjured. Near the breach, the dead, dying, and wounded, would have melted the heart of the most callous wretch; and, had not the little party who stormed the eleven-gun battery proved successful, few, if

any, would have escaped the dreadful carnage. You must permit me to draw the gloomy shroud of mourning over this scene of misery and terror. The sad details of this siege have years ago been before the public; and here my personal services at Bhurtpore ended, leaving impressions, both on mind and body, that can never be obliterated.

In the course of the siege, frequent overtures were made from the fort, but of what nature I do not pretend to know. They were at last, however, obliged to come to our terms, which compelled them to pay all the expenses of the siege, &c., after which we raised the siege, and returned to camp. The loss of the enemy must have been immense: report said, five thousand men, women, and children; and, from the immense concourse of inhabitants in the town, with their families, that number does not appear to be at all improbable. Certain it is, that they must have been as heartily tired of it as we were.

Our sad failures, on the occasion of this memorable siege, may unquestionably, in my opinion, fairly be attributed to our total want of means.

What were four breaching-guns against such a fort as that of Bhurtpore? Forty would not have been too many: as a proof of which, if we contrast the means of attack at our disposal, with those possessed by Lord Combermere, in his successful siege of the same fort, it will be found, that the number of guns employed on the latter occasion, compared with the former, was at least ten to one. With the original force of Bhurtpore (calculated at not less than a hundred thousand men), it was scarcely possible that, with a less number of guns, the place could be taken by assault. It should be recollected, also, that, with the means we had, the ditch which surrounded the fort made it quite inaccessible to us. Sapping and mining, the only way by which Bhurtpore could have fallen, was, at the period of the first siege of that place, scarcely known in India; and shelling was then only in its infancy. The former of these methods was resorted to by the present Commander-in-Chief, with great success; and the latter, from the improvements which, since 1805, have been made in this destructive system of warfare, with at least ten times



the vigour and effect that it was possible for us to impart to it.

It will not, I trust, be supposed for a moment, that, in making these remarks, it can by possibility be my intention to detract, in the slightest degree, from the gallant achievements of the army under Lord Combermere, in 1817.

After our last failure, conciliatory orders were published to our disheartened troops; every thing was done to console and comfort them; and, with these judicious measures, though the men could scarcely bear the stigma of being defeated, yet, after a few days' reflection, their features began to brighten up, and they began to weigh things in a proper light; when an unexpected and untoward event happened, that was likely to have been attended with the most frightful consequences. The peace having been ratified, the garrison had permission to visit our camp. Imagine our mortification and surprise, when many of them had the presumption to appear, under our very noses, with the coats, sashes, and arms, they had torn from the dead bodies of our poor comrades. This news

flew through the camp in a moment; the whole army was out; every eye flashed vengeance: but, by the timely interference of the Commander-in-Chief, and the officers in general, the men were calmed, and the mischief stopped. In the next general orders my name appeared as Ensign in his Majesty's 65th Regiment, with many flattering encomiums by the Commander-in-Chief. From the whole of this regiment, during the short time I remained with them, I received the most marked attentions; and whenever I served with, or met them afterwards, I experienced from them the most disinterested friendship.

On the day of my appointment, I was metamorphosed into a gentleman; hair cut and curled; new coat, &c. &c.; had an invitation to dine with the Commander-in-Chief; but, of course, kept myself in the background. The gentleman did not seem to sit easy on me; for, you must know, I was then a blushing modest youth: but the extremely kind inquiries of his lordship, and of his equally kind son, if I was there, tended greatly to dissipate my shyness. His lordship, on hearing I had ar-

rived, approached me with extended hand, and shook mine cordially, saying, "I congratulate you as a brave young fellow, and I shall not lose sight of your merit." He requested I would sit next to him at dinner. I did so; and, after the cloth was removed, he made me fight the Forlorn Hopes over again, at the recital of which his lordship was much affected. The next day his lordship again sent for me, when he addressed me in these words,—"Shipp, I have been thinking a good deal about your case. You, of course, have not much money. I know your generous Lindsay will do anything to serve you, but he must really leave a little for me to do. You may therefore draw on me, through the field pay-master, for what you want." His lordship afterwards sent me a tent, two camels, and a horse, as presents. The rest of my fitting-out my excellent friend, Captain Lindsay, generously gave me.

Lord Lake was truly my friend, as he was that of every soldier in the army. He was munificent in his charities, being ever the first in subscribing large sums to whatever cases of distress appeared.

I will relate one instance of his benevolence and generosity. A very old lieutenant could not purchase a company then vacant; indeed, knowing he could not purchase, he had thought nothing of the vacancy. In the evening I was standing with this officer, when the orderly-book, publishing his promotion by purchase, was put into his hands. He said, "There must be some mistake, for he had not a rupee he could call his own." At that moment Colonel Lake, his lordship's son, came up, and wished him joy of his promotion. The other said, "Colonel, there must be some mistake in this; I cannot purchase." Colonel Lake said, "My father knows you cannot, and has therefore lent you the money, which he never intends to take back." These were the sort of acts in which his lordship delighted, and in consequence he was loved by his army, and admired by the people wherever he came.

In about three weeks after having been appointed ensign in the 65th Regiment, his lordship promoted me to the rank of lieutenant in his Majesty's 76th Regiment, thus faithfully keeping his promise of

not losing an opportunity of serving me. In this regiment I became a great favourite with my colonel, the Honourable William Monson, then Brigadier-general of the army.

One of the articles of treaty was, that Hoolkah should be driven from under the walls of the Fort of Bhurtpore. This had been done; but he still hovered about camp, annoying our foraging-parties and small escorts coming into camp with supplies. A few days after having joined the 76th Regiment, I was appointed an extra aid-de-camp to the Brigadier, to proceed on a foraging-party, consisting of one regiment of Native cavalry and four six-pounders, with five hundred of irregular or local horse. We had not proceeded many miles from camp, when we saw Hoolkah's troops in immense force, posted on an eminence. They showed symptoms of fight. We collected our elephants, camels, and bullocks, and left them in charge of the five hundred irregular horse; then, placing two of the six-pounders behind the regiment of Native cavalry, we moved slowly on till within two or three hundred yards of the enemy, when

we gave them about twenty rounds of grape, killing great numbers. We then charged them, and cut up a great number more. I had a narrow escape; my horse was killed by a spear-wound in the chest, which entered his heart, and I fell under him. The horseman was about to give me a few inches of the same spear, when the honourable Brigadier cut him down, and thus I escaped, taking the liberty of riding my well-meaning adversary's horse to camp. I was a good deal hurt by the fall, but this, with one or two men wounded, and some few horses killed, were the only casualties of the day.

Hoolkah, finding that our hands were so unoccupied that we had more leisure than suited his purposes, made towards Jeypore. We crossed the river Chumlah, near Daulpore, in pursuit; but he retired to his old haunts, with his colleague Emeerkhan, and we to quarters in Futtypoore Seccrah.

The following year, everything wearing the pacific garb, and the gallant regiment to which I belonged being literally cut to pieces—so much so, that we

had scarcely a sound man left in the regiment, it was considered to be time that the corps had some cessation from war. Twenty-five years had they been in India, and stood the brunt of all Lord Lake's conquests, and those on the coast. When I was in the regiment (1805), I believe there were only two men of the original corps,—Lieutenant Montgomery, and Quarter-Master Hopkins. I am sure the latter, who is now living in England, will go through my campaigns with me with pleasure. The former, from the frequent wounds he had received, died a short time after the date to which I have referred. Would he had lived to have enjoyed the rewards of his gallantry! for both these soldiers, like myself, were raised from the ranks by their merit. It has been my concern to watch that corps as if I was still connected with it: whenever I get hold of an Army List, my first care is for my old respected and gallant corps, and it is with regret I see my old and dear friends dying off; but this is incident to man's mortality, as well as to warfare.

The regiment now embarked for Calcutta. I preceded them, in charge of invalids. Many of these poor fellows were without arms and legs;

and some of them so dreadfully cut up, that scarcely a human feature could be traced. Many died from their wounds. Mine, by the blessing of Divine Providence, continued to do well; but I was visited with the most excruciating headaches and dizziness from the wound in my head; and the terrific spectacle of the last scene at Bhurtpore so affected my mind, that scarcely a night passed in which I did not dream of "hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach," and fancy I was fighting my battles over again. My head was so much injured, that the report of a gun would startle me dreadfully; but, with an excellent constitution, care, and avoiding drink, I soon recovered, though the wound across my forehead has considerably impaired my sight. Twelve pieces, or splints, came away from the upper part of the wound; and when you put your finger upon it, the skull was so thin that you could feel the pulsation, like the pendulum of a clock. My wounds are still a certain and sure weather-glass. That on my forehead will, to this day, swell and expand on any change of the weather, or variation in the atmosphere.

CHAPTER IX.

You have now, reader, followed me through my military enterprises, up to the time of my being appointed lieutenant in the 76th Regiment. The time has arrived when I have to request that you will beat the silvery wave with me; for I am bound to my native country with my regiment, after an absence of ten years. On arriving at Calcutta, our reception was gratifying in the extreme. Every house opened its hospitable doors, and the tables groaned under a profusion of good cheer. Every one was anxious to hear the tale of war, and wherever I went I was thought ill-natured if I refused to repeat storm after storm, and all my battles over and over again. But, the ship being about to weigh anchor, our stay here was but short. We embarked at Balloh Ghaut, on board small sloops, and in three days reached the vessel, the

Lord Duncan, Captain Bradford, in safety. We had on board a great number of passengers, and about two hundred invalids, under the command of Captain Lindsay, of my old corps. Two days afterwards we bade adieu to the Indian shores, leaving many dear and respected friends behind us.

We were at this time at war with France, and the Indian Seas were well watched by cruisers from off the Isle of France. Our fleet consisted of thirteen Indiamen of the first-rate, convoyed by the Tremendous, seventy-four, and Hindostan, seventy-four. We sailed in two lines, headed by the two seventy-fours. All seemed order and discipline, and we thought ourselves a match for any ships of France we might have fallen in with. Every thing went on smoothly, practising and drilling our guns once a week, and keeping a constant look-out for the enemy. Off the coast of Madagascar a ship was discovered, early in the morning, standing right down upon us. Seeing her a single vessel, we conceived her to be one of our cruisers from off the Cape of Good Hope; but, when she was within one mile and a half from us, she could not answer

our signals, and consequently ran towards the land, which was to windward of us. The Tremendous, being a fast sailer, went in chase of her. The Frenchman soon found that he was mistaken. He, no doubt, at first, took us for a French fleet that was then out in these seas, and relied upon his fast and superior sailing to enable him to get away, should he prove mistaken; but our Commodore overhauled him hand over hand. The Frenchman tacked, turned, and twisted, but he found it was of no use. He therefore resorted to his natural cunning, shortened sail, and at last backed main-topsail, and waited till the English vessel came within pistol-shot. The Commodore, conceiving that the Frenchman was about to strike, did not wish to injure her, and therefore would not fire. The French captain availed himself of this interval, and gave the Tremendous a whole broadside, by which she was so disabled as to become an immoveable log on the water. The Frenchman up-helm, and off he started. The Commodore, at last, got his ship's broadside to bear, and nearly

tore her out of the water. However, she was a faster sailer than any ship in our fleet, and, finally, made her escape, to the mortification of the whole fleet, except one Captain Brusée, a French prisoner of war, a passenger on board our ship, who danced with ineffable delight;—natural enough; but not very pleasant to the sight of an Englishman.

The following day we experienced a most violent hurricane, which lasted for two days without cessation. Fortunately, our fleet suffered but little injury, with the exception of one vessel, the Lady Castlereagh, which we thought must inevitably have been lost. She was about a quarter of a mile from us, and we could at one time see her whole keel. There was a general shriek of terror from all on board of us, and our captain said that he feared she would never right. The next gigantic wave, however, brought her up, and she did right, in spite of our predictions, but seemed to roll, pitch, and labour dreadfully. Some part of her masts were carried away; but what, I do not now recollect. Three of our ships separated from the

fleet, and we imagined that they had fallen into the hands of the French, for we learned, at St. Helena, that they had been seen a few days before from that island. The name of the French ship which we had fallen in with, was Le Cannonier, a sixty-four, from the Isle of France. We understood that she was so badly wounded, that she was obliged to put into Simmon's Bay, not aware, at that time, that the Cape was again in possession of the English. She soon found this out, cut and ran, and got clear to the Isle of France. Our three strayed ships made their appearance at St. Helena the following day, having seen the French fleet the night after the affair between the Tremendous and Le Cannonier, and, under cover of the night, escaped unobserved, or they must have been taken, as the French fleet consisted of five sail or more.

Our reception at St. Helena, by Governor Brooks, was truly splendid and hospitable. We remained there, I think, eight or ten days, after which we again stood towards Old England. Our voyage thither affords me an opportunity of in-

troducing what may be not unamusing to the reader under the title of,

SHIP MISERIES AND TRICKS.

TRYING to save yourself from a fall, discover, after every mortal effort, that you have found your way into the pigsty, and that such has been the force of the fall, that the sailors are obliged to clap a tackle on your leg to get you out, for which kind services you have an excellent opportunity of showing your liberality.

Trying to save yourself from falling overboard, seize hold of a lady's gown, and carry part of the flimsy robe in triumph with you to the silvery deep; thus adding to your ducking, or bitter cold immersion, the eternal anger of the offended fair.

Endeavouring to save yourself from a fall, when the ship is rolling terrifically, find your precious body quietly deposited in the orlop deck, a depth of about twenty feet.

In carrying pea-soup, find yourself floored on your back, with the contents of the soup-dish over your face and clothes,—but with this consolation, that *all* is not lost, having received your mouthful of the boiling decoction.

When the ship is pitching, show your skill in sliding along the deck, by making a desperate effort from the quarter-deck to the forecastle:—brought up by your head coming in contact with that of Mungo, the West Indian cook; who, thinking you one of his countrymen, and up to their method of fighting, gives you several butts before he discovers his mistake; teaching you, however, by this catastrophe, that Mungo's head is much harder than your own.

A dandy, in full fig for dinner, parading his bedizened figure on the quarter-deck, and cutting as many capers as a cat in a tripe-shop, is invited to the forecastle to see a strange sail (a hoax), and the distant speck he views with his eye-glass.

Captain. Don't you see her, sir? Look a little more to the starboard-side; she is very small.

Dandy. Upon honour, I cannot, for the life of me, discover her; and I flatter myself that my eyes are as brilliant as any body's, d——n me. Strange! cannot get a glimpse of her!

Captain. You have not washed your eyes this morning, sir; look, my dear fellow,—yonder she is, quite plain.

Dandy. Cursedly strange! cannot see her.

Captain. Luff, boy.

Boy. Ay, ay, sir.

He luffs the vessel up, when she ships a tremendous sea, which drenches the poor dandy from head to foot, and his sneezing prevents, for a time, his indignation against the cold blue waters. At last, he gains breath enough to exclaim,—"This is what I call a confounded bore, d——d bore; 'pon honour." For which he has the satisfaction of being laughed at by the passengers, and grinned at by the tars.

Giving a dandy a tarry rope to pull by, by which he has the delectable pleasure of walking off with a good half-pound of tar, which takes him the rest of the passage to get off.

Soaping the cuddy-ladder about half way up, by which some annoying puppy has an opportunity of showing his skill in gymnastics, at the expense of his back and sides.

Going to roost a little muzzy, wake in the night with the cramp, and find that you can only lie and roar, not being able to move hand or foot, on account of some kind friend's having lashed you in your hammock, to prevent your falling out.

Taking the head of the table as the least crowded place, by a sudden roll of the vessel find the whole of the dinner lodged in your lap, with dishes, plates, knives, forks, and glass, and the rear-guard brought up by a score of fat passengers, who are all driven towards the scene of distress. When the ship rolls on the contrary side, you have the pleasure of being uppermost in your turn, and riding some of them back again, disencumbering your clothing and person of your hot and greasy cargo, to the great advantage of those then beneath you.

Finding, from the stupidity of the servant, who has forgotten to lash your chair, that the first roll of the ship gives you an opportunity of cutting a somerset backwards. Endeavouring to save yourself, unfortunately seize the sea-pie, and get the contents in your palpitating bosom.

In the act of drinking a glass of port wine, the ship gives a terrific roll, by which the lady on your left gets the contents of your glass over her new silk dress, newly purchased of Mrs. Perceval, Regent Street. After this accident, the lady, whom you are obliged to sit next during the whole voyage, makes the long passage to the East (some six months) particularly agreeable.

Walking with a lady on the quarter-deck when the ship is rolling, in endeavouring to save yourself, pull the lady over you. This untoward circumstance draws from you the most earnest apologies, which only increase the virulence of the fair spinster, and you are obliged to pocket the charming epithets, "Stupid fellow," "Awkward creature;" and part to speak no more.

Sporting your figure on the poop of an Indiaman, find your new Bicknell's hat riding on the blue waters. Having no other, obliged to purchase a greasy cap from one of the sailors, from which metamorphosis you are dubbed the "pirate."

Being rather scanty of clean linen, resolve to have a general wash, for which purpose you tow over the major part of your little kit, when, from the injudicious manner in which you have tied the knot, you have the mortification of seeing the whole riding on the hoary billows—one satisfaction only remaining to you, that you know where they are.

In stormy weather, after having puffed and blowed the galley-fire for above an hour, and at length succeeded in getting your pot of coffee boiled, proceed, with great caution, to convey it to the table; but, from a sudden heave of the vessel, the very first step you take your now boiling coffee (to which, after all your trouble, you have an undoubted right) finds its way into your loving arms, rather more to the prejudice of your outward, than

to the satisfaction, as you had intended, of your inward man.

Going up the rigging to look out for land, find yourself tied hands and feet by the sailors, and kept there till your liberality in grog is duly and in form exhibited by an order on the steward for a gallon.

Sleeping on your watch, find yourself suddenly called up to perform some part of your duty; when, lo! some wags have tied you hands and legs to a gun.

Sleeping to leeward late in the morning, find yourself swimming, the morning watch having commenced washing decks. Symptoms of anger would only increase the laugh at your expense.

In the ship in which I sailed to India, a young midshipman was sleeping on his morning watch, on the leeward side. The officer on watch ordered the sailors to bring half-a-dozen buckets of water,

and at a preconcerted signal the poor snoaring middy was to get the contents. The signal was given, and souse went a couple of buckets; then two more. The officer sung out, "Tom, you are overboard; strike away." The little frightened fellow's hands and legs went the same as they would if he had been actually swimming, and it was some time before he could make up his mind that he was safe on board; more especially when some of them bellowed out, "Throw him a rope—throw him a rope."

Showing your agility in ascending the ship's side, miss your footing, by which you have a most favourable opportunity of showing your swimming powers also.

Being anxious to land after a long voyage from India, trust your precious body in an open boat. A hurricane coming on, your little bark is driven out to sea, and you are obliged to seek refuge in an enemy's country. If you escape with life, you are fortunate indeed; but the loss of your long-collected treasures is inevitable.

Being obliged to sit next to a gentleman who is an intolerable taker of snuff, which is continually blowing into your eyes. To mend this annoyance, your snuff-loving neighbour gets drunk before the cloth is removed from the table, and then becomes so importunate for conversation, that he thrusts his snuffy proboscis into your face; or, in his vehemence, upsets his snuff-box into your lap.

Quarrelling with the officers of the ship; in consequence of which, wherever you show your nose, you are sure of being soused and played all manner of tricks with by the crew, to the great amusement of the other passengers.

Having refused to get up for the purpose of having the steerage washed, find yourself, when in a comfortable slumber, cut down by the head; by which you learn that your nob is not quite so hard as the deck, though, perhaps, thicker; and are taught, at the same time, the necessity of conforming to the rules of the ship.

Refusing to bring up your hammock from below,

find, when you are going to turn in at night, that some scamp has emptied the tar-bucket into it, by which you have the felicity of having your bedding sticking to your back. No grumbling permitted.

Being monstrously *beloved* by the passengers, from your urbanity and complacency of manners, find that, as a token of their unalterable affection, they bribe sailors to play you all manner of tricks; such as tripping you up by a rope; tying your legs when asleep; dragging you from one side of the deck to the other; sousing you from the main-top, whenever you venture in its vicinity; putting grease on your chair, when you are about to seat yourself; filling your tea with salt: your cigar with gunpowder; your grog with jalap; your boots with water; your bed with tar; and five hundred other tricks. Therefore, as the society of a vessel is necessarily small, make yourself agreeable: if not, the above will be your fate.

Under the raging sun, inhaling from your port-hole the little breeze that sometimes condescends

to visit you, and in those pensive moments committing to paper the occurrences of the voyage, when, all of a sudden, a squall comes on, and your effusions, desk and all, find their way into the briny deep, and you have the mortification of seeing them descending rapidly to Neptune's treasury.

During a storm, find your cot loose, which rolls from side to side, to the great terror of all the passengers, and to the great risk of your life: cannot,—dare not,—move; and, from the noise and bustle on deck, your shrill notes of fear pass unheeded, save by the frightened inmates below, who hug their beds in alarm. Thus you are doomed, at the mercy of the billows, to roll from side to side, and from head to stern, at the expense of your ribs and head.

Considering yourself a connoisseur in the manufacture of spruce-beer, make twelve dozen, and invite your friends on board the ship to pay you a visit, to regale themselves on this cooling beverage

the following day. In the middle of the night, however, find yourself awoke by a file-firing which alarms the whole ship, and which, on examination, you find to proceed from the bursting of your delicious spruce, occasioned by the rolling of the vessel, and the heat of the lockers in which it had been deposited.

Being obliged to sit next to a person with whom you have quarrelled, and are to settle your little affair of honour on arriving at the first land.

Dancing down the middle with a fat Sodagah's wife, who, for the last twenty years, has been regaling on the delicacies of the East, and whom you are literally obliged to drag down the country dance. When poussetting, or swinging corners, the mischievous helmsman gives the ship a luff up, which brings the whole weight of the said fat Sodagah's wife upon your liverless side, to the no small amusement of the rest of the party, who laugh most heartily at the struggling and floundering of yourself and fat partner, to restore yourselves to a perpendicular position.

Showing your agility before the assembled passengers, by ascending the rigging, find your way down much quicker than you went up, by slipping from the ratlines, which have been recently tarred; by which fall you are minus some few inches of skin from your nose, hands, and shins, besides spoiling your new suit of clothes.

As one of the pleasures of being a sound sleeper, find, when you awake in the morning, that you have been tied in your hammock, with your face towards the deck; in which state you are obliged to hang suspended till some kind friend relieves you.

Sitting, on a passage from India, next to your tailor or shoemaker, to whom you owe a long bill.

Being out-general'd, so that you are obliged to sit next to a right down West-Indian Black, who has but an intolerable smattering of your mother-tongue, but whom, sitting next to you, you are, as a matter of politeness, obliged to hand to and from table, and occasionally to lead down the merry

dance; and who sometimes solicits you with such fascinating grins to accompany her in a duet, that you cannot, without offence, refuse.

Sitting opposite, or next to, a prodigious fat gentleman, or dame, who has a wheezing asthma.

Sitting opposite to a tawny and sun-burnt invalid, who is proceeding home with all the diseases incident to the climate of India, and who is so quarrelsome and peevish, that, in commiseration for his sufferings, you condescendingly agree with him on every subject, although in direct opposition to your own experience and judgment.

Playing whist with an invalid of this kind, who plays a card every half-hour; and, if you hurry him, is very likely to throw the whole pack at your head.

Making love on the poop early in the morning, and planning your schemes how to elude the vigilant eye of a parent, find, when your arrangements

are finally settled, that your whole conversation has been overheard by "pa'," from the mizen-mast, behind which he had stolen unobserved. Miss is confined to her cabin, and you are obliged to sit next to the said pa' for the rest of the voyage.

Sitting between two foreigners, of whose language you do not understand a syllable; and who, from their violent gestures, appear to be laying deep plans for cutting your throat.

CHAPTER X.

We arrived in England some time in October, 1807. We landed at Long Reach, and proceeded to Dartford, in Kent, from whence I marched my invalids, or rather had them carried, to Chelsea Hospital,—a journey which I was three days in accomplishing. On the fourth day I reached the place of destination, and having made my report to the commandant of Chelsea, I returned to join the regiment at Dartford. Here we remained for about a week or ten days, receiving the greatest kindness from the gentlemen in that town and its vicinity. From thence the regiment was ordered to Nottingham, and I obtained leave of absence to proceed home.

My primary object in coming to England, was the hope of seeing my father; and I anxiously availed myself of the opportunity which now offered

of revisiting my native village, full of anticipation of the pleasure with which I should relate my adventures to all who had formerly known me. The coach which was to convey me to the village of my birth, had not proceeded many miles, when a coincidence happened, which, though "true as holy writ," might be thought, without this assurance, to bear the marks of fiction. On the coach, next to me, sat a pilot from Aldborough, in Suffolk, who suddenly addressing himself to me, said, "I really cannot help thinking, sir, from your extraordinary resemblance to a person I once knew, that you are his son." The words, "*once* knew," turned my blood cold, and it was some minutes before I could muster courage to ask the name of the person to whom he referred. What was my astonishment, when he at once replied, "Shipp!"—"Is he, then, dead, sir?" exclaimed I, convinced now that it was my father of whom he spoke. "I regret to say he is," replied the pilot; and he added, while his lip quivered, and the tear of sympathy stood in his eye,—"You are his son John,—I feel sure that I cannot be mistaken now." At this moment the

coach stopped to change horses, and I jumped off; and, instead of supping with the rest of the passengers, took a solitary stroll to hide my grief. I had left India at a great sacrifice to my prospects. There were all my friends, and there lay all my interest. I might have made a very advantageous exchange, and remained in that country; but I could not resist the temptation of coming to England, from anticipations of the delight I should enjoy in recounting my life to a parent who had almost from my infancy been estranged from me. I had now heard, in the sudden and unexpected manner I have related, of that parent's death! But, not to dwell longer on this painful subject, I made up my mind, that, notwithstanding what I had just learnt, I would still proceed to Saxmundham. On arriving there, I found living my father's two brothers, and my mother's sister. With the latter I took up my quarters, and spent a most happy fortnight under her roof. To enumerate the alterations which had been made, both in places and persons, since I left my native village, or to detail the inquiries I had to answer, and the con-

gratulations which poured in upon me from all quarters, would be as uninteresting to the reader as it would be tedious to myself. My relations at Saxmundham are now all numbered with the dead.

I soon returned to Nottingham, and rejoined my regiment. From thence I was ordered to Wakefield, in Yorkshire, on the recruiting service. Here nothing but gaiety prevailed; and, as I was the only officer at the place for a considerable time, I received invitation upon invitation, to dinners, balls, and suppers; and, to confess the truth, I thought myself no small personage, which, as I was now in the Grenadier Company, was not, in its literal sense, very easily to be controverted.

While I was at this place, I was called upon to perform the office of second, in an affair of honour between a military officer of rather diminutive person, and a huge fellow of a civilian. The circumstances which gave rise to the quarrel were as follow:—

Among the fair attendants of a ball which was given one evening in the town, was a very pretty girl, on whose charms the tall gentleman had for

some time looked with amorous inclination, and whom, it is to be presumed, he therefore wished to exclude from the attentions of all but himself. The young lady herself, however, was not so exclusive in her notions; and, accordingly, finding her conversation courted, and the favour of her hand solicited, by a dashing little officer in handsome uniform (and who, though a warrior of somewhat small dimensions, was really a dapper, good-looking little fellow), she made no scruple either of listening to his flattering tongue, or of accepting his hand for the dance. This preference of the man of steel so irritated his huge rival, that he determined to pass some insult upon him. He accordingly found a more compassionate lady as his partner; and, no sooner had the dance commenced, than he took the first opportunity which presented itself of treading, with all his weight, on the little officer's toes. In dancing down a second time, he played him the same trick. Our little hero did not think it much of a joke to have the full weight of a gentleman full six feet three in height, and stout in proportion, twice

on his toes within a few minutes; but, as his tormentor made the most ample apologies on both occasions, he felt fully disposed to endure the pain with as much fortitude as possible, and to attribute the occurrence to accident; when his little rustic beauty, who had more carefully watched and better understood the manœuvres of the neglected swain, whispered in his ear,—"A pointed insult, sir." These words roused the blood of the son of Mars in a moment; he watched the movements of his toe-treading foe, and, just as he was coming down the middle a third time, to repeat the trick, he jumped upon a chair, and from thence sprung on his enemy's back, and, seizing his nose, he wrung it in so unmerciful a manner, as to compel its proprietor to cry out most piteously for help. The parties were at length separated by the master of the ceremonies, and a challenge was of course the result; the gentleman whose nose had been thus scurvily treated, in the presence of almost the whole town, being compelled either to fight or to quit society.

Mortal combat having been appointed to take

place the next morning, it was arranged by the seconds that the principals were to be placed back to back, and that from thence each party was to step six paces, and then to fire together by signal.

Preliminaries being thus concerted, and the fatal morning having arrived, the parties met punctually at the appointed spot, and were duly ranged with their backs to each other. At this moment the contrast between the courage of the two gentlemen was to the full as apparent as the ludicrous disproportion in their size. When I was placing them on the line drawn by me for their march, my little man, who possessed true "pluck," and was as cool as a cucumber, observing the trepidation of his opponent, whispered to me, just loud enough to be overheard,—"Where shall I hit him, Shipp? Shall I wing him?" On hearing this, the knees of the six-foot Yorkshireman, which were already on the trot, broke into a full gallop; and, when his second placed the pistol, duly primed and loaded, into his hand, he seized it by the muzzle. This mistake, as I always loved fair play, I rectified; and, at last, the

word "march" was given. Away went long-legs, getting over at least three yards of ground at each stride; and, had we permitted him to proceed at this rate, the one might as well have fired from the top of St. Paul's, and the other from Table Mountain; so the seconds saved him the trouble of extending his walk any further, by measuring twelve paces; and, the signal having been given to fire, the little one's ball cut through the collar of his affrighted opponent's coat, and the big one's nearly shot his own toes off. At this crisis of the affair, the gigantic rustic was scarcely so tall as his little rival, and his knees and body were so inclined to take a more firm position, that we expected every moment he would fall flat on the earth; when his second roused him by saying,— "Come, sir, we must have another shot." This brought him fully to his senses, and he exclaimed, throwing down his pistol,—"I'll see you d——d first; he has put it through my coat already, and the next time I may get it where the tailor cannot mend it. No, no; I am perfectly *satisfied;* so I wish you a good morning." And off he trudged,

at a pretty round pace, to the great amusement of the other three, as well as of some country-bumpkins, who were grinning from behind an adjoining hedge, and who roared out,—"Well done, little un; bravo, little robin-redbreast." By the result of this affair, the six-feet-three gentleman lost his honour as well as his deary, and the subject was the theme of many a song in Wakefield for years after.

The routine of dissipation which was kept up at Wakefield, was not to be sustained by me without expense; and to meet these expenses I spent more than my income. This extravagance—with the loss of fifty pounds of which I was robbed by my servant, and the assistance of a designing sergeant, who took advantage of my youth and inexperience—soon involved me in debts, to liquidate which I was obliged to apply for permission to sell my commission. This, in consideration of my services, was readily granted; and, having effected a sale, I paid every shilling of my debts, and with the residue of the money repaired to London, where, in about six months, I found myself without a

shilling, without a home, and without a friend. Thus circumstanced, my fondness of the profession induced me to turn my thoughts to the army again. I could see no earthly difficulty why I should not rise in the same way I had before; and accordingly I enlisted at Westminster, in his Majesty's 24th Dragoons, and in two or three days after went with the recruiting-sergeant to the cavalry depôt at Maidstone, then under the command of Major-General George Hay. I had not been there long before an officer, who had served with me in campaigns in India, arrived at the depôt, and, immediately recognising me, my history was made known to the commanding officer, and I was promoted to the rank of sergeant. I remained at the depôt about three months, at the expiration of which we were ordered to India, and I embarked as acting quarter-master on board the New Warren Hastings, Captain Larkins, and sailed from Spithead on the 8th day of January, 1808.

We experienced a most terrific gale in the British Channel, and were at last obliged to run for Torbay, where we brought up near where the East

Indiaman, the Abergavenny, was lost. Near us lay a ship of war, from which, at the imminent hazard of the lives of an officer and six men, a boat was sent off to our ship, the crew of which, after riding in safety over the mountainous waves, desired us, in a most authoritative tone, to throw out a rope. All hands were at the leeward side in a moment, when there was a general whispering amongst the tars. "Shiver my timbers," said one, "but that looks like a press."—"Start me," said another, "but so it does." Thus went round the general buzz, when the man of authority, in size not much larger than a quaker,* with a sword as long as himself, and a huge cocked-hat, as big as a gaff top-sail, which he skulled off with as much grace and majesty as a grand bashaw, flew up the side of the ship in an instant. He saluted the quarter-deck (as is usual), then mounted on tiptoe, and danced up to the captain, who was on deck, and, with the authority of an Admiral of the Red, demanded to see the ship's books. At this sound

* A false gun, made of wood, about two feet long.

every sailor writhed his features and limbs into the most ludicrous distortions; some limped, others stooped, and all did their utmost to appear as decrepit and unfit for service as possible. As our ship was then in imminent danger of going ashore, the captain remonstrated, setting forth the perilous situation of his ship, the number of lives, and the amount of property on board; but, notwithstanding that we were at that moment dragging our two anchors, the little officer persisted in obeying the orders of his commander, and walked off with six of our very best seamen. By the loss of these men, our ship was involved in double the danger she was in before, as they were our ablest hands. Whether or not this was a justifiable act, I am unacquainted; but its enforcement at such a conjuncture seems sadly at variance with the principles of humanity. Fortunately for us, however, the storm soon abated, and the following morning, ere the feathered tribe were on the wing, we again stood on our way towards our destined port. Our ship had suffered but little injury, and she now scudded sweetly along the blue waters, her white

sails swoln with majestic pride, and the eye of every one on board lingering (until it was lost in the distance) on that dear isle from which we were so rapidly departing. After this, we had a long and tedious voyage, in which much misery was experienced by all the troops on board, in consequence of the cruel and despotic conduct of our commanding officer. This gentleman is now no more; and, if it were on this account only, I should refrain from mentioning his name. For this, and other reasons, I shall withhold from the reader all detail of conduct which I have myself long tried to forget; and content myself by stating, in justification of the epithets applied by me to such conduct, that the cat-o'-nine-tails was constantly at work; so much so, that Captain Larkins at length interfered, and protested "that he would not have his quarter-deck converted into a slaughter-house, nor the eyes of the ladies on board disgusted with the sight of the naked back of a poor screaming soldier, every time they came upon deck."

The distant low-land peeping from afar, and the company of little messengers from the myrtle-grove

at length apprised us that we were in sight of the long-looked-for haven. The wind was contrary, and night had begun to throw over the silvery deep her sombre mantle, so that we were obliged to stand out to sea, to avoid getting into the currents that prevail near this land. Early in the morning it was dark and hazy, but at about ten o'clock it cleared up; the sun shed her bright beams over the Indian Ocean; the little harbinger of peace was again on the wing; and we again beheld the land:—

Joy is upon the lonely deep,
When Indian forests pour
Forth to the billow, and the breeze,
Their odours from the shore.

Oh! welcome are the winds that tell
A wanderer of the deep,
Where far away the jasmines dwell,
And where the myrrh-trees weep!
Bless'd, on the sounding surge and foam,
Are tidings of the citron's home!

All the passengers were now promenading the quarter-deck: some viewing the beauty of the scenery; others whispering sad notes of farewell

love; and all anxiously looking forward to the moment of disembarkation.

We were crowding all possible sail to get the ship safe into the river by night. The wind was fair, and the sky was spotless, save here and there some little white flying clouds, that seemed to dance about us. In an instant after the ship was thrown on her beam-ends, her gunwales under water, and passengers tumbling and rolling over each other. The crew had to struggle hard to keep her head above water. Every eye was wildly fixed on the captain, and every cheek wore a deathlike paleness. At last, away went her foretop-mast, top-gallant and royal-mast, foreyard, main-royal-mast, main-top-gallant, and main top-mast; and her mizen-mast was much injured. In that short moment the cup of bliss was dashed from our lips, and we lay a complete wreck upon the water; but, the masts having gone, carrying every thing before them, and the ship having righted, every hand was as instantaneously set to work, and busily employed in remedying the evils and clearing the wreck. It was imagined at first that the ship had gone ashore;

but, on trying the pumps, it appeared that she had made no water. We soon discovered that our misfortune was occasioned by what are termed, in those seas, white squalls. These come on without any previous indication; and, though of short duration, are so destructive while they last, that no ship under heavy sail can stand against them. These squalls are most frequent when the sky is clearest. They are supposed to be contained in those little white flying clouds, which, previous to the storm, are seen hovering over the ship, as though watching to catch the mariners off their guard.

We were again obliged to stand out to sea; but we soon cleared away, and once more stood towards land. The day was rainy and hazy, when, through the darksome mists, we beheld a sail, and soon discovered, to our great joy, that it was the boat of a Calcutta pilot, who immediately came on board our vessel. On examining the masts, we discovered that the maintop-mast would not bear her sail therefore, splinters and stays were immediately put on. The day brightened up, but the wind blew

strong; so, not being able to discover landmarks, we cast anchor for the night. The next morning we found that we were so close to land that we could see men walking on the sea-beach, and distinguish huts and towns in the distance. We weighed anchor early, and stood towards Saugar, the wind blowing a smart gale. At one time we approached so near the breakers that we expected to go ashore, and a few minutes after we shipped a tremendous sea, the major part of which went over the poop and through the great cabin-windows, carrying trunks, boxes, beds, and everything before it. I was on deck at the time: the ship's stern seemed to be fastened, and she shook much; but at last on she went. I have no hesitation in saying that her stern struck the ground, but no injury was done beyond sousing a few trunks and beds. We at last reached Saugar in safety; but before we arrived there our feelings were excited to a high pitch of sympathy by an interesting scene. Captain Larkins was standing on the poop, close by where I stood, with his glass at his eye examining the ships which were lying

at anchor, when he suddenly exclaimed, "I surely know that ship lying yonder; my eyes cannot deceive me,—it's my old ship, the Warren Hastings." The pilot was requested to go within hail of her. All hands were upon deck; every eye fixed on the strange ship; and sailors and soldiers manned the rigging. The captain got the large speaking-trumpet, and bellowed out, "What ship, a-hoy?" Answer, "The Warren Hastings—what ship are you?" Answer, "The New Warren Hastings." Here the shouting of the crews of both ships was quite deafening. Our captain could not say a syllable more, but was so much affected as to shed a tear to the memory of his old ship, which he had manfully defended, but lost to some French ship-of-war. She had been retaken by some of our cruizers.

A short time after this we came to anchor a little above Saugar; and the following day we were shipped on board sloops, and sailed up the river Hoogley, and in about a week came to anchor off Fort William, Calcutta, and were again placed on *terra firma*. We remained in the fort about a

fortnight, and while boats were in preparation for our conveyance up the river Ganges, to our respective regiments, all was gaiety and mirth.

The monsoons, or rainy season, having commenced, we sailed from Calcutta, under the command of Colonel Wade, on route to Cawnpore, where we arrived in safety in about three months, with the loss of seven or eight men drowned, and of a few others, who died from having eaten too freely of unripe fruit.

CHAPTER XI.

It is my intention to devote this chapter to a few practical hints to young men about to embark for India, either in the civil or military service. The remarks which I shall make, being the result of personal observation during a service of twenty-five years in that country, will not, I trust, be unacceptable, either to the young men themselves, or to their parents or guardians. As the whole chapter will be engrossed by this subject, which, to many readers, may prove wholly uninteresting, it seems fair at its outset to give them to understand what they are to expect, in order that an opportunity may be afforded them to "skip" if they think proper.

First, as to the outfit for India. A gentleman came to me some few months since, and said, "I have been given to understand, sir, that you have

been a considerable time in the East Indies. I have an only son, now on the eve of embarking for that country, as a cadet; will you have the goodness to inform me what necessaries will be requisite for his passage? Some say it will cost two, some three, others, four hundred pounds. I should wish to make my boy comfortable, but if a large sum be required, it will place me in difficulties." I replied, "Sit down, sir, and I will soon ease your mind on that head, by reducing the sum requisite to meet such demands, to something less than one hundred pounds." The following is a copy of the list I gave him, and this was on a splendid scale; the one half might, if there were an absolute necessity for it, suffice:

		£.	s.	d.
4 dozen calico shirts, without frills	at 5s. each	12	0	0
1 dozen night-shirts . .	3s. each	1	16	0
6 calico night-caps	1s. each	0	6	0
1 dozen sheets . . .	4s. 6d. per pair	2	14	0
4 dozen hand-towels . . .	10d. each	2	0	0
6 pair cotton loose sleeping-trousers	3s. each	0	18	0
1 dozen half-cravats . .	1s. each	0	12	0
4 black stocks	3s. each	0	12	0
		£20	18	0

		£.	s.	d.
	Brought forward	20	18	0
1 dozen pair of nankeen pantaloons or trousers	15s. per pair	8	0	0
6 pair of light shoes	10s. per pair	3	0	0
2 pair of boots	£1. per pair	2	0	0
2 pair of slippers	4s. per pair	0	8	0
2 dozen pair of stockings	2s. per pair	1	4	0
6 pair of worsted ditto	3s. 6d. per pair	1	1	0
2 dozen pair of half-stockings	1s. per pair	1	4	0
6 flannel shirts	5s. each	1	10	0
2 black waistcoats	14s. each	1	8	0
4 white waistcoats	14s. each	2	16	0
2 dozen pocket handkerchiefs	1s. each	1	4	0
2 pair of cloth pantaloons	£1. 14s. each	3	8	0
2 black silk jackets for hot weather	£1. each	2	0	0
1 cloth ditto		2	0	0
1 good dress coat		5	0	0
4 pounds of wax candles	3s. per lb.	0	12	0
Wash-hand stand, cot, soap, &c. &c.		5	0	0
		£62	13	0

The whole of these things being adapted for a warm climate, will form part of the young man's requisite stock of clothing in India, while other things would be found entirely useless on his arrival, as too heavy and warm for the country. The only things that must be an actual loss would be the warm clothing taken out. Of these, but a

change will be required. I have seen a cadet sell in India, for ten or twenty rupees, articles that must have cost his parents a hundred pounds, some of which he had never put on his back. If parents have money to give their sons, let it lay the foundation of a capital in India, on which to build a fortune. Money, on board a ship, leads youth to the gambling-table, thereby sowing the seeds of that destructive vice which may lead to his utter ruin. The monotonous life during an Indian voyage naturally turns the minds of warm-spirited youth to every species of amusement. Play is proposed by some artful gambler—at first for mere trifles—from which they go on to larger sums, so much so that I have known several young men land in India, without a shirt to their backs, having lost them at play during the voyage.

The dreadful consequences of this vice require no commentary from me. Gambling, in India, is not what it was twenty years ago, it's true; but even now many are its victims, who must linger out the residue of their days in despair, in vain sighing for their dear native homes.

A young man, on landing in India, should carry this conviction with him,—that nine-tenths of the native servants are decided thieves. For this reason, all the clothes, &c. should be marked, and the vigilance of the master of the goods is absolutely necessary to insure their safety. Various are the tricks played off on the inexperienced by their native servants; and, if one is turned away for theft or other delinquency, it is always ten to one that his successor is worse. Hence, it is better to keep to one set of servants, if possible, and nothing but personal watchfulness will insure their honesty.

When the washermen take clothes to be washed, the pockets, and sleeves, and legs of pantaloons should be carefully searched, by which process they will generally be delivered of something valuable; such as silk stockings, silk handkerchiefs, and so on. Old clothes should never be given to servants, or they will assuredly, sooner or later, find their way back into the trunks of their old master, and be replaced by some of his better ones.

A master who keeps only just so many things as are absolutely necessary for his comfort, will be

far less likely to be robbed, than one who abounds in superfluities.

The servants should be paid monthly, and each should be made responsible for the things placed under his charge, which things should be required to be produced by them previous to their being paid. Nothing contributes so much to keep a servant in India honest, as the conviction that his master is well acquainted with, and looks after, his own property.

Many, on their first arrival in India, in their eagerness to feed on the delicious fruits of that country, sow the seeds of a disease that they scarcely ever part with but in death—dysentery. Young men should recollect that their stomachs are not likely to adapt themselves suddenly to the strong and powerful acids contained in pine-apples, mangoes, pomegranates, &c. Many young men die from their too free use of these fruits; and those who escape an early tomb are scarcely ever restored to perfect health. I have often seen the most deplorable spectacles of men lingering out a wretched existence through an excessive use of

fruit. The pine, I am convinced, it is at all times dangerous to eat much of; and I would strongly recommend young persons, on their arrival in India, to refrain from indulging in this tempting and delicious fruit, if they wish to avoid becoming early victims to its fascinating and luxuriant taste. Mangoes are less palatable, but less prejudicial to the constitution. I would recommend plantain and the custard-apple as the best fruits after the outward voyage, and these should be, for some time, used with moderation and caution.

A free use of spirituous liquors drives many youths to an early tomb. If once resorted to to quench thirst, in a climate like India, it will soon allure the individual into habitual sottishness. Therefore, look well before you take the proffered cup of liberality; it contains a poisonous ingredient, and, if taken to excess, is in reality the cup of destruction. If it be requisite that you should drink spirits at all, which I very much doubt, let it be within the bounds of sober prudence, and with a fair proportion of the crystal stream. I have myself spent as long a time in

India as any young man going out as cadet in the company's service would be required to serve. I am now in England, at the age of forty-three, in the enjoyment of perfect health, with the exception of occasional twinges from my wounds; and I do not hesitate to attribute this to the fact of having always rigorously followed that advice which I now offer to others.

Though bathing, in so hot a climate as India, is absolutely necessary, as well for cleanliness as for the promotion of health, yet there are many sad evils attending the mode of doing so. I would strongly recommend bathing from the shower-bath, as the best method, and the most congenial to the constitution. Immersion in any shape is attended with extreme danger. The sudden transition from heat to cold, is too great a shock for most constitutions in so warm a clime, where the state of the blood is always that of fermentation. I would recommend the morning as the best time for taking the shower-bath, and then from well-water, which is always warm. This is done by a bheesty, or water-carrier, standing above you, and

pouring it over you from his sheep or goat-skin, in which he carries water for your use. After bathing, when the skin has been wiped dry, let your bearer use the rubbers freely. This will set the blood in circulation, and contribute greatly to health and comfort. The baths in India, which are generally made in the earth, are intensely cold, and ought not to be used except with the greatest caution. The greatest care should be taken that the body is sufficiently cool before plunging in; and, afterwards, that the bather does not remain too long in the water, a practice which can only serve further to impair a constitution already weakened by copious perspiration. I have seen people, after indulging in this Indian luxury, so languid that they have been obliged to be led to their couch. If the evil is within reach in those nights when the dry heat defies language, few could resist such a temptation. On such occasions, I have found rubbing with worsted mittens, which are used for the purpose of creating circulation of blood, to have a very good effect. I have felt as refreshed from this rubbing as I have from bathing. Some

desperate young men I have known apply wet cloths to their bodies when the heat has been great. A dreadful rheumatism is the sure consequence of such rashness.

Sad and many are the diseases brought on by sleeping exposed to the night air. This may, perhaps, be done with impunity for years, but rest assured, like all other indiscretions, it will terminate in disease and repentance; as, however dry and hot the midnight may be, heavy dews are sure to come on, on the approach of morning.

It is not an unusual thing for young and inexperienced men to drink cold water when in a heated state, and that, too, with the greatest avidity. This is frequently attended with sudden death. I would recommend weak brandy and water instead of pure water. Many of the running streams are impregnated with poisonous matter from snakes and toads, and other venomous animals. I would also recommend that whatever is drunk should be drunk gradually, and when the body is cool and the blood composed. I am of opinion, and I speak from experience, that to imprudences of this kind

may be attributed the one-half of the diseases to which young men fall early victims. I would, on no account whatever, suddenly expose the body to any temperature different from that to which it has been accustomed. A person who wishes to live in health in India, must certainly nurse the constitution. However people may ridicule the use of the chattah, or large umbrella used in India, and however curious it may appear to a young man on his landing, it is, notwithstanding, absolutely requisite to shield the brain from a scorching sun; more especially on first landing. If you can afford a palanquin, by all means sport one, by which you will be saved from many a burning fever. With attention, and by studying the season, it is my opinion that a man may live in India as long as in a colder and more salubrious country; but care is certainly requisite. However Johnny-Newcome-like it may appear to an European eye, I would, notwithstanding, strongly recommend the use of the broad-brimmed *solah* hat. These hats are made of pith, are extremely light, and effectually keep the sun from the head. They are to be pur-

chased in Calcutta, and many parts of India, for a mere trifle; but, where they cannot be procured, straw hats, the crown of which ought to be well stuffed, and the brim lined with green silk, will make a very good substitute.

I would recommend the early adoption of flannel shirts, which will be found very conducive to health, by keeping the blood in motion, absorbing the perspiration, and keeping the skin from that disagreeable dryness which it is liable to in the hot winds.

In the cold weather, I would recommend the use of worsted stockings, either with shoes or boots. From the extreme languidness to which the hot season has reduced the system, the extremities should be taken great care of, and flannel used freely. I do not know any exercise better, in the cold season, than long walks, or long rides on horseback; the rougher the nag the better. Smoking, on cold mornings and evenings, may be judicious; but, in the hot season, this practice drains the body of the little moisture left by the climate. The use of the hookah, I am persuaded, injures

fifteen constitutious in twenty. It would be better for a man to blow bagpipes all the days of his life, than to be lugging and puffing at the hookah. Besides this, the expense attending this Eastern luxury is enormous:—

	Rupees.
Tobacco, per month	8
Rose-water, do.	4
Spices, do.	2
Hookahbahdar, do.	8
Cooly, to carry the same, do.	4
Repairing of apparatus, &c.	4
	30 per

month, or 360 rupees per annum.

I would advise all persons proceeding to India to use no other water for drinking than that which has been previously boiled. This process will cleanse the water of all injurious matter that may be contained in it. Alum will be found useful in purifying water; but boiling is preferable to any other means.

Sore eyes are prevalent in India, arising from many causes. I have no hesitation in asserting, that looking up at a vertical moon will injure the sight. I speak from positive fact: one night,

sleeping on the poop of an East Indiaman, on my voyage to India, I lay on my back, gazing for a considerable time at the bright and spotless moon. Thus gazing, I fell off to sleep. On the following morning, when I awoke, I felt a most unpleasant itching in the eyes, and I could scarcely refrain from tearing them out of my head. I immediately applied to a medical gentleman on board, who said it was the opthalmia; but, when I informed him what I had done, he replied,—"You could not do a worse thing to injure the eyes; and, if you don't take care, you may lose your sight, for I see a great degree of inflammation has already taken place: your only plan, now, is to keep the light from them." After this, it was some weeks before they were again strong enough to meet any considerable light. Weak brandy and water is frequently used to strengthen the sight, and I have found the most salutary effects from it. The other causes are generally known: I therefore pass them over.

There is a most disagreeable visitor in India, about the commencement of the rains, or during the hot winds, called the prickly heat, which is

attended with the most unpleasant and annoying sensations. It makes its appearance by little spots, or white bladders, on the surface of the skin, with intense itching; so much so, that few can resist the temptation of aggravating these symptoms by scratching themselves. This arises, I should suppose, from the effect of the cold night-breezes on a heated state of the blood. The cold breezes of night are inhaled with avidity, as an ineffable luxury; but these winds, being dry, absorb the perspiration, which, being thus suddenly checked, causes these itching bladders to rise on the surface of the skin. I have seen people so bad with this eruption, especially under the arms, that they have been ready to tear themselves to pieces. Some young and inexperienced men attempt to stop the progress of this eruption; but this should never be tried, as I have heard some of the most learned of the faculty affirm, that it eradicates other diseases, and cleanses and purifies the blood. I suffered every year, for five-and-twenty years, from this supposed evil of climate, as much as any one, but I never attempted to check it. Many of

those who did, I have known fall victims to the supposed remedies, or sow the seeds of a confirmed rheumatism, which they could never shake off. The remedies resorted to by these deluded men speak for themselves as most erroneous and dangerous: applications of cold cloths to the body,—lying naked in the cold air,—being fanned,—and every kind of cold application that could be thought of. I have known men bathe with their clothes on, and thus lie down to repose. Such imprudences require no comment, as the results must be evident. The only remedy I ever adopted, and that by medical advice, was powdering the rawest parts. Application of the nails is like infusing poison into the veins,—and by such applications I have seen the most appalling sores, that never were got rid of; therefore, I am convinced, that in these cases nature should be allowed to take her course, and she will be found the best doctor.

About the same time of the year, you will be visited with boils all over your body. A little boy of mine once had sixty-four at one time, some of them as big as a pigeon's egg, and those principally

on his chest. Had I checked them, and driven them in, his death would have been inevitable: as it was, although the child was only four years of age, he played about as usual, and was soon well again. Another thing I would never check,—that is, perspiration; that renovating attendant, flowing in its natural channel, is the very key-stone to an Indian constitution.

I would advise the inexperienced on no account to venture bathing in the Ganges. In this river there are many dangerous parts, not visible to him who is a stranger to its course and currents. Three instances that I was an eye-witness to, would, I should hope, be a sufficient warning for men not to risk their lives in so foolish a manner. I was one day shooting on the borders of the Ganges, near Cawnpore, when I saw a native sitting down on the banks of the river, washing his hands. In an instant he was seized by an alligator. I could see the dreadful struggle, by the commotion in the water, and the blood which for a moment discoloured it, but the man never rose again. The second instance was an European soldier, bathing

off Monghire; and the third was a little girl; both of whom were seized by an alligator, and carried off in the same manner. Besides the risk of meeting with those fearful creatures, there are innumerable quicksands, which move in the current, and, for aught you can tell, under the very spot where you are bathing; and, added to these, there are numberless eddies, or whirlpools, that will suck you under in a moment. On these occasions, it is very rare that aid can be afforded, even if persons were on the spot at the time. On two occasions, I myself nearly lost my life in bathing. The first was in a quicksand, but I was only on the verge of it; one step further, and no power could have saved me. On the other occasion, I was bathing in the Ganges (it was the last time I ever bathed, although many years before I returned to this country); I was trying to swim against the current, when a dead man came in contact with me. In the moment of fright and consternation, I sunk. In my struggle to get away from him I got the cramp, and immediately went down, and but for the the kind aid of some natives, I should have been drowned.

Many difficulties may be avoided, and much imposition and extortion prevented, by an early acquirement of the language. I recollect being once called upon to interpret and explain a khansumah's (or, more properly named, consumer's) bill, and thus it ran :—

	Rs.	a.	p.
Bread	1	0	0
Rootee	0	8	6
Butter	1	4	6
Muckin	1	2	0
Milk	0	8	0
Dood	0	4	6

So it went on, charging the article first under the English term, and then under a term quite unintelligible to you. Thus, for instance, the words rootee, muckin, and dood, are to you inexplicable terms, which your khansumah will take good care he will " no Englify." Hence, you are led to imagine them requisite for the house, and thus the imposition ends successfully As you grow wiser, your servants grow more honest. To prevent these, and numberless other annoyances, the acquirement of the language is absolutely necessary for a person

who does not wish to be robbed, and to become the dupe of those artful fellows. I learnt the tongue myself in one year, so that I could converse fluently on any subject. I was enabled to do this the more readily, by living in a familiar and friendly intercourse with the natives, making a point of entering into conversation with every man, woman, or child I met with, asking them the names of every thing within my sight. By this plan, in two months I could ask for any of the necessaries of life. Those most difficult I wrote down; and thus, without book or master, I learnt to speak Hindostanee as well as many, and indeed better than some, who had been in the country for twenty years. If you wish to learn the language, Gilchrist's book will lay a good foundation, and the rest will be easy enough. On no account hire a servant who can speak English. In the first place, they are generally found to be great rogues; and, by their speaking English to you, you deprive yourself of the best and most ready method of becoming acquainted with the language. I have heard some young men commit the most ludicrous mistakes, and thus become the

ridicule and sport of their native servants. One wiseacre, in a regiment to which I once belonged, addressed his servant one day in the following terms:—"D—n your eyes, you black rascal, *sub-saib buckery,—hum buckery nay hy?*" Which is literally this,—all the gentlemen were goats, was he not a goat? He intended to say that all his brother officers had got goats, what was the reason he had not got one. Such mistakes as these very naturally draw upon a man the jeers of the natives. In the Company's service, you cannot hold any staff situation without being well acquainted with the languages most in use. All civil and military affairs are so connected with the Oriental languages, that if you will not study and learn them, you may linger out your days as a lean subaltern, and be as poor as a half-pay drummer.

The next piece of advice which I shall offer, is to avoid all violent sports and exercises. Among other sports, that of snipe-shooting is frequently attended with very bad consequences, and is, in general, much better avoided. The physical exertion which must necessarily be used in

pursuit of such game, cannot fail to heat the blood to a high and dangerous degree, and in this state, under a burning sun, and while the blood is in a state of fermentation, many lovers of the sport will plunge into cold water after birds. Such a sudden transition from extreme heat to extreme cold, cannot be endured by the finest constitutions without great danger. All sports of this nature tend, also, to encourage an inclination for drink. The toils incident to these misnamed pleasures cannot be borne without drinking something stronger than water; and hence, some stimulus being absolutely necessary, many are led to exceed the bounds of prudence to such an extent, in some cases, that I have known several instances where an individual has drank, in the course of one day's shooting, a whole bottle of brandy, besides copious libations of beer. Thus, many a man, by his love for shooting, lays the foundation of an addiction to drink, to which he is sure to fall a victim; and I have seen several instances where the combined effects of exposure to the sun, and of indulgence in intemperance, have, in less than two years, sent

many a promising young man to the cold grave, before he had attained the age of twenty, although, to all appearance, double that age. In short, I am fully persuaded (and, if necessary, I could give a long and faithful catalogue of cases in point), that, in fifteen cases out of twenty, whenever a young man in India is found labouring under a debilitated and emaciated constitution, the original cause of his disease is to be traced either to an addiction to drink, a wanton exposure to the noon-day sun, or a rash indulgence in violent sports and exercises. I fear that it may safely be asserted, that more die from one or the other of these causes, than from the effects of the climate.

Young men should be very cautious of attending auctions. The very perusal of the exaggerated catalogues which are issued, is of itself a sufficient seduction to rouse the torpid mind in the monotony of the long days in India, and to induce young men to attend those places of resort. Each article (more especially such as are the production of our native land) is set forth in all the allurement of bombast, and dressed in the most attractive gar-

ments, to induce inexperienced youth to become the purchasers. The seller also protests that "the article offered for their bidding is now about to be knocked down for less than the one-half of its original cost in England; that he is actually throwing the article away; but it must be sold for whatever it brings, little or much." The auctioneer again appeals to some inexperienced young griff, calling him by name,—"Do pray, Cornet so-and-so, permit me to say another rupee for you,"—at the same time pledging his honour that the said article cost five times the sum in Old England. The production is, of course, afterwards found to be a true native of India. These, and five hundred other stratagems to inveigle the unwary into bidding, are resorted to; but no sooner is the article knocked down to master's name, than the honourable auctioneer tells him to his face that it is "not worth a rap." The deluded purchaser of an article which he has no earthly use for, finds, when too late, that he could have bought the said thing in any of the bazaars for one half of the price he has given. Another, and more seductive, temptation to

men to become buyers at these sales, is the three months' credit which is frequently given. I have seen cadets buy three horses at one sale—horses that had run the gauntlet through the whole of the auctions in India, and never drew an offer of five rupees at one of them, till some griff becomes the purchaser, at some two hundred rupees each. These are sent to livery-stables as soon as they are bought (if the stable-keeper will take them in), at one rupee per diem; and, if their proprietor's purse is not a long one, the said rips will be detained for their keep, and their master summoned before a court of equity for the amount, when, if not prepared with the coin, the said court (such is their rigid equity) will detain his mortal person until the liquidation of the debt, with sundry costs, fees, &c. &c. On such occasions, if a man has no friends, and less credit, he may, peradventure, be lodged in gaol till the final arrangement of the affair. Many of these auctioneers will force things on you, and no sooner get your name on their books, than they send a peremptory demand for the money, which, if not immediately forthcoming, in some one

or two days after, you will have a summons from the court before alluded to, which you must at once attend to, by proceeding thither, either to defend the cause or pay the money. If you are a moment behind the time specified, you are nonsuited, and obliged to pay, or remain in custody. Natives, called *box-wallahs*, or hawkers, will, in like manner, force their goods on those unacquainted with this court, as they are sure of recovering their money through its agency. Merchants, both European and Natives, will do the same thing, and use the same mode of recovery, if you should prove refractory.

Almost all young men, on landing, will be surrounded by five hundred *sircars*, or *babboos* (money-lenders.) These miscreants are the greatest rogues unhung. They will buy all your old clothes, or, more properly, steal them, and purchase you others, for which they will charge an enormous price. These articles, washed, starched, and ironed for immediate use, look well to the eye, but, on being again washed, will appear something like the honour of the auctioneer, rather threadbare,

and not of a texture to bear scrutiny. These sircars will lend you money on interest; but they will not lend you even a hundred rupees, if they are not permitted to purchase your sea kit at their own price, as well as your new kit, to rig you out for service in India. In these cases, they always insist on having your promissory note for the full amount; and they will afterwards take especial care that you do not leave Calcutta without handing out either the money, or such a guarantee as shall be unquestionable. To enumerate the rogueries of these pests, would fill up more space, and occupy more time, than I have inclination to dedicate to them. Suffice, that they, one and all, are the greatest set of rascals in India, and that's saying great things. Through the munificent liberality and the admirable arrangements of the East India Company, these things have now been in a great measure done away with. On the cadet's landing, there is a receiving-officer, and a mess, and every thing else that is requisite is furnished on the cheapest terms. The impositions of these sircars, who hover around a griff in the most sub-

servient and cringing manner, begging and entreating "Master's favour, custom, and patronage," are thus prevented. The cadet, if in want of anything that is reasonable, has only to apply to the receiving officer of the cadet depôt, who will purchase the article for him at the cheapest rate, deducting its amount by small instalments from his pay. He may be furnished with boats to proceed up the river on the same terms,—as also with an advance of pay to meet the required expenses.

Whatever sums of money you pay, no matter to whom,—black, white, tawny, brown, or nankeen-coloured,—always take and *keep* receipts, or you will have to pay your bills twice and thrice over. This is a common trick with the natives.

It is natural for young men, on first landing in any country, to wish to do as others do, and to conform, as far as possible, to the usages of those with whom they are obliged to associate. This desire to imitate others must be very cautiously indulged in; for I regret to say that, among the luxuries of the East, sensual pleasures stand pre-

eminent, and cannot be too severely reprobated, or too carefully guarded against. Here the most shameful and barefaced intrigues are carried on under the very eyes of the magistracy; and thus it becomes a mere matter of lounge for a young man first to resort to drinking-houses, and thence to repair to scenes of profligacy, which I cannot describe, where, at noon-day, he indulges his before uncorrupted passions, until at last he becomes an habitual debauchee, and sinks into the grave an early victim to sensuality, perhaps without a friend to soothe his sad pillow of disease, or to close his dying eyes. In a printed book intended for general circulation, it is impossible for me to dwell more minutely on this subject; but I have thought it my duty to point out to the unwary traveller the gulf which lies before him, in order that he may in time turn from the path which leads to it.

I proceed to light my beacon on another prominent rock, on which multitudes have already been wrecked. A young man, on joining his regiment, which happens to be stationed in some

remote part of the country, instead of meeting with that hospitality and friendly association which he has a right to expect at a well-regulated mess (the great basis of unanimity amongst the officers of a corps), finds every officer of the regiment living separate, and *keeping native women.* With these women they spend the greater part of their time, to the entire neglect of the more intellectual and rational pursuits of men. With such examples before his eyes; at a solitary place, far from any large station, where good society is to be met with; deprived of the company of his brother officers, and doomed to a life of unvaried monotony; the inexperienced youth who joins the regiment is but too often induced to fall in with the prevailing folly; and, at length, instigated by others, and seduced by the amorous professions of a mercenary fair (or rather black) one, he consents to keep her and her numerous attendants. This connexion being formed, he may, probably, ask himself this question;—"Who is it that I have thus selected to be my companion,—the sharer of my fortunes, the participator of my cares, the solace of my woes,

and the partner of my bed?" If he does not know, I will tell him, in plain terms, but without the least exaggeration. She is a black woman, labouring under the influence of dark idolatry; so ignorant as to be wholly unfit for your companion; so immodest and lascivious as to be disgusting; jealous in her disposition; cruel in her nature; despotic to your household; extravagant in her expenditure; and her sole object in connecting herself with you, is the mercenary prospect of having herself, and those whom she may please to call her relations, kept at your expense. This, young man, is a true character of the object you have selected to spend your days with.

To a consciousness of the consequences of this illicit and vicious connexion, a man is first awakened by the inharmonious jabber of half a dozen black bantlings surrounding his table, which groans under huge dishes of curry and rice. When each little darkling is ushered into the world, gold bangles are expected for the mother, silver ones for the nurses, new dresses for all the lady's relations, and a grand dinner to her whole circle of acquaintance,

—at least fifty persons. When the darling little creature is christened, a similar routine of expenditure must be quietly submitted to, to which is usually added an entertainment to your brother officers, on which truly interesting occasion you would be accounted but a shabby fellow if you did not sport sparkling champagne. When the child begins to toddle, there is another day of jubilee,—for all which rejoicing poor "master" pays the piper. Then comes the day when the little duck begins to lisp the endearing names of pa' and ma'. This is another gala-day; and, before all these holydays have been duly observed, the probability is that "master" receives an addition to his already-crowded circle, by the production of another dear little stranger with master's nose and eyes.

Thus goes on the life of a man who has once formed a connexion of the kind of which I speak, till at last he awakens to reflection and remorse, and distractedly asks himself—"What have I been doing? What is to become of these children? Can I abandon them? Am I not already a beggar,

for ever estranged from my native land, and cut off from all chance of again seeing my dear relations in England?" Alas! these reflections are too late, and it remains only for the victim of his own folly to consider what he has remaining which may console him. Has he love?—No. Has he peace of mind?—No. Are the children which he is supporting his own?—Very doubtful, even this. Is his mode of life such as he can reconcile to his principles or feelings?—No. In short, he has nothing but the gratification of a sensual appetite to set against all the misery which must inevitably be entailed on him by its indulgence. His moral principles become vitiated; his prospects for the future cannot fail to be blighted; and he has little but wretchedness to look forward to. I have myself known officers intimately who have formed these sad connexions, and who, although they certainly did not absolutely become Musselmen or Hindoos, yet have been so infatuated as to lose, to all appearance, every thought for the present, and all regard for the future. Let but the iron hand of poverty assail you, or sickness enter your doors, then shall

you find that those whom you have for years fed, clothed, and cherished, will be the first to turn and sting you; all will then unite to benefit themselves by your misfortunes; all your faithful lady's *soi-disant* relations will conspire to plunder you; and your charmer herself will soon take an opportunity of wounding you in the tenderest point, by eloping with one of her long-supported *brothers* or *cousins*, leaving you in your poverty, or on the bed of sickness, to drink the bitter draught of repentance. Should any of your offspring by this heartless woman be boys, they would be left behind to assist in soothing your cares, as unsaleable commodities; but, for the girls, especially if they should have proved handsome, they would be carried off by their mother, for a purpose, the mere contemplation of which would, one would suppose, alone deter men from forming connexions so likely to entail misery both on themselves and the wretched offspring of their criminal indulgence.

If I were to relate instances of the misery and woe which I have myself known to result from these illicit connexions, I could fill a volume in

enumerating cases in point which have fallen under my own observation; but my aim is to avoid hurting the feelings of any man, and my object of cautioning the inexperienced, will be sufficiently answered without reflecting on those whom I have known to fall victims to this seductive but criminal folly. I beseech young men about to proceed to the East Indies, to ponder over the picture which I have drawn. Let them be assured that I have not sketched it from imagination; but that what I submit to their consideration is the result of personal observation, and taken from undeniable facts, which I have myself been an eye-witness to. If any thing can be objected against it, it is, that I have rather said too little than too much.

I have now given many hints, which I sincerely hope may not be thrown away, to young men proceeding to India. I hope I shall not be thought too presumptuous if I say a few words to the young *ladies* proceeding to that land of iniquity.

If you live in India, you may suppose that you must do as Indians do. I hope those days are fast gliding into the shades of dark oblivion, and

that Indian mothers have learned, from woful experience, that they must become English mothers, if they wish to become happy parents. Young ladies are but too prone, in this land of luxury and idleness, to give way to that languidness which the climate promotes, and leave off all their little accomplishments, playing, singing, drawing, &c., qualifications which tend to endear them to their husbands, and render them agreeable in society. For these rational amusements are substituted sleeping, lounging, inactivity, &c., which, in time, bring on an habitual dislike to every personal exertion, and plunge the individual who thus indulges into many of those diseases saddled upon the climate. I am of opinion that you require as much exercise in that country, if not more, than in a colder, to rouse those faculties to action which are rendered dormant by the inactivity naturally incident to so warm a climate. From the enormous size of the houses in India, salutary exercises can be resorted to without exposure to the heat of the weather. Be assured that moderate exercise will be found the best and cheapest doctor. The hints I have laid

before the young men relative to health, apply, equally, to both sexes.

There are not more abandoned women in the universe than the young *aiahs* or nurses of India, except that many of them do not drink. It behoves the mistress of a family to keep her eye sharply on the affairs of her household, or she will soon have to regret the loss of many of her most valuable articles, for they never steal anything of petty value. The penalty, if detected, is a short imprisonment, during which the delinquents receive more money for their support than is equivalent to keep them. Therefore, let the old adage be your motto, "Safe bind, safe find." If you are careful, they must, by compulsion, be honest: if you neglect your own affairs, it is, of course, an inducement for them to plunder, and you, by such neglect, become accessory to your own ruin. I have known young ladies stripped of their whole sea-stock before they had been in the country three months, by merely entrusting their keys to a servant. The manners of many of the aiahs are fascinating, and young ladies are apt to exclaim,

"What a dear creature that aiah is! what a kind woman!" Be assured, these attentions and little endearments are put on to impress you with a confidence in their love and honesty, and when they think this confidence is fully inspired, and that your suspicions are lulled into repose, they immediately commence their purloinings. This they will do by degrees, first taking things that you do not immediately require for daily use. Keep your servants in their proper places; be mistress of your own household affairs; you will then not have the mortification of being robbed, and your domestics will be good and honest, not by chance, but by necessity. Young ladies are very apt, when they have learned a little of the language, to get their female servants to tell them tales of the East, which being a tissue of love-sick stories, founded on the basis of romance and false sentiment, can only serve to corrupt the morals, and, to encourage the servants to venture upon such liberties as must end in a disgusting familiarity. Ladies ought to be very particular in the selection of female servants, for on them depends

the peace of all their domestic servants. If they are bad, there will be no end of quarrelling and fighting amongst them. If possible, I never would take a servant without a personal reference. Written ones they can procure anywhere by giving a Native writer a few *pice*. It is frequently thought a great recommendation that servants should have it in their power to produce a great number of written characters; in my humble opinion, there cannot be a greater proof of a bad servant. I would recommend ladies to be particularly careful in examining the persons of their female servants. That dreadful disease, the itch, is most common; and few of these women, from their slothful and dirty habits, are free from scorbutic affections.

I will now presume to say a word to Indian mothers, and I trust I shall not offend in so doing.

Every woman is proud of becoming a mother, both in the most splendid palace, and the humblest cot; but how shall I designate that mother, who can, the moment her offspring blesses her embrace, thrust it from her as if some monster had been

born, into the lap of a harlot, to be fostered at the bosom of impurity, and encircled by the arms of a wanton, contaminated, as is frequently the case, with some infectious and dire disease? Why this estrangement from your babe? Why this unnatural severing of the dearest ties of nature? Mothers, the only answer to these questions is, that you part from your sweet babe rather than any trouble which it may cause, should add one wrinkle to your appearance, or steal one blossom from your cheek. This is, indeed, a perversion of nature that appals the heart of sensibility. The babe is confided to a Native, whose very first step proves her unnatural conduct; she tears from her bosom the babe of her own body, and, for mercenary motives, gives nourishment unto yours. What can, in reason, be expected from such women? If the child does not fall in infancy, thus it is brought up: it is nursed, dressed, and washed, by its Native nurse, in the nursery, where some mothers condescend to visit it, if at leisure, once a day; but this nursery must be so remotely situated that the crying of the poor babe shall not offend the sensitive ears of its

parents. Here, subject to all the ill treatment and ill humour of an inhuman and ignorant woman, the child is neglected, and, too frequently, almost forgotten, by the authors of its being. Should this babe, from illness or otherwise, be irritable, or cry, there is an infallible remedy to stop its cries—opium—which these wretches will administer in large quantities. Within my own knowledge two babes have been destroyed by this drug. One of them was in the regiment I was in, and in its little stomach, after death, was found more than the eighth part of an ounce. The nurse merely urged, in her own vindication, that the child was so cross she could not pacify it. These aiahs use this pernicious drug freely themselves. The other case occurred in Calcutta: the parents had gone to a ball, and during the evening, despatched a servant to see if the child was quiet; he returned, and said it was asleep. This satisfied them, and the merry dance went on. On their return home the babe was still asleep, and they went to repose. On the following morning the child was found dead, and the opium found in it.

The use of this drug, in a slighter degree, is, I am convinced, the cause of many a sickly child in India.

The two cases which I have related of children dying from the effects of opium administered by their hired nurses, to stop their cries, or, in other words, to save themselves trouble, are instances which fell under my own observation. Hundreds of others might be related from indubitable authority; and I could dwell, longer than would be agreeable to me, on innumerable cases of infants being destroyed, or rendered sickly, by the use of this deleterious drug; or, which is little better, being infected with some vile disease, communicated by their hireling mothers, and not discovered until the contamination has been so confirmed in the system as to endanger the child's health for life.

If, with my unlettered judgment, and in the warmth of my feelings against this unnatural practice, and against those Englishwomen who become mothers in India and encourage it, the above remarks should appear too severe, let those

mothers take the hints which I have thrown out to themselves, and, having dressed them up in a better clothing than it is in my power to give them, let them ask themselves if there is anything untrue or unreasonable in what I have asserted. If a mother can reconcile the practice, which I reprobate, to her conscience, I should be glad to hear on what ground; but if not, and she still continue to cast her child from her to the care of a stranger, simply because the nursing her own offspring might rob her of some portion of her charms, or of her leisure; if she must still look young and fascinating at the expense of her poor baby; and if, by such neglect, her infant perish,—let it be her reflection how far she may fairly be considered to have contributed to its death, and in what terms she will best justify herself at the judgment-seat of God.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

EXTRAORDINARY MILITARY CAREER

OF

JOHN SHIPP,

LATE A LIEUTENANT IN HIS MAJESTY'S 87TH REGIMENT.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

" Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle:
* * * Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."

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1829.

MEMOIRS

OF

JOHN SHIPP,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

The reader will probably recollect that he was informed, at the end of the Tenth Chapter of the preceding volume, that, after about three months' sail up the River Ganges, we reached Cawnpore in safety. The day before we arrived at that place, Colonel Wade sent for me, and gave me a strong and handsome letter of recommendation. In the evening of the next day we marched to tents which had been previously pitched for our reception. Here we found two officers of our own regiment, ready to receive us, with one of whom I had often dined when an officer in the same camp. He received me

kindly, and promised me his friendship. Nothing of moment occurred during the short time I was at this station.

Having refitted, we started on route to Meerutt (about three hundred miles by land), under the command of two officers, whose sole study was to promote our happiness and welfare. I do not know that I ever spent a happier time. Our march was always over by nine o'clock, and we encamped under the salubrious scent and pleasant shade of the lofty mango. After journeying in this pleasant manner, we reached Meerutt on the 9th day of November 1809, having been eleven months and a day from England. Here I was welcomed by all my old comrades, and found myself full sergeant in Captain Beattie's troop.

On the evening of our arrival we were inspected by the commanding officer, now Major-General Need. I was well received by all the officers, and indeed by all the corps, save two or three corporals whom I had supplanted in their long-cherished hopes of promotion. This naturally placed me in no very enviable situation with these men, and

several attempts were made to try my courage, but I was too well versed with the rank I held to permit myself to be imposed on or annoyed. When they found this, their ire passed away and their grievances were forgotten. After the inspection, my commanding officer called me on one side, and said, "I am much grieved to see you in your present situation, after the many laurels you have gained in India, but I feel pleasure in having it in my power to promote you to the rank of sergeant, and if you conduct yourself well, be assured I shall not lose sight of your further promotion." I was obliged once more to go through a regular and systematic course of drills, both on horseback and on foot; but, as I was already well acquainted with both, I was soon dismissed. As, however, the reader may not be so well versed in these exercises, perhaps he will find it an agreeable relaxation to bear me company for

TWO DAYS IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

The first morning after a young officer has

joined his regiment, he finds himself exalted on a spirited steed, some sixteen hands high, from whose back he dares not cast the eye downward, to take even a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth. His chin is so elevated by a leather stock, that he can just see the head and ears of the animal on which he sits; his heels are screwed out by the iron fist of the rough-rider; and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been knocked and hammered into this posture, the word "march" is given. This command the well-drilled animal obeys immediately, and the machine is suddenly set in motion, the result of which usually is, that the young gentleman speedily finds his way to the ground, with the loss of half a yard of skin from his shin, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

"Well done, sir; Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, sir; these things will happen in the best-regulated riding-academies; and, in the army, sir, you will have many ups and downs. Come, sir, jump up, and don't be down-hearted because you are floored."

"Well, sergeant, but I am very seriously hurt."

"Nay, nay, I hope not, sir; but you must be more cautious for the future."

The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march, and off goes the horse a second time, the sergeant roaring out, at intervals,—"Well done, sir! Head a little higher—toes in, sir—heels out—bend the small of the back a little more—that will do, sir—you look as majestic as the Black Prince in the Tower, or King Charles's statue, at Charing-Cross. Bravo, sir,—rode capitally! We will now try a little trot. Recollect, sir, to keep your nag well in hand,—*trot.*"

"Well done, indeed, sir—knees a little lower down, if you please—that's higher, sir—no, no, sir, that's higher, I say—you look for all the world like a tailor on his shopboard. What are your elbows doing up there, sir? Elbows close to your body—you pay no attention to what I say, sir—*faster, faster.*"

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! Sergeant, halt, for God's sake! I shall be off! I shall be off! oh dear, oh dear!"

"Bravo, sir, that's better—*faster.*"

"Sergeant! I am sick, sergeant!"

"Never mind such trifles, sir; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. Now, recollect, in changing from one to two, you round the horse's croup well, by applying your right leg to his flank, and take care he does not kick you off.—*Change from one to two.*"

"Halt, sir; halt! that won't do: what the devil are you about? That's the wrong way; I told you from one to two: turn your horse about from one to two."

"I can only just see the top of the riding-school—I can see no figures at all, sergeant."

"Well, sir, we'll dispense with this for the present; but soldiers should learn to turn their eyes every where. Suppose we have another march, sir. *March—trot—faster—faster;* very well, indeed. Now, sir, you must recollect, when I say the word *halt,* that you pull your horse smartly up, by throwing your body well back, and pressing the calves (if any) of your legs to his side. If you don't keep your body upright, the horse's head will

soon put it in its proper place. Faster—a little faster—*halt*. There, sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up!"

"Stop, stop; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds!"

"Rough-rider, get a bucket of water for the gemman. You had better dismount, sir."

"Dismount, sergeant? How am I to get off this great beast?"

"Why, jump, sir, to be sure—jump off. Come, sir, we cannot wait all day; you delay the whole drill. Come, come, sir, dismount!"

"Put your hand on the horse's rump, and lay fast hold of his mane," cries a young officer, who had just surmounted the same difficulties, "and you will soon be off." The tyro in riding follows this friendly advice, and finds himself neatly floored by a tremendous plunge of the horse, thus finishing his first day's drill.

The next morning the pupil attends the riding-school, with his nose somewhat embellished by his fall. He enters the school with his—"Good morning, sergeant;" for it is always good policy to keep

friends with both riding-masters and rough-riders. "Good morning, sir," says the sergeant; "I hope you did not hurt yourself yesterday."

"Oh, no—oh, no! Mere scratch—mere scratch—not worth mentioning."

"Glad to hear it, sir. We must expect in the army both scratches and falls. I have ordered you, for to-day, a horse somewhat more spirited, that will jump under you like an antelope."

"Much obliged to you, indeed," says the pupil, making a tremendous wry face.

"Oh, don't mention the obligation, sir. It is my duty to make a good rider of you, and I flatter myself that I have turned out some of the best riders from this school that are to be found in the kingdom, and with as few accidents as could reasonably have been expected; though, of course, casualties will sometimes inevitably happen, in a large academy like this. To be sure," continues the sergeant, winking at the rest of the party assembled, "there was poor Cornet Shins, who broke his neck, and, by the by, off the very horse you are going to ride to-day; but that, of course, was

no fault of the poor animal's. Then, there was Lieutenant Stew, who broke his thigh, and a few other trifling circumstances of this kind, which make good for the army."

"Good for the army! How do you make that out?"

"Why, sir, it is as plain as the eighteen manœuvres. We will just suppose, for the sake of argument, that your neck is broken this morning."

"My good sergeant, what are you talking about?"

"I am only *supposing*, you understand, that your neck was broken; in which case it must be clear to you that you would make room for another: but come, sir, we must proceed to business! Prepare to mount—*mount*—steady there—not an eye or muscle to move—pray, sir, keep your horse steady—put your left leg to him, and put him straight—don't touch him in the flank, sir, or he will soon have you off—that will do—*march*—sit still, I beg, sir; you are all on one side, like the lug-sail of a boat—that's better; now, sir, *trot*—*faster*—*halt*. Pray, sir, do be attentive."

"My stirrups are too long."

"Rough-rider, take them off, the gentleman will ride better without them. Now, sir, off with you again—*march—faster—halt.* Why, sir, you roll about like a ship in distress; pray keep your seat—*march.*"

"I am off, I am off!"

"Not yet, sir."

"Yes I am, yes I am."

"Well, I believe you are now, sir; at least I never saw anything more like it in my life. I hope you are not hurt, sir."

"No, not much; but this horse is worse than the other."

"Why, of course, I know that, sir; you must have a worse horse every day. Come, sir, mount again."

"I can't; you have taken the stirrups off."

"Oh, never mind that, sir; jump up."

"I can't."

"Try, sir; there is no remedy. Yonder I see the riding-master coming this way."

The riding-master now comes up, and inquires into the progress of all his pupils.

"Well, sergeant, how gets on Cornet Waddle?"

"Very well, indeed, sir; he has only had two falls in two days."

"I am glad to hear it. What horse is that he is on?"

"Kicking Billy, sir."

"Ah! a good horse to learn on. Heads up, Cornet Waddle—six inches from hand to hand—four inches from holster-pipes—that will do—*trot*. Bless me, Cornet White, how your elbows go; one would imagine you had been either a tailor or a fiddler. Do keep them close to your sides, sir. We'll now try a little canter—*canter*. Very well indeed—change from three to four. Cornet Shanks, pray keep those stretching legs of your's quiet, and feel the horse's mouth lightly. Not with that hand, sir, but with the bridle. Keep down your knees—*faster—halt*. What, three of you off! Come, mount again, gentlemen; when I was a recruit, I fell fifty times a day, and laughed at the fun. Now, hold on—*march—trot—gallop*. Cornet Waddle, let go the horse's mane; let go, sir."

"I can't, sir; if I do, I shall be off."

"You must go faster, then, till you do—*faster—faster;* well done, indeed—*halt.* What, off again!"

Thus concludes the second day's drill; after which the pupil, having surmounted the minor difficulties of horsemanship, is put into a squad of about a dozen recruits, to act in a body.

I had not been in the regiment above one year, when a colonel, commanding a corps of the Company's Native Cavalry, who had known me before, offered me a riding-mastership, a situation equal to an ensigncy. I was elated with the idea: it was the situation which, of all others, I should have fancied. I dressed myself in my best, and off I marched with the colonel's kind invitation in my hand, not having the shadow of a doubt of the full and joyous concurrence of my commanding officer, who, I thought, would gladly embrace the opportunity of giving me a proof of the friendship he had so often professed for me. I presented the letter, and begged his consent and aid in the fulfilment of my wishes. He read it, paused, knitted his dark eyebrows, and it was so evident that he was

displeased, that I began to muster my offences, but I could think of nothing in which I had offended him. Imagine my surprise and mortification when he returned the little document into my hand, accompanied with this sweet and consoling declaration, "I shall not recommend you for any such thing." He was just about to leave the room, when I presumed to remonstrate on the cruelty of such a denial, in preventing me from getting such a respectable situation, and I pushed the matter home by asking him if he thought me unworthy of it, or if I had displeased him in anything. He said, "No; but," continued he, "don't you think I like good men in my regiment as well as Colonel K——? Besides," he said, "what am I to do for a sergeant-major if you leave the regiment, or perhaps for an adjutant, if anything should happen to either of them?" Two of these persons were younger than myself, and in full and blooming health. I felt my pride wounded and my feelings hurt, and I could not help expressing my sentiments to that effect, and we parted at enmity. This was a death-blow to my present hopes. I

made the best excuse I could to the colonel who had made me the kind offer, and I was in a short time made drill-corporal in my own regiment, and afterwards drill-sergeant. This was a situation I was fond of, and a preparatory step to that of regimental sergeant-major. For a time this new toy pleased me, for I would, at any time, sooner command than be commanded; but the duties of a drill-sergeant are very laborious. There is no situation in the army where the patience and temper are more tried than in this, in which your life is almost worn out, sometimes by stupid and awkward recruits, and at others by sulky, stubborn, and petulant old soldiers. Some will not do as they are desired, others cannot. Many of these fellows will purposely step off with the right foot, when you have taken the greatest pains to explain to them that the left is the foot in which all marches are commenced. In file-marching, or following one after the other, an error of this kind is frequently the cause of a most ludicrous scene. If the front, or leading file, step off with the right leg, which I have seen some obstinate mules do, and all the others move off

with the left, it naturally follows that the file immediately behind must, of necessity, come upon the heels of those before them, and in endeavouring to recover themselves, the change of step goes from front to rear before gravity and order are restored. On occasions of this kind I have seen five or six files come flat on their faces, and many consider themselves fortunate if they come off with a broken shin only. This is what they call a *lark*, and hoaxing the drill-sergeant. If a man once played me this trick, I always put him in front as long as he had a heel or toe to stand upon.

I went on tolerably well with the troubles and vexations of this arduous office, when, one fine morning, it was rumoured through the lines that the sergeant-major was defunct in hospital. I was congratulated from all quarters as his successor, as a matter of course, and the eye of the whole regiment was upon the drill-sergeant. I expected a summons every moment from the commanding officer. So sanguine was I myself, that I had directed that all my "traps" might be put in moveable order; when, lo! another sergeant was

appointed sergeant-major, leaving poor me the butt and jeer of the whole corps. I could not imagine what could possibly be the cause of this strange appointment. I say strange, for two reasons: first, that the situation had been promised to me; and, secondly, that the sergeant who was appointed was, of all others, the most unfit for it. I felt hurt beyond description, but my spirit was too proud to permit me to ask why I had been thus passed over. I bore it as patiently as I could, still trying to kill care by fagging at the drills; and no doubt some of the poor fellows under me felt the weight of my disappointed hopes, for I had them out late and early. I mentioned, however, the circumstance to my captain, and told him I would resign both my drill-sergeantship and also my three other stripes; but the captain, having more prudence and temper than his sergeant, advised me to put up with it, saying, that he had no doubt the colonel had something better in store for me. This supposition appeased my troubled mind, and I endeavoured to smother my grief by making myself a better drill; and in a short time the

storm had blown over, and the event was nearly obliterated from my memory. After this affair I always avoided the colonel, and whenever chance threw me in his way, I gave him the customary salute due to his rank, but accompanied with a few dark looks, as tokens of my gratitude.

Thus I went on, chewing the cud of disappointment, when one morning I happened to be straying down a narrow lane, brooding over my misfortunes, and trying to assign some reason why my commanding officer had passed me over in promotion, when, in turning a corner, I almost came in contact with the object of my meditations, who could soon have put my mind at peace—the colonel himself. I tendered him a most formal salute, almost as stiff as my feelings were towards him; this dumb greeting being garnished with one of my blackest looks. I was passing on, with one eye looking over my shoulder, and at last I turned my whole body round to have a good stare at him; when, to my surprise, as if he had anticipated my thoughts, I found that he also had countermarched. We were now face to face, and retreat would have been unsoldier-like;

so I commenced the attack, by approaching the spot where he stood, as if I was returning home to my barracks. When passing him, I of course gave him another salute, somewhat smoother than the former. From this amendment in my behaviour, I was in hopes he would speak to me as I passed, for I was ripe with a speech as long as my sabre, which I had been some time cementing together. I had hardly gone past, when he said, "Halloa, Shipp,—come here." I approached him, and, after giving him a more conciliatory salute than usual, was just about to open my battery upon him, when he commenced a hedge-fire, by saying, in a kind and friendly manner,—"Well, Shipp, how do you get on?" Here was a pretty preface to my intended speech! I stood at attention, knowing the respect due to my commanding officer, and replied, "I get on but badly, sir."—"How is that?" said the Colonel. I said, "I had but little encouragement to get on well, since he was pleased to pass me over in promotion."—"Why, then," said he, "did you not come and ask me for it?" Here my spirit nettled; I told him, no doubt impetuously, that, if he did

not think me worthy of it unsolicited, I should never ask it of him. By this I struck the chord of his displeasure, and he replied, "Then you will never get it." I tipped him another salute, rather bordering on impudence, and was in the act of facing to the right-about, and for this purpose had drawn my right foot back to my left heel, when he turned his displeasure into kindness, and said, "Stop, sergeant; suppose I have something better for you than what I have taken from you, and which you did not think worth soliciting." He said this with an inquiring eye, and I replied, that my prospects in life depended entirely upon his friendship towards me. If he withheld that, I had nothing further to hope. He answered, "My good-will and friendship you have; but you must divest yourself of that impetuosity of temper, and depend upon it I shall not lose sight of your welfare: go home, and keep yourself quiet." Thus we parted. I wanted a balm of this kind to sooth and calm me; for, what with my disappointment, and the trouble I had with obstinate young soldiers and drunken old ones, my patience and temper were really worn threadbare, and, from constant bellowing at the

drills, my voice had become as gruffly sonorous as a bad church organ. But, in all my distresses, I never lost sight of my duties and respect to my superiors, knowing that any neglect on my part would lose me every thing. I was on good terms with every officer and man in the regiment, and made it my study to be the first on parade, and the last off. I had risen through the several gradations of lance-corporal to full,—lance-sergeant to full,—drill-corporal,—drill-sergeant,—pay-sergeant,—and troop-sergeant-major,—without being once confined, or on any occasion reprimanded by a superior officer.

In the year 1813, another sergeant-major made a retrograde movement, and tumbled into his grave; but I still could not make up my mind to solicit the appointment of my commanding officer, although I saw several other sergeants running down to ask for it. Notwithstanding this, I kept at home, where I dressed, expecting every moment to receive a summons from the colonel, who, I thought, surely would not again pass me over. Here I waited, looking every now and then out of my barrack-room window, but neither messenger nor orders arrived.

I began to think it had been given away a second time, and a dreadful struggle ensued between pride and interest; the former said, "Don't go;" the latter, "Go, or you get nothing." After a long contest, pride succeeded, and I remained where I was. At evening-drill, I was early at my post, and was going through my regular course of evolutions, when the adjutant rode up to me, and said, "Why don't you go and ask the commanding officer to give you the vacancy?" I replied, "Sir, I should deem myself unworthy of such a situation, did I beg or cringe for it. If my commanding officer deemed me deserving of such an appointment, he would give it me without hesitation; and, should he be so kind, he may rely upon my strictly performing the duties entrusted to me, and thus proving my gratitude; but ask it I never can." After this fine speech, I went on with my drill; when the adjutant, after pausing a few seconds, said, "Well, if you are too proud to ask for it, I am not," and off he galloped. In a quarter of an hour he returned, and said, "You are appointed sergeant-major." I thanked him most cordially, and assured him he

should never have cause to regret his kindness. He replied, "Shipp, to be candid with you, I admire your proper spirit in not begging the situation, nor does your commanding officer think the worse of you for it: you will immediately move into the sergeant-major's bungalow, and assume the duties of that office. I need not, I am sure, inform you what they are." On the following morning I moved into my new house, and published my own appointment. Here all the cares and anxieties of my past life were forgotten. The very idea of having the whole regiment under my special command at drill, was to me inexpressibly delightful, and I looked forward to the day as the consummation of my military glory.

As a groundwork for proceeding properly in my new office, I established an inseparable vacuum between my rank and that of the other non-commissioned officers, treating them with every respect consistent with theirs, and, in time, making them sensible that such a difference must be established between their station and that of the privates under their command. I enforced prompt obedience and

attention from them, and they from those under them. This they at first construed into pride on my part; but, in time, that prejudice wore off, and they obeyed with pleasure. Those who proved refractory were removed from their situations, and those more obedient promoted in their stead. Thus things went on smoothly and pleasantly; and, in two or three months, I could trust them in the discharge of their duties with confidence, and they soon learned how far they could go with me. I had a strict and vigilant adjutant; he made a strict and vigilant sergeant-major; he made good non-commissioned officers; and they good private soldiers. Thus, discipline and good-will towards each other went hand in hand together. My situation was a respectable one, and, what was equally pleasant, a lucrative one. I had as many titles as any peer in the kingdom:—

J. Shipp, R. S. M.—Regimental Sergeant-Major.
J. Shipp, G. K.—Gaol-Keeper.
J. Shipp, U. T.—Undertaker.
J. Shipp, L. M.—Log-Maker.

The perquisites of all these situations brought

my pay to a handsome amount; I was respected by the officers, and loved by the men; and I had scarcely a wish ungratified. The year round I always found the same people, with but little variation, in the congee-house; and one man, a fine young fellow, was never off my gaol-book. The moment he was released he was assuredly in the guard-room again, and from thence to his old place of abode. I once asked him how he could, month after month, prefer that solitary and secluded life to that of liberty. He replied,—"Habit is second nature," for there, he said, "he could, alone and undisturbed, brood over his sad and hitherto melancholy career." He concluded in a most pathetic manner,—"Sergeant-major, I have never done any good since the time your predecessor got me flogged. I assure you, I endeavour with all my energy to forget it, but I cannot; it crushes me to the ground, and that day's disgrace has been my ruin. I am of a good family, but I never can or will return to disgrace those dear parents with a scarified back." Some three months after this, he died, in a sad state of inebriety.

One day I was going my usual round with the orderly-officer, who twice a day visited the congee-house. This officer was a famous one for scenting anything; he could smell a cigar a mile off. In going round the yard, which is inclosed by a stupendous high wall, he discovered a large beef-bone recently dropped. The sergeant was called to account for this ominous appearance. This sergeant was a shrewd fellow, and he immediately said,—"Oh, sir, the pelicans have dropped it." This was very plausible, for these birds will carry enormous bones; and frequently, when fighting for them, they drop them, so that this might very probably have been the case. The moment the dinner-trumpet sounds, whole flocks of these birds are in attendance at the barrack doors, waiting for bones, or anything that the soldiers may be pleased to throw to them. The men were in the habit of playing them many mischievous tricks; but, notwithstanding this, at the well-known sound of the dinner-trumpet they were regularly at their station. Some of the more mischievous boys would tie two large bones together, and throw them.

These would be swallowed with the greatest avidity by two of those poor hungry mendicants, who, in general, would both soar above the barrack-tops with their prey, pulling and hauling against each other, and attended by a hundred crows and kites, pecking them on the head most unmercifully. Sometimes they would throw out a single bone, a pretty large one, with a string and small kite at the end of it, or a large piece of rag. One of the pelicans having swallowed the bone, he would fly aloft, with the string and kite hanging out of his mouth, and with hundreds of his own tribe after him, in hopes he might throw up the bone again, which these birds can do with the greatest facility. Thus ascending, they are lost sight of amidst the clouds; but the same gentleman would frequently be in attendance the following day at dinner-hour, with a portion of the string hanging to him.

We had not gone much further on our round, when the officer scented a bundle of cigars, which he picked up, and archly said,—"Sergeant, what luxurious dogs these pelicans must be! I have

already seen beef, mutton, and pork bones, and here I find a bundle of cigars. I should not be surprised if I stumbled upon a bottle of brandy next." This the artful sergeant did not know how to account for; but the thing was obvious enough: the whole had been thrown over for the prisoners, by some of their friends. The sergeant was severely admonished for his neglect of duty, and a long conversation then took place between me and the orderly officer, on the subject of these wonderful birds. They grow so tame that they will feed out of your hand. At night, they roost on the tops of the barracks, and on trees in their vicinity. In the morning early, they pay their respects to the river-side in search of any dead bodies that may be washed ashore; and it is a most appalling sight to see those ravenous creatures, with hundreds of enormous vultures, tearing human bodies to pieces. If you live on the banks of the Ganges, it is no uncommon sight to see crows, vultures, and hawks, riding down the river on dead bodies, feeding on them as they sail along. This is easily accounted for. Hindoos, in general, are committed to the

pile after death, and burned to ashes; but the poor people, who cannot perform this last office to their departed relatives, burn the hair off the body, which is then committed to the Holy Gunga, as they call the Ganges. The bodies, when exposed to the sun, swell to an enormous and frightful size.

A poor woman, a servant of mine, at Benares, went to bathe in the twilight, and she thought she discovered a stone projecting out of the water. On this she laid her clothes; and, having bathed, she then sat down upon this supposed stone, which, in reality, was a dead body. My servants were aroused by her screams, and immediately flew to her assistance. They found her lying in the water, almost drowned, in a fainting fit. She survived this shock but a short period, and was soon after committed to the watery element.

One day, I was walking on the banks of the Ganges, when I saw a group of people sitting together, and mumbling something to themselves. Near them, I saw a corpse, wrapped in a white sheet, with its feet covered with water. A few moments after, a young man, I should think about

twenty years of age, shouldered the corpse, and, walking slowly to an elevated bank, he hurled it into the river, in the same manner you would a log of wood. He then plunged in after the body, and deprived it of the winding-sheet, leaving the corpse to float down the tide in a state of nudity. When the youth reached the shore, I asked him who the young person was that he had thrown into the river. He replied, with a kind of grin,—"My wife." I said, "You don't seem to be very sorry about her." He said,—"No; it was God's pleasure." I asked him how old she was, and he said, "Thirteen years old." I then inquired if he had any family. He replied,—"Not now; she had one, a little girl, but that the Gunga had got the day before." I then asked him how long his wife had been dead, when he informed me that she died the moment before I came up. The father and mother of the unfortunate girl were both there, but seemed as indifferent as the rock on which they had perched themselves to watch her progress down the rippling stream,—the cold grave of millions.

CHAPTER II.

HAVING now a respectable home, and an easy income, I began to look around me for a wife, to share my fortune, and to drink with me of the salubrious cup of contentment. I had been for some time intimately acquainted with a most respectable family, the father of which was a conductor to the commissariat department. He had three daughters, whom he took great pains to bring up in a respectable manner, and they all did credit to his fatherly care, and lived together with great affection and domestic comfort. To the eldest of these I became most sincerely attached. I asked her hand in marriage, and it was granted; but the father stipulated, that, in consideration of his daughter's tender years, the marriage was not to take place for the space of two years. In the meantime, every preparation was to be made for our mutual happiness.

Thus things went on till the latter end of the year 1815, when my good friend the colonel was promoted to the rank of major-general, and consequently bade farewell to his old corps the 24th Dragoons, in which he was respected and loved. Scarcely had he departed, when I drew up a short memorial to the Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General of India, and my new commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Philpot, immediately despatched it to head-quarters, Calcutta, accompanied with a handsome recommendatory letter from himself. When I presented this memorial to my commanding officer, he replied, "Shipp, I am glad you have done so. I was yesterday speaking to your friend, Major Covell, about you. I will forward it with pleasure, and I hope it may succeed." Some twenty days after this, I was sent for in a great hurry to the riding-school, where the colonel was looking at some young stud horses. I immediately attended the summons. He was standing with his back towards the riding-school door when I entered, so I waited at some distance, when the adjutant said, "Here

is the sergeant-major." The colonel immediately came up to me, seized my left arm with the hand of his right, and thus led me out of the school. No sooner were we out of sight than he pulled out a letter, and I shall never forget his delight when he grasped my hand, and said, "Shipp, I sincerely congratulate you on your appointment. The Marquis of Hastings has been pleased to meet both your and my wishes; you are appointed to an ensigncy in his Majesty's 87th Regiment, and directed to join that corps immediately: but this you must promise me, to keep the affair secret till to-morrow, or I shall be teased out of my life for your appointment. I would ask you to dine with me to-day, but for this wish to keep it a secret. I shall, therefore, have that pleasure another time." I expressed my most sincere thanks; the colonel put the letter into my hand; he went to his horses again; and I went to evening parade.

In the evening, after my duty was done, I went down to see my intended, and to tell her and her family of my good fortune. On my walk hither I had a most strange feeling; it was not that of elation

of spirits, but rather of a dreary and gloomy turn. In this mood I reached the abode of my little wife, before I was aware of my near approach, and had almost stumbled upon her good father before I perceived him. Indeed, I should have passed him but for his usual salutation, "Ah, John, is that you? how are you?" This address roused me from my reverie, and I replied, with affected dignity, "Come, sir, be a little more respectful to your superior officer, or I shall send you to the congee-house." Here I could not help lowering the ensign's mighty dignity, by bursting into a loud laugh. The old gentleman did not seem to know what to make of it; but I suppose he thought me tipsy, for at last he said, "What's the matter, John? you seem a little out of sorts this evening." I then took his arm; we walked together towards the house; and on the way I told him the whole affair. He replied, "Then of course that will break off the match with my poor Ann; you will now look higher." At this the ensign's blood rose and he got nettled, and warmly replied, "You have mistaken your man, sir. I could never, after winning

the affections of any woman, forsake or desert her. No: it was with tenfold pleasure I came down to assure her of my unalterable affection." Here my friend gave me his honest hand, and I have no doubt, his heart with it; and thus, hand in hand, we entered where all the family were seated round a table at work, their usual evening's employment.

On entering the room, the father, addressing himself to the domestic circle assembled, said, in a jocular manner, "Mrs. H. and children, permit me to introduce to your acquaintance Ensign John Shipp, Esquire, of the Horse Marines—I mean his Majesty's own Irish Regiment of Foot." I made a bow worthy of his Majesty's commission and of the corps to which I was appointed; but this profound obeisance only set the young ones tittering, and one of them, the youngest, had the impudence to point the finger of derision at me, saying, "He an ensign! so is my cat," which cat she immediately paraded on the table on his two hinder extremities, calling him "Ensign Shipp." After this I seated myself close to my little intended, and whispered the whole truth into her

ear; but, instead of evincing the joy which I expected, she turned pale and gloomy. I inquired the cause. She was humble as she was good, and she replied, "I am sorry for it; for I suppose you will not condescend to look upon a poor conductor's daughter." Here the ensign's ire was again roused to a pitch far beyond that of a sergeant-major, and I said, "What the devil (I could not help the warm expression) do you all take me for? man or beast? No, Ann; have a better opinion of me." I then extended my hand towards her, and pledged the honour of an ensign that it was her's, and her's only. She seized my hand and bathed it with her tears. I then directed the conversation into a new channel, by turning my indignation on the little one who had metamorphosed the cat into an ensign; but, as I bethought myself that I really had seen less sagacious animals bearing that commission, I kissed her for her impudence, and forgave her.

The following day I had my hair cut *a la ensign*, and ordered a new suit of regimentals; and the third day I dined at the mess of my old corps, to which I had a general invitation during the time

I remained at the station. I received the most marked kindness from the regiment on my promotion. Invitation followed upon invitation, so that it took up nearly the whole of the ensign's time to make and write excuses; the officers vied with each other in politeness and liberality; and I shall ever remember the generosity of the late 24th Regiment with feelings of gratitude.

Having arranged my affairs, I left Cawnpore for Dinapore, on the 1st day of January, 1815, having first concerted every thing for my marriage as soon as I should be settled with my regiment. I reached the station where my corps was quartered in five days, a distance of four hundred miles.

On the morning of the 5th day I landed, for the purpose of reporting my arrival to my commanding officer. After wandering about the station a considerable time, without seeing a single European soldier, at last I met a woman, and I asked her if she would have the goodness to inform me where I could find the commanding officer of the 87th Regiment. I found by her manners (I mean ill manners) that she had early paid her devoirs to the shrine of

rum. I repeated, "Will you, my good woman, have the goodness to inform me where I can find the 87th Regiment?"

"What, the old Fogs?" said she.

"Fogs!" said I, "no: the 87th Regiment, I mean."

"Is it making fun of me you are?"

I replied, "No, my good woman: I really want to find where the 87th Regiment are."

"Sure they are just after laving this place, because they are gone away these three big days."

"Gone!" I repeated, "where?"

"Fait, to fight against Paul."

"Paul!" said I, "who the devil is he?"

"Arrah! bad luck to you, is it after mocking Judy Flanagan you are, you tafe?" I again assured the woman that I was in earnest, (for she had put herself in a boxing attitude,) and informed her that I was an officer of that corps. Here she burst into a loud horse-laugh, slapping her legs with both her hands, "You an officer of the old Fogs! ha, ha, ha! Arrah, none of your blarney, honey."

"However you may laugh," said I, "I *am* an

officer of the old Fogs, as you call them, and I am come to join them."

"Then," replied she, "you might have saved yourself the trouble, joy; for the divel a one is here, except the quarter-master, and I could not find him this morning; but does your honour really belong to the old Fogaboloughs?" I pledged the honour of an ensign, upon which she stretched forth her brawny paw, and grasped my hand, saying, "Give us your daddle, your honour; sure, I am always glad to see any of the old corps here." She gave me positive proof of her attachment to the regiment by nearly squeezing my hand off, and she was about to confirm the whole with a kiss, but I parried her in this kind intention. She then entered on an eulogium of the regiment: "The divel a better corps within a whole day's march. The regiment is a credit to your honour. Och! thase are the boys for fighting!" Here she pulled up her petticoats nearly to her knees, and commenced capering and humming a tune. I could not help laughing, for she footed it with the skill of a dancing-master. When she had pretty nearly

winded herself, she again seized my hand, and asked me for something "to drink his honour's health, and success to the old Fogs." I told her that, if she could inform me if there was any person belonging to the regiment at the station, I might be inclined to give her something to drink.

"Thank your honour," said she; "sure, the adjutant, and one Captain Bell, are left behind."

"The adjutant here?" answered I, "what, sick or on duty?"

"Neither, your honour: he is confined as snug as a bug to his own room, and is a prisoner besides. Sure, there has been a mighty blusteration and hubbub between him and the same Captain Bell."

I inquired what had been the matter.

"Matter, your honour? matter enough: there has been bloody murder betwixt them; and sure there is no end to the murders in this regiment."

"What, have they been fighting?" said I, meaning a duel.

"Fighting? sure enough."

"Is the captain also a prisoner?"

"Snug enough, joy."

"Will you be kind enough to show me where the adjutant's quarters are?"

"To be sure, honey: he lives just over against the corner house, just over by the other side of the chapel, and forenent the main guard-room; sure anybody will inform you that knows."

"I fear I shall never find it, with all these leading points," said I; "give me some place near it."

"Well, your honour, do you see yonder woman standing all alone, with a man spaking to her? Or can you see the house round the corner?"

Finding now, from the information proffered by this lady, that the more explanatory she attempted to be, the more unintelligible she became, I cut the matter short by giving her a rupee, and I took my leave of this ardent admirer of the old Fogs with her parting benediction,—"God bless your honour; may your honour never die till the side of an old house fall on you and kill you."

Having parted from this pretty specimen of my new regiment, I inquired for the adjutant's quarters, which were pointed out to me. At the door I met a soldier, of whom I inquired if the adjutant was at

home, and was informed he had just gone out. I said I would wait till he returned; so I seated myself, and in about five minutes after he came in; and, when I informed him who I was, he gave me a hearty welcome, invited me to breakfast, and I remained with him the two days I stopped at the station. From this officer I learned, that the regiment had left two days before, against the Nepaulese. This was a piece of news that delighted me much, although I had not a single thing prepared for such a campaign, nor was it probable I could procure what was necessary, after the whole country had been drained of cattle, &c. to supply the army. But, notwithstanding this, in two days I was ready, so far as carriage; but, as I could not, by any possibility, get a tent, I was obliged to manufacture one, something like what our gipsies use, out of a setterenge, or Indian cotton carpet.

Thus provided, I commenced my march to join the old Fogs, who had preceded me five marches. The first day I accomplished a distance equal to the regiment's first two days' marches. The next day I completed two more, and was handsomely treated

by an indigo-planter, in the district of Tirhoot, where their liberality is noted. I sent on my things, the next morning, twenty miles, and desired that they might be conveyed twenty more, should I not reach them that night. I spent the day with my liberal host, the planter; slept there, and, after eating a hearty breakfast, started the next morning on horseback, my kind entertainer having laid horses for me on the road. I overtook my things about two miles from their destination, and put up at another indigo-planter's. Here I met a young officer, who was also on his way to rejoin the same division, and, as it proved after a little conversation, the same regiment. He was very young, and seemed delicate; and, I thought, but little calculated for such an arduous campaign as the one in prospect. Here we regaled ourselves till next morning, when we thanked our host for his liberality, and bade him farewell. This was the last indigo factory on our road, and travelling without protection was attended with some little danger, the lowlanders being proverbial for murders and robberies. We were, therefore, now obliged to

proceed with caution. In the daytime we remained in our tents, and at night slept in some hut or temple. Neither tents nor mud walls were any safeguard against the desperate thieves in these districts; besides, these lowlands abounded with tigers, bears, hyænas, wolves, jackalls, &c.; and, as these had not been much accustomed to the sight of Europeans, we could not tell how far they might be induced to go for such unusual delicacies; so safety was the parole.

The first march I taught my young companion the art of becoming his own butcher, cook, &c., for I killed, skinned, washed, cooked, and eat, a fine young kid, of part of which I made a curry, and grilled the remainder; of this my young friend partook, with most excellent appetite. After tea, we moved into a village for the night; for some suspicious fellows had already been seen loitering about. When thus travelling, I would recommend people to show their fire-arms, and, in the dusk of the evening, to fire them off. The *dacoits*, or low thieves, in India, although a most desperate set, have the greatest dread of fire-arms, and will seldom ap-

proach those whom they know to possess them, however ill-disposed they might be under other circumstances. Thus, I have often, on the rivers Hoogley and Ganges, when coming home at night in a lone boat, escaped being robbed, and, perhaps, murdered, by frequently discharging my fire-arms, while others, who have neglected this precaution, or perhaps not had fire-arms with them, have been plundered, and, in many instances, murdered, in spite of the police kept on those rivers.

The regiment was now only twenty miles a-head of us. We therefore retired early to rest, intending to reach the corps the following day. We had not reposed more than an hour, lying upon our things, when I was awoke by a noise, something like the crowing of the domestic cock, and then like the barking of a dog. I had been too long in the country not to know that these crowings and barkings were sure indications of robbers being on the look-out. I therefore seized my pistol, resolving to have a shot at whatever first made its appearance. For a time all was still. There were two doorways to the hut in which we had sheltered ourselves;

and, across each of these doorways, lay myself and my young friend. I was wide awake, and he was dozing, when, all of a sudden, he jumped up, and bellowed out, so that his voice re-echoed again,—"Who is that?" I jumped up and said,—"What's the matter?" He answered,—"Some person's hand touched my face." I replied,—You must have been dreaming." He said he was confident that what he said was true.—"Well, then, if it is, don't be afraid," said I. This nettled the young soldier, and he replied,—"No, sir; I am not so easily frightened as you may imagine." I thought at one time he was going to give me proof of his valour, by coming to an open rupture with me; but, at last, we both lay down to repose again, I thinking to myself,—"I shall try your courage by and by, my lad." I pretended to be asleep, and soon heard the thieves on the move again. I therefore stole silently from my bed, and discharged both my pistols in the air, bellowing out, with the lungs of an ensign,—*Choor! choor! choor!* which my companion perfectly understood to be, thieves! thieves! thieves! Hearing this, he made a des-

perate jump over my bed, and was out with me in a moment; but he afterwards confessed that he was most dreadfully alarmed. We retired to rest once more, but had not lain long, before I felt a hand cross my face. I immediately seized the fellow, but he was so oiled that he slipped through my hands like an eel, and was out of sight in a moment. I ran out after him, but he was gone like a whisper on the breeze. At this juncture, I heard my companion crying out,—"Where are you, sir? Where are you, Mr. Shipp? Don't leave me." When I returned, I found him in a dreadful state of alarm, and, I must confess, I did not myself half like it. These nocturnal robbers go perfectly naked, with their heads shaved, and oiled from head to foot. They seemed bent upon robbing us, for it was strange that they should have returned after I had fired. However, I reloaded my pistols, and I said, —"Now, sir, I think we may repose till the morning."—"Repose, sir!" he replied; "I don't think I shall sleep again for a week."—"Nonsense!" said I; "we soldiers must not mind these little skirmishes. Such things as these happen every

day, and we laugh at them. If we had nothing more to disturb our peace than these little annoyances, soldiering would be a delightful life indeed. The grand thing is to keep a good watch, so as not to be taken by surprise. Have you ever heard of the dreadful massacre at Summanpore and Persah?" He replied,—"No, sir; how did that happen?" Upon this, I told him, that, as I did not myself intend to lie down again, I would, if agreeable, relate the particulars of that catastrophe, which would serve to keep us awake till morning.

Major-General Wood, of the Company's army, detached ten companies from the troops under his command; five to a place called Summanpore, and five to Persah, two desolate and deserted villages, some few miles from the extensive forests of the Nepaul territory,—forests which, even to look at, strike the beholder with awe. In the recesses of these dreary woods, dwelt every beast that is unfriendly to man, and, behind them, if not in ambush within their range, lay an insidious and savage enemy, inured to war, noted for stratagems and craft, and who loathed the sight of a white soldier.

The position taken up by these detachments was very judiciously chosen, and was by nature a strong and tenable post against the most formidable foe, being surrounded by a deep ditch, with high and abrupt banks. Only one narrow road ran through this place, over which a temporary bridge, made of boughs and mud, was thrown. Across this only inlet, in the rear of the encampment, was a gradually-rising ground, on which the detachments wisely posted two six-pounders, with the artillery and a strong piquet. These parties were, of course, thus placed for the purpose of watching the enemy, in order that the detachments might not be surprised; and the two entrances to this post of honour should have been watched with the eye of an Argus.

Thus situated, the detachments were permitted to remain in peace and unmolested, for a considerable time. This apparent disregard, on the part of the crafty Nepaulese, of so hated a foe, who, they must have known, were lingering on the frontiers of their country, and watching their every movement, would have created, in some breasts, a suspicion

that some more malignant or subtle plan was in preparation than at first appeared, and that the opportunity was only wanting to put it in execution. Unfortunately, however, the detachments entertained no such apprehensions, but attributed this neglect and apparent indifference of the enemy to their fear of attacking them in their strong hold, and to their resolution not to venture from their hiding-places. This delusive conclusion lulled them into the most distressing apathy, arising from the notion entertained by them of their perfect security: they abated in their usual vigilance, and the necessary watchfulness was neglected,—so important in all situations, but more especially on outposts and piquets,—situations of high trust and honour, on the strict performance of the duties of which the lives of thousands frequently depend.

The lives of almost every man composing the ten companies of which I speak, fell a sacrifice to the fancied security in which they reposed. Both detachments were surprised and cut to pieces before they could even fly to their arms; and, out

of about eight hundred men, not above fifty escaped. The attack on the part of the enemy was so judiciously planned, that their grand object was to cut off our troops from their firelocks, and their plan was so well executed, that they succeeded for a considerable time in so doing. The carnage that ensued was dreadful. The attacking party, on a dark night, has a decided advantage over the party attacked, and pre-eminently so, of course, if the latter are taken by surprise. The confusion and disorder on these occasions is awfully terrific and appalling; the consternation is beyond the power of words to describe; and the massacre is, in general, enormous. The first panic puts the whole mass in motion; some running one way, some another; some dash headlong into the very arms of danger; and others, in their endeavour to escape, rush wildly on their comrades' bayonets. Many a brave man fell in this sad affair; wives were bereaved of their husbands, and children of their parents; for but few, as I have said before, survived to tell the tale of woe. We afterwards learned, from the Nepaulese, that no men ever fought better. One

captain of the honourable Company's Artillery fired six shots, after the whole of his European and Native gunners had been cut down at their guns. This officer's name was Matthews, and he was one of the few who escaped from this dreadful carnage. Lieutenant Charles Smith, of the old 15th Regiment, Native Infantry, fought gallantly, but was obliged to fly, being nearly left alone. A strange coincidence happened to this brave officer. He was a remarkably stout and heavy man, and could not swim; but, strange to say, he crossed a ditch some fourteen feet wide and ten feet deep; but how, he knows not. I have, in the course of my military life, been told of things I had myself done while in action, of which I was quite unconscious; I am therefore of opinion that, when in action, and the danger imminent, the mind is so intent upon the preservation of life, that you know not what you do. Poor Smith often related this fact to me, with the assurance that all he could recollect was, that he sunk to the bottom, and made a desperate plunge to reach the opposite bank; but how he ascended the steep bank,

or whether he was assisted or not, he never knew. Captain Sibley, of the Company's service, fell on this occasion, gallantly endeavouring to rally his panic-struck little force. He fell a victim to his zeal, leaving a wife and family to bewail his loss. The fact of brave men being lost in this way is doubly felt and lamented, not only by their disconsolate families, but by the army in general, by whom the catastrophe of Summanpore and Persah will ever be remembered.

Thus ended my doleful narrative, by which my young companion was much affected, and we passed the night without any further annoyance.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning we were in marching-order betimes, and started with the determination of joining our regiment as early in the day as possible. We overtook them about nine o'clock, just as they had crossed a nullah, and had halted on the opposite bank. I immediately sought the acting adjutant, from whom, after I had announced my name and delivered my credentials, I received every politeness and attention. He introduced me at once to the commanding-officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, C.B., who received me in the most cordial manner, congratulated me on my appointment, and expressed himself much pleased at my accession to the regiment. All the officers of the corps flocked round me, and greeted me in the most handsome and friendly manner, every one of them inviting me to breakfast. That invitation,

however, I had previously received from the kind commander of the Prince's Own Irish Regiment. This liberal conduct was the more gratifying to my feelings, as I must confess I did not anticipate any such friendly reception. I was well aware of the existing prejudice, and the caution with which officers promoted from the ranks were usually received; but no such prejudice prevailed in this distinguished corps: on the contrary, had I been the son of a duke, my reception could not have been more flattering or friendly. It is true that I had the most flattering letters of introduction from my late commanding-officer to my present, but as I had not delivered them, the kindness which I experienced was wholly spontaneous and unsolicited, and the result of liberal and benevolent feeling. My young companion was received by all in the same handsome manner.

As I found that the jacket, which I had had made for me in haste when I was ordered to join the regiment, was widely different from the uniform of the corps, I apologized for this to the colonel while at breakfast, and he relieved me from all

anxiety on that score, by replying, "Ah, never mind; the one you have will do very well for fighting in, as it is supposed we shall have some pretty hard service."

The following day the regiment reached the ground on which the army engaged in the arduous campaign of Nepaul, in the years 1815 and 1816, had been directed to form. It was at a place called Ammowah, about thirty-five miles from the great forest of Nepaul. At the back of this forest were the strong forts and stockades of the enemy, on hills whose summits were crowned with milk-white clouds, fringed with glittering gold; and in the distance were to be seen the snowy mountains proudly towering over the heads of the more humble hills below.

Considerable delay now occurred in the formation of the army, and time began to hang heavy on our hands, although we had good hunting, shooting, and racing, and did our best to amuse ourselves when off active duty. But this was not the sort of sport for which we were assembled in arms in this wild and romantic territory of the Nepaulese. Our

object was to reduce this artful and warlike tribe to subjection; for our disasters the year before had made them bold and overbearing, and had incited them to laugh to scorn all overtures of amicable arrangement. They trusted, and not without good cause, to the almost inaccessible nature of their country, and, from their tremendous fortified hills and stockades, looked down with contempt on the little foe below.

The necessary preliminaries to this arduous enterprise having been at length duly arranged, things began to take a more active turn, and in three days after we bent our way towards that forest that for ages past had been the terror of the East, and was indeed a bulwark to the Nepaul territory. Our march was necessarily slow and tedious; but in three days we reached a place called Summarabassah, on the very margin of that terrific forest. On the last day I was in the rear-guard, which did not reach camp until late in the evening, although a distance of not more than ten miles. The roads on which we marched might, with great propriety, be termed bogs. They

abounded with deep nullahs or ravines, with abrupt banks of a clayey nature. Our heavy guns we were compelled to get over by means of men and drag-ropes, for the bullocks had no footing, and many of these poor creatures were much hurt in the attempt to perform this labour. After the camp was in sight, we were three hours before we reached it. We had marched at about four o'clock in the morning, without breakfast, expecting to reach our ground by nine, the usual time, instead of which we did not get in until past four o'clock in the afternoon, and then half famished.

We at last reached camp, in front of which, in a kind of inlet to the forest, stood a large building, two stories high, forming a square. This was built of stone, and tiled; and had only one entrance, which was a small door. This security was, no doubt, to protect the inmates against depredation, and from the nocturnal visits of savage animals. It was supposed to have been the residence of the collector of the lowlands or valleys. At this place we established a strong depôt, or principal post of communication, where

we could deposit cumbersome or superfluous stores with safety. On the forest side we erected a strong breast-work or stockade, with a wide and deep ditch, and embrasures for some guns—I now forget the number—I think four.

The following day, Captain Gully, Lieutenants Masterson, Lee, Bowes, and Ensign Shipp, must needs take a morning ride, and a peep into this dark and dreary forest,—the awe of man, and the haunts of beasts. We had not gone far, when we saw several bears near a water-brook,—no doubt for the purpose of a morning swim, for the weather was warm. A little further, we struck into a path, about a yard wide, which we all agreed to explore. On each side of this path the underwood was thick and dark; the trees were of an enormous and gigantic size; every hundred yards were places where it was evident that fires had been kindled; and large trees had been cut down, and were piled across the pathway, for the prevention, beyond question, of intruders. We rode on till prudence suggested the propriety of returning; but our curiosity was not yet satisfied, so we mutually

agreed to proceed about two miles further. At last we came to a fire which was still burning. Here we called a consultation, and at last again agreed to proceed about two miles further. This distance brought us so close to the hills, that we could discover men moving on them. About a mile further was the end of the dark and frightful forest of Nepaul, which, the year before, had kept five thousand men at bay. At the end was some open ground, with large clumps of bamboo treēs, and the open space pebbly. It was evident that this space was covered with water during the monsoons. We still rode on a little further, until at last we saw some men running across the road, whereupon we unanimously agreed that it was high time to return, having satisfied our curiosity to the full, and at the risk of our lives. We were fearful that they might have observed us, and have despatched a detachment to cut off our retreat; and we now began to count our beads of repentance; but the trial was to be made,—so on we pushed, and reached camp without molestation, thanking the auspicious stars that were our safeguards. The

distance we had ridden was about thirteen miles, which, being doubled, made a pretty good morning's ride; add to which, that during the excursion we had leapt over about a hundred large trees. For this piece of palpable indiscretion we were, as we richly deserved, most severely admonished; but the information which we had gained was truly acceptable, and we the following day commenced our march, taking the road which we had so rashly explored, preceded by pioneers, who soon cleared a way, and made a good carriage-road. We had scarcely any stoppage, nor did we see a soul of the enemy. If small stockades had been thrown across this narrow pathway, our loss of men must have been great; but the supposed inaccessible nature of their mountains made the enemy slumber in security. We soon got through the avenue, and continued our march through the pebbly bed before alluded to. About a mile a-head of this, a small plain opened to view, studded with small bushes, at the extreme end of which the bed of the dry ravine took a direction to the left. Here a most magnificent scene burst upon the sight. The hills

at this point represented a flight of stairs; one reared its golden summit above the other in beautiful succession; the whole of them were wooded with the most beautiful variegated trees and shrubs; and, here and there, majestic rocks elevated their proud heads, and seemed to bid defiance to the besieging enemy. At the foot, or base, of these hills, were posted two strong piquets of the enemy; one on a hill to the right, in a house similar to the one described at Summerabassah: but on our approach they flew into the hills in the vicinity, without giving us a shot in earnest of being our enemy. This silence on the part of a subtle and cunning foe informed us, in plain terms, that something was brewing for us. They seemed to coax and invite us to advance and view their picturesque country. It was necessary to establish here a post of communication, through which we could obtain supplies; for which purpose the house just spoken of was fortified, and a depôt established. Here we waited until this post was well stored with every requisite for war. During this time, the quarter-master-general's department was busily em-

ployed in reconnoitreing the surrounding country; but, from the intricacy of its nature, but little information could be obtained which we could on sure grounds act upon. At last, after our patience was worn almost threadbare with this delay, it was given out, as the firm opinion of the quarter-master-general (grounded on unquestionable information from his trust-worthy spies), that to force an entrance at this point would be attended with the most disastrous consequences. To risk a failure at the commencement of a war against such a foe, would have been the basis of our ultimate defeat and destruction; and it appeared, from information not to be doubted, that in the direction which we had thought of taking, there were stockade upon stockade, and fort upon fort. The attempt, therefore, to prosecute our enterprise in this direction, under all these circumstances, could be considered in no other light than wantonly knocking our heads against the flinty rocks, or offering our shattered limbs as wadding for the enemy's guns, or our bodies to fill up some deep vacuity in their new and numerous stockades. We had more than fifty years' dear-

bought experience, and an officer seventy years of age for our guide. The young and inexperienced officers, in the ardour of youth, felt mortified at this information; and, had their will and feelings been consulted, they would have madly rushed to their graves.

It was the opinion of the more calm-thinking and experienced men, that if, after the information we possessed, we had proceeded in the same track, and a failure had been the result, the whole dishonour of the catastrophe would have fallen on the head of the commander, and have been visited with the government's disapprobation and censure; but we had at our head a soldier possessing every requisite for such a critical campaign, and whose thoughts were now turned to some more practicable part of the country. Every one was actively engaged in the attempt to discover some new road, path, or ascent. Spies had now been absent two days, and some apprehensions were entertained as to their safety, knowing the barbarity of the Nepaulese; but on the evening of the third day they returned; but not a syllable could be gleaned from

the quarter-master-general's department: every ear was on the listen, to catch the slightest hint, but all was silence and secrecy throughout the camp. Rumours were flying about, and strange stories were circulated; but the prevailing opinion was, that we must give up the campaign, on account of an impossibility of access into the enemy's country. This was a death-blow to our hopes. The attempt to force the entrance above alluded to, would have been through the Chirecah Ghattie Pass; but this was wisely given up as hopeless. There was a small ravine branching off from the bed of a dry river, in which our encampment lay, and its entrance looked like the dreary access to some deep cavern. From thence the spies last came. The moon rose in all her splendour, gilding the tops of the golden-leaved trees, and all was silent, save the falling of the distant cataract, when a faint whisper, borne on the refreshing breeze of night, said, "Prepare to move;" and in one hour after we entered this little gaping cavern, leaving the principal part of our force for the protection of our standing tents and baggage. We

were equipped as lightly as possible. Two six-pounders were conveyed on elephants, and our march seemed to lie through the bed of this ravine, which was rocky, and watered by a crystal current, that rippled along its flinty bed. We did not proceed at the rate of more than one or two hundred yards an hour, ascending and descending every twenty paces; at one time deep sunk in some dark excavation, and shortly afterwards perched upon the summit of a rock, the falling of the numerous cataracts drowning the noise made by our approach. The night was cold and chilly, but as light as noon-day: not a cloud was to be seen; the sky was one sheet of beautiful blue; but in some of the excavations, where the blessed moon never condescended to show her bright face, we were obliged to go back to boyhood, and have a game of blind-man's-buff, for in those places we were obliged to grope our way completely in the dark. In these excavations the water was deep and cold; but even in these dreary spots we experienced some pleasure, for occasionally, through little fissures in the rock, we could espy the distant

moon-lit landscape, which appeared as though viewed through a spyglass, and was beautiful in the extreme.

Had the enemy been aware of our nocturnal excursion, they might have annihilated us, by rolling down rocks and stones upon our heads; but, fortunately for us, they slumbered on the couch of fancied security, and heard us not. What with falling and slipping, we became wet through; but, as I had that night the honour of bearing my country's banner, this was a charge, the care of which afforded me neither time nor inclination to attend either to personal annoyance or personal comfort. I felt that, while it was untarnished, I should be proud and happy. My covering-sergeant once had the assurance to ask me to permit him to deprive me of the incumbrance. I really thought I should have jumped down the fellow's throat. "An incumbrance!" I repeated; "how dare you to cast such an imputation on England's pride? No, sergeant: he who takes this colour, when before an enemy, will take with it my life."— "I beg pardon, sir; I did not intend to offend

you, or cast a reflection on that flag under which I have fought and bled." I replied,—"No, sergeant, I know you did not intend to offend me, or cast a stigma upon the colour; but supposing that I should be so imprudent as to give up such a charge to you, and you should lose it, or be killed, or meet with any other accident, which in the course of war we are all liable to, what answer should I make my justly-offended country, when asked, where is the banner which was entrusted to your charge? What excuse would it be to say, I gave it to a sergeant to carry? Should I not deserve to be carried to the gallows? No, sergeant, the post of ensign is one of most distinguished trust, and so long as I hold that commission, nothing but death shall part me and my flag; while it is my duty to bear it; but your offer was that of kindness. Come, let us drink to its prosperity." Here I gave him my little pistol, or brandy-bottle, and, in the most prophetic manner, he said, "Well, Sir, God bless and prosper our old banner; and, ere to-morrow's dawn, may you wave it over a conquered foe." I took a drop, and said, amen. My young friend, who had

journeyed with me from Dinapore, and who was now my chum, had the honour of carrying the other flag, and he also gloried in the distinction; and, although he had some twenty desperate falls, and sprained his thumb, he would not part with it.

Our march now became more and more tardy, and the ascents and descents more difficult and intricate. In some places, rocks of gigantic size hung some hundred feet over head. These sudden and tremendous hills and dales indicated that we could not have far to go; for the last hill was scarcely accessible. The soles of both my boots had long refused to bear me company any further; but I had one faithful soul that bore me through every difficulty and hardship.

The morn now began to break through the cerulean chambers of the east, the faithful moon still lingering on the tops of the western hills, loth to bid us farewell. I was of course in the centre of my regiment. We halted a considerable time,—till broad daylight, when we could see, from where I stood, the soldiers in advance of us, ascending by means of projecting rocks and boughs. We

were halted in a kind of basin, surrounded by high hills. In the course of a couple of hours, the whole of the 87th Regiment, with our gallant general and suite, ascended this difficult ghaut. From this eminence we could see a great distance; and on every hill we could discern signals, which were communicated from post to post. From this we concluded that the enemy had gained information of our approach; but I do not think they knew whereabouts we were, as will appear afterwards, but merely that some of our troops had marched from their old ground.

What will not good examples effect on the minds of soldiers? Our gallant general walked every yard of this critical march, encouraging his men. These well-timed examples will accomplish wonders. The question now was, how to get the guns up, and the powder and shot; but those who are accustomed to wars in India are not often at a loss for expedients. Having got all the men up, except the rear-guard, the pioneers went to work with their pickaxes, some making a road, and others felling trees. As we were but two regiments, the

general's primary object was to place our little force to the best advantage. This accomplished, the guns were our next object. Having cut a good deal of the most prominent part of the hill away, and lain trees on the ascent, as a footing for elephants, these animals were made to approach it, which the first did with some reluctance and fear. He looked up, shook his head, and, when forced by his driver, he roared piteously. There can be no question, in my opinion, that this sagacious animal was competent instinctively to judge of the practicability of the artificial flight of steps thus constructed; for the moment some little alteration had been made, he seemed willing to approach. He then commenced his examination and scrutiny, by pressing with his trunk the trees that had been thrown across; and after this he put his fore leg on, with great caution, raising the fore part of his body so as to throw its weight on the tree. This done, he seemed satisfied as to its stability. The next step for him to ascend by was a projecting rock, which we could not remove. Here the same sagacious examination took place, the elephant

keeping his flat side close to the side of the bank, and leaning against it. The next step was against a tree; but this, on the first pressure of his trunk, he did not like. Here his driver made use of the most endearing epithets, such as, "Wonderful, my life,"—"Well done, my dear,"—"My dove,"—"My son,"—"My wife:"—but all these endearing appellations, of which elephants are so fond, would not induce him to try again. Force was at length resorted to, and the elephant roared terrifically, but would not move. Something was then removed; he seemed satisfied, as before; and he in time ascended that stupendous ghaut. On his reaching the top, his delight was visible in a most eminent degree; he caressed his keeper, and threw the dirt about in a most playful manner. Another elephant, a much younger animal, was now to follow. He had watched the ascent of the other with the most intense interest, making motions all the while, as though he was assisting him, by shouldering him up the acclivity; —such gestures as I have seen some men make when spectators of gymnastic exercises. When he saw his comrade up, he evinced his pleasure, by

giving a salute, something like the sound of a trumpet. When called upon to take his turn, however, he seemed much alarmed, and would not act at all without force. When he was two steps up, he slipped, but recovered himself, by digging his toes in the earth. With the exception of this little accident, he ascended exceedingly well. When this elephant was near the top, the other, who had already performed his task, extended his trunk to the assistance of his brother in distress, round which the younger animal entwined his, and thus reached the summit of the ghaut in safety. Having both accomplished their task, their greeting was as cordial as if they had been long separated from each other, and had just escaped from some perilous achievement. They mutually embraced each other, and stood face to face for a considerable time, as if whispering congratulations. Their driver then made them salam to the general, who ordered them five rupees each for sweetmeats. On this reward of their merit being ordered, they immediately returned thanks by another salam.

At the top of this ghaut we left five companies

of Native Infantry to protect our baggage, that must necessarily follow through this pass. Pioneers were also left to cut down the hill, so that our large guns might be dragged up by means of men. This arranged, we pushed on for about a couple of miles. Our route lay through the bed of a river, which was then dry, but which, from the enormous trees that had been washed down its current, must be rapid and destructive during the monsoons. I believe the whole distance we had accomplished did not exceed five miles, and we had been upwards of sixteen hours on the move. By the evening, the enemy had learned of our being in their country with a large force, with elephants, guns, &c., which so much alarmed them, that they dared not so much as take a peep at us. They said that we were not men, but devils, and that we must have descended from the skies. Some set forth that we were seen soaring in the air in aerial cars, drawn by elephants. Thus, their idolatrous superstition frightened them out of their wits, and, until some of them, more courageous than the rest, had ventured and felt that we were men, they could not

be prevailed upon to return to their posts, nor would they ever believe that we had ascended the ghaut; and, indeed, to view it even after the hill had undergone such a metamorphosis, it was then almost beyond credit that the whole army, with twenty-four pounders, should have been got up.

Our next object was to keep firm possession of what we had attained with so much difficulty; for which purpose a small hill was selected for the general safety, on which we established outline piquets. From hence we could reconnoitre the surrounding neighbourhood; but we had scared the foe far into the woods and hills. The beauteous sun, which had in mercy dried our wet clothes, was now on the decline, but assumed such an awful colour, that it looked like a blood-stained banner. It had, when this idea came across my mind, half buried itself behind the highest hill visible from our new and exalted situation. When the sun had wholly retired behind the hills, the golden rays which lingered on the scene rendered it truly magnificent and ravishing. The mountains in the distance were so high, that their tops seemed

to touch the clear blue clouds, while those which exceeded the others in height seemed pushing their smaller neighbours headlong, to crush the foe below.

When the sombre robe of eve began to spread itself over the beauteous scene, fires were seen as far as the eye could reach. These were signals of alarm, and we could not expect anything less than a desperate effort to drive us down the ghaut again; for the prevention of which every possible preparation was promptly made. We were cold, hungry, and barefooted. There had been an order that every man should bring three days' provisions; but, by some mistake, this order had been neglected to be properly communicated, for it ought to have been verbally published on the morning of the day we marched. The expectation of something to do in the night made us forget the cold and hunger. An additional outline and advanced piquet was ordered, and I was the next for duty. This piquet was thrown out about two hundred yards in front of the others,—a subaltern's piquet. The first line of piquets threw out a chain of double sentinels, the

extremities of which formed a link with those thrown out from the hill above, forming one-eighth of a circle round the general body. Mine was rather a piquet for reconnoitreing, and, in case of alarm, to join the first piquet behind me. It was now about twenty hours since we had had anything to eat. I was therefore hungry, and, consequently, in good watching order, for an Englishman is always irritable and peevish when his belly is empty. Repose was quite out of the question, for bedding we had none, except the earth. I could not sleep myself, and I took care that my little piquet did not slumber on their posts. Of water there was plenty, for a most lovely crystal brook murmured close by; but we were quite cold enough without that. It grew dark and lonely, fires being forbidden to those on piquet, while those on the hill had enormous ones. Speaking beyond a whisper was also forbidden. Thus posted, we fully expected to be attacked; for the enemy was famous for night-work. I visited my sentinels every quarter of an hour. I could always find them by their teeth chattering. I had forbidden them from challenging me, as I gave them

to understand I should always whistle when I was going round, and thus the enemy would stumble upon my little piquet, and we could, if overpowered, retreat to a stronger. Thus things went on till the moon rose in all her eastern splendour, which enlivened the scene considerably; for, when she was thoroughly roused from her slumbers, we could see a great distance. All was hush as the tomb, save the crackling faggot, and the distant roaring of beasts of prey. All of a sudden, two of my sentinels bellowed out so that the echo resounded again, —"Who comes there? Who comes there?" Bang! bang! went both their muskets, and, in an instant, my whole piquet were on the spot; and the whole line were ferretted out of their beds of dried leaves; guns loaded; matches lit; all was ready for the conflict: when it was found that the alarm was occasioned by a bear or tiger lurking close upon our post, and which, in all probability, if not timely disturbed, would have walked off with one of our men. The circumstance was explained to an aid-de-camp who had arrived, and all was again quiet; and the two sentinels got finely roasted by their

comrades, who had been obliged to turn out from their hiding-places. Naught now was heard, save some pathetic execrations on the disturbers of the night, by some poor fellow who had lost his warm birth. Thus passed the night. This was in the month of January, and a bitter night it was.

The following morning it was truly laughable to see the men crawling from a huge heap of dried leaves, like pigs out of their straw. Thus enveloped, they had managed to keep themselves warm during the night. Some companies' liquor and biscuit had arrived; and, a short time after daylight, my men and myself had something to eat, in the delights of which meal we forgot the cares of a soldier, smiled on the hardships that were passed, and thought little of those to come. I had some tea, which revived me much. I must confess I do love to be on duty on any kind of service with the Irish. There is a promptness to obey, a hilarity, a cheerful obedience, and willingness to act, which I have rarely met with in any other body of men; but whether, in this particular case, those qualifications had been instilled into

them by the rigid discipline of their corps, I know not, or whether these are characteristics of the Irish nation; but I have also observed in that corps (I mean the 87th Regiment, or Prince's Own Irish), a degree of liberality amongst the men I have never seen in any other corps,—a willingness to share their crust and drop on service with their comrades; an indescribable cheerfulness in obliging and accommodating each other; and an anxiety to serve each other, and to hide each other's faults. In that corps there was a unity I have never seen in any other; and, as for fighting, they were very devils. During the peninsular war, some general officer observed to the Duke of Wellington how unsteadily that corps marched. The noble duke replied,—"Yes, general, they do indeed; but they fight like devils." So they always will while they are Irish. In some situations they are, perhaps, too impetuous, but, if I know anything of the service, this is a fault on the right side; and what at the moment was thought rashness and madness has gained Old England many a glorious victory.

Our magical or aerial flight up the ghauts, with

guns and elephants, seemed to have bewildered the enemy, for we could not get a glimpse of one of them; and it is not clear to me that they had not flown to their capital, to see if some of us had alighted there, or that we were not soaring in the air in that vicinity.

The sun rose in majestic splendour, and the scene before us was a little world of woody hills and valleys. The brilliant rays of the luminary of day exhibited to the eye nature's master-piece in scenery. Golden woods that would have defied the pencil of an artist, and which surpassed the sublimest creation of the imagination; glittering hills, that vied in brilliancy with the rising sun; rippling rills, that whispered, "Come, ye thirsty souls, and drink of the crystal brook; and, ye passing seraphs, stay and dip your wings in the pure stream, ere ye ascend to the realms of love;" lofty towering pines, that nodded "Come, and see the things on high;" and cataracts, that rushed headlong down the rocky cliff, and imparted a wild beauty to the whole beyond the power of words to describe. There sighed the weeping willows, which, by the

cool brook-side, dipped their new-born leaves in the rippling waters, to steal more tears that they might weep again. There sported the golden fish, sheltering themselves from the meridian sun, beneath the shade of the over-hanging foliage. There grew the blushing rose, calmly reposing on its downy moss, and smiling that it had, when fair maidens were asleep, robbed their cheeks of all their beauty. There flourished the gaudy tulip; and the blue-eyed violet dwelt on the mossy banks. The little minstrels of the grove tuned their morning notes, and their seraphic melody lulled the whole to sweet repose. Oh, that ever human blood should defile these beauteous scenes! or that the horrors of war should disturb the sweet harmony established by nature in the fertile valleys of this sweet and picturesque country! But in this paradise of beauty dwelt a cruel and barbarous people, proverbial for their bloody deeds, whose hearts were more callous than the flinty rocks that reared their majestic heads above their woody mountains. They are more savage in their nature than the hungry tiger that prowls through their dreary

glens; cruel as the vulture; cold-hearted as their snowy mountains; subtle and cunning as the fiend of night; powerful as the rocks on which they live; and active as the goat upon the mountain's brow.

We were obliged to proceed with caution, and with our eyes open, step by step. We had intended to have remained here the whole of this day, to enable our supplies to come up; but these having arrived early, we commenced our march in continuation of the same bed of the river. We had not been in motion an hour, before the enemy's fires were lighted, as signals that we were again on the move. Our march was difficult, as we were obliged to cut our way through underwood, and pass through several rivers, which much impeded our progress. These streams are fed and nourished from the tremendous cataracts from the high hills before us. We found that the enemy had strictly watched our movements during the night; for every quarter of a mile we advanced we found fires still burning, and some earthen cooking-vessels in which they had boiled their rice. Having proceeded about a mile, we came to a sudden

and abrupt turning in the river. Here we halted, and the Light Company was sent on to reconnoitre. We then moved on again, and when we had rounded the turning of the river, which swept round the bottom of a little hill, a small plain opened to our view. It was fertile with a kind of yellow grass, that perfumed the air with its odour, something like sandlewood. This grass, we were informed afterwards, was a deadly poison. Here we came to another halt, our spies having returned, and informed us that we were not far from a very strong post of the enemy. This news flew through the ranks like wildfire; the flints were adjusted; bayonets firmly fixed on; cartridges arranged; and every eye beamed delight. I did not much like my present situation, in the centre of the regiment; it was not what I had been used to; but, being one of the youngest ensigns, I was obliged to comply. I thought it strange that the colours should be in the centre, and would, if I had dared to make such a proposition, have suggested that they might be moved to the front; but my commanding officer, good and kind as he was, would, I am sure, have

rode me down for my impudence; so I contented myself by getting on the toes of my lower extremities, and peeping over the men's heads to see what was going on. The Light Company were busy all this time in exploring and examining the localities on our right and left, that we might not be hemmed in. This is a necessary precaution in a mountainous country; for the enemy may open the door to you and bid you enter, and, when well in, may shut you in, so as to leave you no possibility of escape. Young officer, never be inveigled in this manner, but take care—especial care, that you can always insure that last extremity,—a good retreat. My eyes lingered on the Light Bobs as they ascended the surrounding hills, and I wished to be with them, to see what was to be seen. This was a most critical campaign, and required more prudence and caution than I ever possessed in the whole course of my life. In such a country you could not tell but your next step might be in the cannon's mouth. I was thus thinking, when I saw the adjutant running towards the centre of the regiment, vociferating,—"Pass the word for Mr.

Shipp; pass the word for Mr. Shipp."—"Holloa!" thought I, "what's all this about?" At last he came up to me, and said I was to join the Light Company immediately. This was making me a Light Bob, indeed. I made over the colour to my covering sergeant, by the adjutant's desire; but, at that moment, a thought struck me, that perhaps this was the last time I should ever bear it, for I could not foresee but that that day—nay, that fleeting hour, might be my last; so I pressed the colour to my bosom and kissed it: why should I be ashamed of it? I was a soldier, and the oft blood-stained banner was my pride.

I soon joined the Light Bobs, for I could run and jump with the best of them, and the column now proceeded slowly. The fine Light Company of the 25th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry were with us, and there was the greatest intimacy between this Native Company and ours, and more familiarity and good-fellowship than I had ever witnessed during my course of service in India. We now ascended a small hill, at the bottom of which we saw several men running away. Our

soldiers were not cruel, nor did they ever wantonly throw away their fire. A soldier ought to guard every round intrusted to his care, for the protection of his country and himself, as the apple of his eye; many a brave man has lost his life in battle for the want of a round of ammunition, which, in all probability, he had been careless of at the beginning. It is not only a crime, but a folly, for men to be wanton in this particular.' I took about ten men with me, and the acting adjutant followed, and we soon came up with these poor frightened and bewildered creatures. They threw *themselves* on the earth, but did not supplicate for mercy, a thing unknown amongst themselves. They seemed rather to meet the pointed bayonet, than to run or cringe from it; but, when they saw that we did not lay on them the finger of harm, they kissed our feet and then the earth, in token of gratitude. These poor creatures were not soldiers, but poor, solitary, and oppressed villagers, that had been sent for rice, of which they carry great loads, by a strap or belt over their heads, in baskets made of the

willow-twig. We were directed by our general to let them go, that they might tell our enemies that we were not blood-thirsty murderers. When this was communicated to them by one of their countrymen, the eye of fear brightened up; we could see the tear of joy in their eyes; they bowed a hundred times in the most abject prostrations to our feet; then stood towards their village, seemingly dispossessed of any fear. I dare say these poor starving creatures would willingly have sought protection under the shadow of our mercy, rather than return to be the slaves of a tyrannic government.

We now came to a wide river with a rocky bed, and, a little higher up, was the strong post before alluded to. We could see the ends of the houses standing some thirty yards from the river, whose banks, at this place, were high and abrupt. We therefore crossed a little lower down, when the 87th Light Company was pushed on at a good round trot. Here was a square building, something like what I have before described at Summerabassah, but on a much larger and stronger

scale. This we surrounded and entered. About fifty men were in this place; but, on seeing us enter, they ran out at an opposite door, but were met by the European soldiers. Many of them escaped; the others, some of whom showed fight, were killed. The house was empty, except that some unshelled rice and saltpetre were strewn about it. On looking round, we discovered another building of a similar nature, about three hundred yards further in the wood, to which there was a narrow path. Into this we struck, and expected, every moment, to be saluted with the contents of a canister of grape, or with a volley of musketry; for the building commanded this road or pathway from two or three hundred loop-holes. In this building, or, rather, near the door of it, lay a man dead, dreadfully mutilated. We pushed in, and the few soldiers that occupied the house ran out into the wood, which was close to this building, and thus escaped, with the exception of about five or six, who were shot by some good marksmen. This house was also empty, save that some little grain was scattered about here and there. They

did not, I should suppose, expect us to dinner, although their cooking utensils, well filled, were boiling on the fire. These we broke for fear of poison, a crime they were fully capable of. On looking at the poor mutilated man, he was discovered to be one of our spies, respecting whom our kind-hearted quarter-master-general had expressed the most anxious solicitude. My expressions, in describing these savages, may have been thought to have been too severe and exaggerated, when I accused them of being barbarous and cruel; but the reader shall now judge for himself whether or not this accusation was unfounded.

In all nations, even in Europe, the practice of punishing spies is recognized as just; but their execution is generally public, and not without the sanction and approbation of the Governor or Commander-in-Chief; and no piquet, post, or guard, dare inflict the penalty of death. This poor creature was seized, and literally cut to pieces; and it was supposed, by the medical people, that he must have died a death of extreme agony, for the ground under him was dug up with his struggling under

the torture which had been inflicted on him. His arms had been cut off, about half way up from the elbow to the shoulder; after which it appeared that two deep incisions had been cut in his body just above the hips, into which the two arms had been thrust. His features were distorted in a most frightful manner. Our poor fellows wept bitterly over the sight, and swore, in the bitterness of their anger, that they would revenge this foul and bloody deed; and I had great difficulty, with their gallant captain, in restraining them from following those savages into the wood. The pioneers having arrived, the poor wretch was committed to his last home, amidst the sympathy of all around.

Ettoondah was the name of the place where this barbarous murder had been committed, and a more lovely or more picturesque spot there is not in the created world.

Here we had some tolerably good fishing, by tying our horse-blankets together, and then dragging the stream. We remained here some days, for the purpose of making this our grand depôt, for which purpose, in the lower house, which was

better situated than the other, and not so near the wood, we built a large and strong stockade, with six embrasures for guns. This house we converted into store-rooms, and here we left all our superfluous baggage. I had no superfluities; one thing on and one off was quite enough for any man on such a service, and I often regretted, with many of my brother officers, that we had not brought packs, like the men, which would have carried our all safely, and entirely relieved us from the apprehension which we now felt of losing those things not immediately in our presence.

The domestic fowls, kept by the natives, had strayed into the adjoining woods, and there bred, and had become very numerous. At night they roosted on the trees, without any apparent fear of molestation. Firing was most strictly prohibited within a mile of camp; and justly so, or we should, if permitted, have had the soldiers firing away their ammunition, and the camp alarmed. Many of the fowls, however, were caught and eat.

CHAPTER IV.

In three or four days we again moved on. The 87th being the only European corps with this part of the division, we always led the column, or, rather, formed the advance-guard. We commenced our march; and rather wishing to see, instead of groping, our way, we went on through a dense thick wood for a couple of miles, through which there was a tolerably good road, so that our troops travelled with comparative facility. When at the end of two miles, we came to a small open space, where several fires were still alight and burning, and earthen pots left behind. About the middle of this little plain was a river about knee-deep. On the margin of the wood on the opposite side of this river, several people were seen peeping through the green foliage, watching our movements. We entered another thick

wood, which brought us to the bank of another river; but the road did not cross it, but went along the left bank, under a small hill, from which it had apparently been cut by manual labour. This was rather a dangerous place to enter. A high and inaccessible hill was on one side, and a deep bank and river on the other; and on the opposite side of the river was a kind of rising bank, behind which the enemy might be lying in ambush, and waiting till we had got well in before they commenced firing. In this case their fire must have been very destructive from both sides, without the possibility of escape or defence, and the confusion would have been dreadful. But Major-General Sir David Ochterlony was not to be entrapped in that manner; these points were scrupulously explored before we attempted to enter such a place of insecurity.

At the end of this winding road, there opened to the view an extensive valley, and, here and there, small straggling villages, consisting of some ten or more huts; but very few people could be seen, and those few were poor villagers. We

continued our march for about half a mile further, when we saw on our left an extensive village, and, on the hills immediately in its rear, an immense number of people, seemingly soldiers, for we could see spears, colours, &c. We immediately bent our way towards this village, as we saw numerous people running to and fro. When near, we got into double-quick time, and then separated into files, with our pieces loaded. I went into several huts, where nothing but a set of poor decrepit old people could be seen. About twenty or thirty yards further, I saw a two-story brick house, probably the Zemindar's, for there was no other. Here I saw several good-looking and well-dressed men run in and shut the door. I broke it open, with the assistance of some of my men. When I entered the lower floor, I found there were several men there. One was sitting; but having gone from the light, and a bright sun, into comparative darkness, I could scarcely see. I was, therefore, obliged to prick my way with my old 24th Dragoon sabre; and I just recovered my vision in time to see a man aiming an arrow at me. I struck at the

arrow, which was close to me; but, from the indistinct light, I could not make sure of my aim. He let fly, and the arrow could not have been more than a hair's breadth from the side of my head. It stuck in the door-post, when a soldier of the company, by name Quanbury, stopped his shooting, by shooting him, for firing at his officer. The others begged for mercy, which was willingly granted. Never did I see a man in the 87th Regiment wantonly commit an act of cruelty. We took them prisoners, but they were ultimately discharged, and permitted to return to their villages or homes.

A little further on, we came in sight of Muckwanpore Valley, and an immense long line of huts. These, we afterwards were given to understand, were the summer quarters of the enemy's soldiers. On our left ran a ridge of hills, covered with variegated shrubs and trees. On this range of hills we could see soldiers posted in immense force, but they attempted not to molest our line of march, although sometimes, I am sure, within shot of their ginjalls. They seemed rather to be on the de-

fensive than the offensive, as we should have imagined. Various were the opinions as to their apparent indifference to our running all over the country. From these huts, or military cantonments, we could see the fort of Muckwanpore, and innumerable large stockades on the hill in the rear of the one immediately in front of the before-mentioned huts. The fort appeared some miles off, and looked like a speck in the sky; but, no doubt, the approaches to it, protected as it was by the stockades which we could see with the spy-glass, were extremely perilous. We encamped in the lines which had been left by the enemy, and could not have been more than one mile and a half from the summit of this hill. However, they still continued passive, sitting upon their legs, watching our movements. Our position was secure and strong, being on two sides surrounded with a deep nullah, with a nice rippling stream.

The following morning was occupied in looking about our new encampment, and seeing what was in the adjoining woods. We found nothing but a few partridges and woodcocks, and these we could

not shoot, being too near camp. About a mile behind the camp the whole scenery around was truly romantic, from the white and craggy rocks, apparently living in the clouds, behind which not a tree nor a shrub was to be seen. These could only be seen night and morning, or when the sky was clear; at other times, these hills could not be discovered through the clouds. The fort itself seemed high, and almost beyond the power of mortal ascent. For the first time these ten nights I obtained some sleep, having no charge, and no care on my mind. Sleeping in my clothes was no inconvenience to me. I slept soundly till the broad daylight broke in through the crevices of the tent. I rose in the morning sprightly as a lark, and indulged myself with dry and clean linen, which was quite a treat. I felt so refreshed, that I was quite another being from the day before, and fit for anything. I took a stroll round my brother officers' tents; paid my devoirs to my commanding officer, which I never failed to do once a day, as a duty, and a respect due to his rank. I was invited to breakfast with him; after which, as we were

standing looking at the hill, we were not a little surprised to find that the strong piquet of the enemy, which was posted there the night before, was not to be seen. Two of our men were brought before the commanding officer, for having gone beyond the outline piquet. The fact was, that these imprudent fellows had been upon the hill, where the piquet had been, unarmed. After admonishing them for their imprudence and disobedience of orders, the commanding officer asked one of them what he saw; he replied, "Nothing at all, your honour, but a great big piquet; and sure they were not there, but all gone." He added, that "all their fires were alight, because he saw them burning."

"And what did you see on the other side of this first hill?" asked the colonel, trying to smother a laugh.

"Nothing at all, your honour."

"Are there hills or valleys on the other side?"

"Neither, your honour; only a mighty big mountain, as big as the Hill of Howth."

"Did you see any men?"

"Divel a one, your honour, except one poor old woman in one of the huts, and she was after going when she saw me and Pat Logan coming near her."

"What took you there?"

"Fait! we both went to take a big walk, for we were quite tired doing nothing—that's all, your honour; so I hope no offence."

"Fall in, the Light Company!"—"Light Company, fall in!" was bellowed through the whole line of encampment. The colonel flew to the right; the adjutant to the left; I ran one way; and the two men jumped another, for they both belonged to the Light Company. Scarcely had I reached the parade, when three parts of the company were under arms, with our noble general at the head, getting men together. It was five minutes only from the first order when we marched off, not a man absent. We soon found, by the direction we took, that the taking of the hill was to be our object. We moved on slowly, for it was a good half mile up the hill, and the ascent winding and steep. Our lads seemed as merry as crickets. In

five minutes after we heard firing on the top of the hill to our right. This proceeded from a small reconnoitreing party that had a short period before gone up, under Lieutenant Lee, of the 87th Regiment, and Lieutenant Turrell, of the 20th Native Infantry, a brave young volunteer, who fell an early victim to his zeal. The design with which this reconnoitreing party had been despatched up the hill, was to protect the quarter-master-general in the execution of the duties incident to his department. This party being observed from the fort of Muckwanpore, which overlooked the ground on which they were reconnoitreing, a large body of the enemy, who had, without orders, vacated the post immediately in front of our encampment, were despatched to re-occupy the position which they had deserted, and in their advance they fell in with our reconnoitreing party, who, as they were not in all above twenty men, were of course obliged to make a precipitate retreat. In this disastrous skirmish, poor Lieutenant Turrell was cut to pieces, and several others of the party killed and wounded. As the party which had been thus sur-

prised was making the best of their way down the hill, we made the best of our way up. We were supported by our old friends, the light company of the 25th Native Infantry. The ascent was most difficult, there being only one narrow pathway, by which we were obliged to ascend almost one by one. When about half way, or three parts up, we came to a small flat spot, about fifty yards long, and twenty wide. Here our noble captain sounded the assembly. We could now see the enemy, like ants, creeping and lurking about, and busily engaged in secreting themselves behind trees and stones. I presumed to recommend to the captain of the Light Company, that our forming in a body would bring on us a destructive fire, and that we had better fight them on their own system, which was, extending, and every man availing himself of tree or stone, and a rest for his piece. This was sure to be attended with success; and, however brave a man may be, he never ought to be above advice. Our captain readily saw the danger that would attend our forming, and therefore immediately sounded the extend; then the advance; and

the fighting soon became warm on both sides. The enemy maintained their ground, and fought manfully. I hate a runaway foe; you have no credit for beating them. Those we were now dealing with were no flinchers; but, on the contrary, I never saw more steadiness or more bravery exhibited by any set of men in my life. Run they would not; and of death they seemed to have no fear, though their comrades were falling thick around them, for we were so near that every shot told. At last some of their men began to give way, and as we were ascending rapidly, their commander, or one of their principal officers, attempted to rally them. Having succeeded in this attempt for the moment, the said officer had the impudence to attack and put his Majesty's liege subject, John Shipp, ensign on full pay, and in the full vigour of his life and manhood, in bodily fear, on the King's high hill of Muckwanpore, on the afternoon of——I now forget the date, he so frightened me. He was a strong powerful man, protected by two shields, one tied round his waist, and hanging over his thighs as low as his knees, and the other on the

left arm, much larger than the one round his waist. From this gentleman there was no escape; and, fortunately for me, I had my old twenty-fourther with me, which I had two or three days before put in good shaving order. With this I was obliged to act on the defensive, till I could catch my formidable opponent off his guard. He cut, I guarded; he thrust, I parried; until he became aggravated, and set to work with that impetuosity and determination, pretty generally understood by the phrase "hammer and tongs;" in the course of which he nearly cut my poor twenty-fourther in pieces. At last I found he was winded; but I could see nothing of the fellow, but his black face peeping above one shield, and his feet under the other; so I thought I would give him a cut five across his lower extremities; but he would not stand still a moment; he cut as many capers as a French dancing-master, till I was quite out of patience with his folly. I did not like to quit my man; so I tried his other extremities; but he would not stand still, all I could do. At length, I made a feint at his toes, to cut them; down went his shield from

his face to save his legs; up went the edge of my sword smack under his chin;—in endeavouring to get away from which, he threw his head back, which nearly tumbled off, and down he fell; and I assure you, reader, I was not sorry for it, for he was a most unsociable neighbour. I don't know whether I had a right or not, but I took the liberty of taking his sword, gold crescent, turban-chain, and large shield. The latter I sported on my left arm during the action, and it was fortunate for me that I did, for I found that the shield was ball-proof, and I should have been severely wounded, had I been deprived of this trophy. Our gallant captain fought like one of the old Fogs, and his men, as I had been told, were indeed "divels to fight." The very noise they made would have frightened old Harry himself.

The enemy fought furiously before they gave up the hill; indeed, many of them rushed upon our bayonets in the most reckless and desperate manner. Being at last compelled to give way, they took up their station on the adjoining hills, and in the ravines and valleys below, and their fire for a

time was destructive. As we had now gained the hill, we had proceeded to the extent of our orders. Here reinforcements poured up to our assistance, and two six-pounders, which had been sent up immediately after us, now began to play with grape on the poor and brave fellows who had sought refuge in the dells below. The havoc was dreadful, for they still scorned to fly. During our ascent, some shells had been thrown by our artillery below, from some howitzers in front of our encampment, to the right of the ridge of the hill, where the enemy, in immense force, had been observed running down to the assistance of their beaten comrades. This reinforcement of the enemy brought down, to play upon our ascent, a small hill-gun, a three-pounder of about a yard long, which one man could carry. The whole of the ammunition brought by the enemy for this and other purposes, our shells from below reached and blew up, and great numbers were killed and wounded by the explosion. When their ammunition was gone, they rolled the little gun down the hill, where we, after the action, found it. Our troops having been distributed

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thousands of the enemy under our very noses, and not to be allowed to fire at them; but, the woods being thick and high, we were fearful of again drawing on ourselves the fire of our men on the opposite hills. Our brave colonel had arrived upon the hill with the reinforcements which belonged to his brigade, and, fearing the same evil, he sounded repeatedly the "cease firing," but here and there some shots were still fired by the Native troops. When he came to his Light Company, I could see the beam of delight in the veteran's eye; but that was no time for compliments. He desired us to cut the first man down who presumed to disobey his often-repeated order of "cease firing;" and he told us to lie down, and on no account to attempt to proceed. At this moment, one of the enemy, who had been annoying us from a thicket

some thirty paces from where I stood, not stomaching the grape, made a movement from his hiding-place. One of our company seeing so good an opportunity, was not to be restrained; he fired, and killed his man. The colonel had nothing but a walking-stick in his hand. Whether he thought it was his sword or not, I cannot say; but he immediately ran at the man and struck him across the nose (in which, by the by, nature had been very bountiful to this individual), exclaiming at the same time,—"You rascal! I have a great mind to have you shot this moment for this pointed disobedience of my orders." At this moment, seeing the enemy, who had secreted themselves in the underwood, ferreted out by our shells, and running off, some of our fellows must, if they died for it, have a shot. This exasperated our little colonel beyond bounds. He was a little lion when roused. He immediately selected one of the men of the Light Company of the 25th Regiment, and ordered him to be shot, which would certainly have been done, had not the adjutant-general of the forces at that time joined the colonel with orders. By this the

colonel's attention was drawn off, and he ran off towards the right. The man, seeing this, ran towards the left, and thus escaped the punishment he justly deserved. Prompt and implicit obedience is one of the grand principles of military discipline; and any officer would have been justifiable in shooting, or cutting down, any such disobedient soldier. Any breach of orders I would at all times punish with a great and heavy penalty. Encourage this, and there is an end to military obedience and discipline at once. The soldier who was struck on this occasion was sensible of the enormity of his crime, and therefore quietly pocketed the more lenient penalty and the counter-march his hose had made towards his cheek, and thought himself fortunate that he had not been deprived of his life.

Naught was now heard but the roaring of the two six-pounders and the whistling of shells. The dying and the wounded lay in masses in the dells and ravines below. In our own company we had, I think, eleven killed and twenty wounded, our total number being eighty only. I do repeat again, I never saw such soldiers. I began to think myself,

in comparison with them, but yet a novice. When the evening began to spread her mantle over the dreary scene, the sombre appearance of the louring sky seemed to mourn, and put on a garb of black, to shield from human eye the ghastly sight below. As long as it was light, we could plainly see the last struggles of the dying. Some poor fellows could be seen raising their knees up to their chins, and then flinging them down with all their might. Some attempted to rise, but failed in the attempt. One poor fellow I saw get on his legs, put his hand to his bleeding head, then fall, and roll down the hill, to rise no more. This was the scene that the evening now closed upon. Reader, believe me when I assure you that these results of war were no sights of exultation or triumph to the soldiers who witnessed them. Willingly would we one and all have extended the hand of aid to them, and dressed their gaping wounds. No brave man will ever exult over a bleeding and wounded enemy. The weapon of destruction is no sooner out of his hands, than he is our prisoner, but not our foe. The sympathetic expressions that fell from the lips of

our brave soldiers, on witnessing these sights, would have done credit to any set of men.

The dark clouds omened a coming storm. I have been told that any particular noise in mountainous countries (more particularly the roaring of cannon), will bring the clouds down from above, and that rain will follow; and I once heard a gentleman account for it in this way. He said that all dark and thick-looking clouds might be said to be reservoirs of water; that any convulsion would bring them down; and that, when at a certain distance from the earth, the earth's attractive power would draw the rain from them, and, when lightened of this burden, the clouds would again rise. How far this may be the case, I know not. I can only say that, if convulsion could cause rain, there was convulsion enough, for the roaring of the cannon kept up one continued re-echo. The evening closed in pitchy darkness.

The pioneers had been sent up, and we commenced intrenching and stockading the hill round the huts, which were in number about twenty. Some refreshments had at this time come up, both

for officers and men. After partaking of some food, it was resolved between my captain and me, that we should watch four hours round, and that he should commence the first four. He accordingly went to post his men, and I took possession, with several men, of a small hut full of good straw, on which I lay down to repose. Scarcely had I closed my eye in balmy sleep, when I heard the unwelcome vociferation,—" Pass the word for Lieutenant Shipp; pass the word for Mr. Shipp; send Mr. Shipp to me." It was the colonel's voice that I heard; so, jumping from my straw, I exclaimed,—" Here I am, colonel; here am I, sir."—" That's right," said the colonel, " I want you to go on duty." He then took me by the hand, and said, —" Shipp, you have verified the recommendations I received from your late commanding officer of the 24th Light Dragoons, and I shall not lose sight of your conduct. From the information our spies have brought, we have every reason to believe that the enemy will, under the darkness of the night, make an effort to regain their lost post, which is of much consequence to them and more to us.

We must, therefore, prepare to meet them with determined force and resistance, or we shall have all our work to do over again. You must take a steady sergeant and twelve men, and proceed down close to the reservoir of water. On this side of the reservoir take up your station. Let your sentinels form a link with the other sentinels on your right and left; and by no means permit your men to lie down or sleep, but see that they watch, and are on the alert. Go; I know I need not explain more to you. Your captain I have posted in a similar situation." The rain now fell in torrents; the thunder rolled in its bitterest anger; and the lightning shot in massive sheets along the mountain-tops, and, by its vivid blaze, showed us a glimpse of the dead and the dying. I found that, close to my post, lay numbers whom I believed dead; but I afterwards distinctly heard, during the cessation of the thunder, the moaning of those below. I don't know any situation more painful than mine was at that moment: a tempest raging in all its terrific forms; surrounded by the dead and the dying; and expecting every moment to be attacked by a cruel

and barbarous foe, from whom no mercy could be expected, should fate throw us into their hands. Nothing but a sense of duty, and the recollection that I was engaged in the service of my country, could have supported me under such circumstances. A high sense of the duties, and an ardent attachment to the profession of a soldier, will enable a man to do that, with comparative cheerfulness, from which, under other circumstances, his feelings would revolt. The enemy were noted for barbarity and craft, and the danger of surprise was great.

Upon the principle that all stratagems are justifiable in warfare as well as in love, a ready excuse may be found for the craft and cunning exercised by this or any other tribe in their own defence; and it is impossible to look even upon the cruelties practised by them, with any other than an eye of pity and commiseration. They are taught from their infancy the art of war; they fight under the banner of gloomy superstition; cruelty is their creed; and murder of their foes the zenith of their glory. Let us not, therefore, condemn too severely these untaught babes of idolatry.

Notwithstanding my dismal forebodings, and the dangerous position which we occupied, the night passed off quietly enough. Towards morning the rain ceased, and the sun rose in all its splendour and majesty; but the scene of death below marred and defiled the more distant prospect, which was magnificent beyond description. The piquets from below were withdrawn after daylight. On going round the hill afterwards, the dead bodies there astonished me. It was scarcely possible to walk without stepping on them. I could not have imagined that the one-twentieth part had fallen; but, as I have before said, self, in action, is the grand and primary object of man's regard. I paid a visit to the dead body of my antagonist of the preceding day. I found that his head hung only by the skin of his neck. He had also a cut in the abdomen, through which the bowels protruded. I found that, in addition to this, he had received a ball in the fleshy part of the thigh; but whether he got this before or after the fall, I do not pretend to say, but I should imagine before, from the direction of the ball. He was a fine-looking man, and

was dressed in a full general's uniform, the same as that worn by our English generals twenty years ago, with the old frog lace, both on the skirts and sleeves, but without epaulettes. When engaged with him, I never dared take my eye off his. Had I not been thoroughly practised in the sword exercise, I must soon have fallen, for he was a very expert swordsman. In a letter * addressed to me afterwards, by Captain Pickersgill, quarter-master-general of the army, I was congratulated on the fall of that distinguished *sobah*, or chieftain.

* The letter here spoken of, I did not receive until about six months after my personal conflict with the *sobah* on the hill of Muckwanpore. In proceeding from Gazapore to Dinapore, some years afterwards (I believe in 1824), my baggage-boat sunk, and this document (with many other testimonials which I had received from distinguished officers under whom I had served) was lost. Captain Pickersgill, unfortunately for me, as well as for himself, had died before I experienced this loss; but I have every reason to believe that a copy of the document may still be found among the Memoirs of the Goorkah war, left by that officer, and I believe in the possession of his brother, Captain Pickersgill, of the Company's service. In the Appendix at the end of the third volume of this work, will be found an official certificate from Major Watson, who was assistant adjutant-general of the forces, attesting the fact of the fall of the sobah by my hand.

His name, the quarter-master-general stated, was Khissna Rhannah Bahader, and that he was the identical officer who had planned and executed the massacre at Summanpore and Persah, the season before, as related by me at page 47. The letter went on to state that he was a great loss to the Nepaul Government, and it was the opinion of the quarter-master-general as well as of Sir David Ochterlony, that the death of this sobah contributed greatly to turn the current of affairs in the Nepaul campaign.

Our next object was to commit the poor fellows who were killed, to the grave, for which purpose an enormous working-party was employed to bury the dead, and take the wounded to our hospitals. In two days, eleven hundred were committed to the grave, having almost one general tomb; and it would have much edified those babblers who rail so much against soldiers' cruelties and vices, to have seen the tear of compassion trickling down the cheeks of both Natives and Europeans on this occasion. Having performed our sad duty, we were relieved at mid-day, and returned to the

lines, amidst the greetings of our comrades at the foot of the hill. The orders of the day were flattering and complimentary to all engaged. These were little trophies gained that no man could rob or cheat us of. Having washed and dressed myself, I went to the hospital to visit both my friends and those that had been, a short day before, my mortal enemies. It had been a considerable time before our wounded men could be removed from the hill, and then the bringing them down so shook them, that, in many cases, inflammation had taken place. Some of these poor suffering fellows seemed to endure the most excruciating pangs. Every comfort that liberality could purchase was afforded to the sufferers, and it gladdened my heart when I went into the tents of the wounded of the enemy, to see some of our Native soldiers on their knees, waiting on and administering comforts to them, while others were whispering sweet words of consolation into their attentive ears, which were the more necessary, as some of these poor creatures had an idea that their lives were only prolonged for a more cruel and lingering death. An ampu-

tation had been thought nccessary on the leg of one of the Native enemy. This he submitted to almost without a struggle. When his leg was off and the stump dressed, it confirmed him in what he had been taught from his infancy, that all white men were almost cannibals, and he asked one of his friends who was lying by him (one of his countrymen), "When he thought they would take the other leg off; as, if he thought it would be long, he would destroy himself." This being understood by one of the hospital attendants, to ease his mind, it was thought proper to explain to him that the act was one of kindness, not of cruelty, and done to save his life. For this purpose one of his countrymen (a spy of ours) was sent for; but nothing but the sight of the same operation performed on one of our Native men could appease and satisfy him. After having witnessed this, he became calm, and felt satisfied that we were not such barbarians as he had been taught to suppose. Our humane general had directed that men of the same caste should attend the wounded prisoners of war, and volunteers in abundance came forward for this be-

nevolent purpose. It was truly a pleasurable and delightful sight to witness those who, but a short day before, had fought hard in the bitterest rancour of their souls, now interchanging the most affectionate civilities.

I have, in the hurry of my narrative, forgotten a circumstance which reflects honour on the soldier whom it concerns. When on the top of the hill where the action raged most, one of the enemy showed himself most conspicuously, fighting like a hero. He had just shot one of our men close by where I stood, when I made towards him, with a man of the name of Quanbury. Finding that he was receding from us, and again loading, the soldier next me fired, and the man fell upon his knees. Quanbury immediately ran up to him (for he still grasped his firelock), and was in the act of running him through, when the man threw down his arms. Seeing this, the brave Irish soldier stayed his finishing blow, exclaiming, "By the powers, my fine fellow, but it was well you were after doing that self-same thing; for had you shot me as you did that other man, bad luck to me if

I wouldn't have blown your brains out, so I would." Here the quarter-master-general came up and took charge of his prisoner, and we passed on to clear the hill of others who were keeping up a heavy fire.

CHAPTER V.

We were still obliged to carry on our approaches with all possible vigilance and activity; and our discipline was not relaxed in the slightest particular. We were compelled to watch the enemy with a jealous eye, not allowing our late little victory to feed our vanity, or to seduce us from our wonted caution. Every eye was now fixed on the hill which was in front of our head-approach, and various and ludicrous were the reports and opinions, during the day and night, of the movements on the said hill. Fallen trees were magnified into guns and mortars; variegated bushes into soldiers; the light between the trees into flags; and the midnight *ignis fatuus*, on its nocturnal rambles, into torches and lights of the enemy. The rustling leaves, falling down the wintry glen, were construed into the coming foe; and, had one of

our captains been the commander-in-chief, the hill would have been treeless and leafless, for he would have blown them all up instead of the enemy. The glass was never from this gentleman's eye. Could his thoughts and speculations by day and night have been committed to paper, his words would have shone forth in all the radiance of a military vocabulary. What shells would he not have expended upon the poor *ignis fatuus!* All we could do or say, he would not believe us. If he had been our general, we should have been in Khatmandoo, the capital of Nepaul, in half the time. His system was new and wonderful; for, when arguing on the best plan to be adopted, he had always the most happy knack of catching the enemy asleep. But in these notions he happened to have mistaken his men. The Nepaulese soldiers never sleep; or, rather, such is their watchfulness, that you can never surprise them; this misconception of their character would have led him wrong as often as the *ignis fatuus.* It is quite preposterous to hear some men boasting of what they would do if they had the command.

Soldiers are not to judge of the actions of their superiors, but implicitly to obey any orders that may be communicated to them. It is certain, at least, we have no right to promulgate our opinions, to the prejudice of others. I longed for an opportunity of seeing this kill-devil of a captain well tried as a soldier; for, if he killed people as fast by the sword as he did by the tongue, two companies of such men would clear the universe, asleep or awake. However, I never had my wish gratified in this respect, though I do not despair that I may hear of some of his brilliant exploits when he is general, for his merit surely cannot be long before it reach the throne.

While we were parading the company in the evening, the captain observed a man looking extremely ill, and asked him what was the matter with him: "Nothing at all, your honour, only a little scratch one of them spalpeens gave me on the hill yesterday; but, sure, it's nothing worth while talking about." As the surgeon was standing near the parade, he was sent for, and the man went into a tent to show his scratch, as he called

it, when it was found that the ball had carried away the point of his lower rib, and, the wound having been neglected, the surgeon expressed some doubts as to whether the ball was still in or not, when the soldier replied, "I beg your pardon, that's a great big mistake, for here it is," (pulling it out of his pocket) "beat as flat as a crown-piece." He was then ordered to the hospital, but was almost obliged to be dragged there, for he bellowed out, "Arrah, captain, honey, are you going to send me to the hospital before I get satisfaction and revenge for this wound?" He was, of course, obliged to go, and he got better; but, during the campaign against the Nepaulese, he never had the satisfaction he required.

The following day I went on outline piquet, on a small hill about half a mile from the right of the camp. This was, strictly speaking, a piquet or post of observation, as, immediately behind it, was a small foot pathway from the hill, which our advanced post had not yet reached. It was, therefore, requisite to guard the mouth of this little pathway with great care.

I believe it was when on this service that I had occasion to notice an instance of sagacity in a dog; that may be deemed worthy of being recorded.

In passing the sentinels, I found it necessary to admonish one of them for not challenging in a louder voice. To my astonishment, the excuse which the man made was, that he was afraid of waking a faithful dog of his, that was asleep under a bush just by.

"What!" said I, "then I suppose you sometimes take nap about with this faithful animal."

"Why, yes," said the man, innocently, "sometimes, sir; and, to say truth, I have but five minutes ago relieved him from his post."

"Very candid, truly," said I; "but are you not aware, my good fellow, that you could be shot for sleeping on your post?"

The sentinel admitted that he knew well the consequences to which he would be subjected by so doing; but notwithstanding this, he asserted that he could thoroughly confide in his faithful companion, who, on the slightest noise, would jump upon him, and awake him.

On further inquiry, I learnt that this sagacious and faithful creature would regularly, when his master was on watch, stand his hour and walk his round; that, in very dark nights, he would even put his ear to the ground, and listen; and that, during the period assigned to him as his turn to watch, he would never venture to lie down, but would steadily and slowly walk his round, which nothing could induce him to leave, such was his opinion of the nature and responsibility of his post. The man added, that he once gave him to an officer of the Company's service, who took him from the station where he was (Meerut), to Loodianna, a distance of four hundred miles, and that, the moment the officer let him loose, he returned to his old master, having performed that great distance in two days and a half. That he was on the main-guard the night he returned, and he was awoke by the dog licking his face. It appeared that he had been through the barrack, and visited every sleeping soldier on their separate cots, until he found his master. The man related several anecdotes of this animal: among the rest, he said he was one

day out drinking toddy, some miles from camp, and from the intoxicating effect, and the extreme heat of the liquor, he went to sleep. On awaking, he found his clothes torn in several places, and that he had been dragged more than three yards from the bush under which he had lain down; but what was his astonishment, on getting up, to find a large snake almost torn to pieces, no doubt by his faithful guard! He was a powerful dog,—a kind of Persian-hill greyhound, that would kill a wolf single-handed.

On the following day we opened our batteries on some stockades on the face of the hill intervening between us and the fort of Muckwanpore. The first stockade that we proposed to dislodge, was one about eight hundred or a thousand yards from our battery. We could not approach nearer than this, as a deep and enormous declivity lay between us. This being the case, we were under the necessity of commencing at this great distance. The stockade seemed alive with men. There was also a tent pitched in it, with several colours flying, in token of defiance. Some dozen shells, which were beauti-

fully thrown into this stockade, put some of them to double-quick; the tent soon disappeared, as well as the colours, and most of the men, save now and then one or two taking a sly peep to see what we were about. The eighteen and twenty-four pound balls, however, I am convinced, never had power to penetrate that little edifice of art. It was evidently built of green bamboos. These, when green, are very elastic, and being interwoven, as this stockade seemed to be, there is no question that, at the distance from which we fired, they would resist the power of our balls. We frequently saw men running and picking up something, a hundred yards or more from the place. We could not suppose that they were picking up stones.

In the course of this day we received a communication to admit into camp a Native from the fort, with his attendants, six in number. "Halloa," said one, "what! they have had a sickener, have they?"—"They have had enough on't," said another. A soldier standing near me bellowed out, "Arrah, Corporal Freeman, dear, sure the enemy have got the Corporal Forbes," (meaning the cho-

lera morbus,) " for the Rajah is coming to take *ta* with Sir David Maloney," (this was what our men had christened him, I suppose to make his name shorter). Various were the reports in circulation, and every one had his own opinion. Here again the glass of the noble captain, of whom I have already made honourable mention, was constantly at his eye, looking for this messenger of peace. Sometimes he saw him on horseback; then in his palanquin, attended by one hundred followers. " If he was the commander-in-chief, he would not permit one of them to come within a mile of the camp, armed." One time he saw the Rajah riding on a milk-white steed on the hill; but this procession, unfortunately, proved to be no other than little white clouds riding in the sky. Ten thousand were the methods and styles in which this messenger was to make his appearance, and not one was right, for he arrived carried in something like a sailor's hammock, with one follower. He was a dirty, ill-looking, thick-set fellow, with small eyes, wide face, and a low forehead. In spite of these disadvantages of person, however,

he assumed all the consequence of a nabob; but when we commenced examining his hammock and person, to see that he had no hidden weapon, his ambassadorship was highly offended, and protested that, to use his own words, "He would not permit his holy person (for he was a priest) to be polluted or defiled by the contaminating touch of a Christian." He added, that "he was a high priest, and that, rather than submit to such debasement, he would return to his Rajah, and inform him of the prodigious indign scrutiny of his holy person." He was soon informed, that if he did not submit to the required forms and rules of the East, he of course might return to his master, and tell him what he pleased. He was getting into his hammock for this purpose, when his holiness thought better of it, and said, "Well, you may examine." While I searched his ponderous cumerbund (a long cloth that was wound round his waist), he endeavoured to avoid my touch, by cringing from me, as he would from the bite of a serpent; but I gave his holiness such a twist round, that he thought he would never have stopped. Upon this his eye

darted vivid flashes of fire; I saw him clench his fists with rage; he foamed from the sides of his mouth; and at one time, I really thought that the holy personage was about to forget his holiness, and coming to the scratch. Having no secreted weapon upon him, he was permitted to pass, but it was a very necessary precaution to examine such a fellow strictly, for he was a Goorkah, or bastard Tartar, a race pre-eminently blood-thirsty and cruel, and of the same sect with those who committed such wanton cruelties on the poor unfortunate spy at Attoondah. In obedience to our instructions, we passed him into camp, and in about an hour he returned, his sallow face contracted and distorted with all the rage and malice that can make the human features terrific. He passed on in sullen silence, in his heart vowing vengeance, as he had no doubt been unsuccessful in his embassy. His sudden exit, and obvious displeasure, indicated a renewal of hostilities; at least so said the all-wise captain, who was the very fountain of information, a complete reservoir of the pure stream of knowledge, at least as far as his own opinion went.

Notwithstanding this sage prediction, however, two more days passed away, when another ambassador came into camp;—if not so holy as the former, certainly more like a statesman. This second messenger remained a considerable time in deep and secret conversation with our noble general, who could see as far as most folks, although the service had deprived him of one eye. At last he left, his eye beaming delight. He smiled and bowed as he passed, and we, one and all, immediately flew to the sure channel of information. His opinion was peace; and, for once during the captain's campaigns, he was right, for, the day following, the firing from our batteries ceased, and the uncle to the then reigning Rajah (who was regent) was expected in camp. Every eye was on the look-out for this great personage, and various were the opinions of the anxious multitude, and they were as ridiculous as they were varied. The wise captain was not idle, either with his glass or his tongue. To do honour to the reception of such a personage, the two flank companies of the 87th Regiment, and the two flank companies of the 25th Native Infan-

try, formed a street to the general's tent, where every preparation was made to receive our visitor as regent, and uncle to the reigning Rajah, who was a boy. Having waited some hours after the time, Sir David began to get nettled, and was in the act of withdrawing the troops and setting our batteries to work, when the shrill sound of the war-trumpet, and the roll of the war-drum, were heard, which were signals that the regent was on the move. Shortly afterwards we saw him descending the hill in a superb palanquin, attended by about twenty armed men on foot. At the end of the street he was met by the adjutant-general, quarter-master-general, and several other staff-officers; and, after a little hugging, they led him on, taking his hands in theirs in token of friendship. Thus they proceeded to the general's splendid tent, the street presenting arms, which he perfectly understood, and to which he bowed in return in a most majestic manner. I do not think that in the course of my service I ever beheld a more noble and venerable-looking man. He was most superbly dressed, with numberless daggers

stuck in his cumerbund, and a sword by his side that seemed studded with diamonds and precious stones. His neck, turban, and hands were one mass of jewels. Our brave general met him at the door of his tent, when the greeting was most laughable; something like that of Doodle and Noodle, in Tom Thumb. The manners of our visitor were those of a perfect courtier; but he was free, affable, and jocular. In two hours after the customary sprinkling of scents, the treaty of peace was ratified, and he returned towards home with pleasure in his eye. Here the wise captain ran about, delighted and delighting, saying,—"Did I not tell you so? I knew it—I could not be deceived—the thing was plain. People must have been blind not to have foreseen this event."

Thus ended the fighting against the Nepaulese, this having been the second campaign in what is called the Goorkah war. It was a fortunate thing for all hands that hostilities were thus terminated, for some seventy men of the 87th Regiment had that morning gone to hospital with the dysentery, a complaint that was raging with great violence,

from the damp situation of the valley and the thick fogs that lodged there till nearly mid-day. Guns were ordered down, and we began to prepare for quarters. None were sorry for it, for already were our toes playing at hide and seek through our boots, and our wardrobes were much the worse for wear. We were given to understand, from the quarter-master-general, that the post which we took had been vacated by the enemy's troops, without orders, and that they were sent back reinforced to retake and keep it, in which attempt, if they did not succeed, their heads were to be the forfeit. This accounts for the desperate manner in which they fought and struggled to keep the post.

Having vacated the hill, and our enemies having now become our friends,—for many of them had already come down into camp for the purpose of purchasing articles in our bazaars,—some three or four of us made a party to visit the fort and stockades; for which purpose we started after breakfast, and reached their advanced out-post. Here we were stopped, and informed that we could

not be permitted to proceed any further, without the permission of the keeledar, or governor of the fort; but that, if we would wait, a man should be sent to ask if we might advance. To this we consented, and, in about half an hour after, the man who had been sent on this errand came back, with two other men, and said the keeledar had been pleased to grant us permission to go, but that we must go unarmed, leaving our swords in the last stockade. The ascent of the hill towards the fort was extremely difficult; and at every turning of the road was a strong stockade with guns, so that our necessary loss in taking these hills and posts must have been enormous, for there was scarcely any footing.

We at last reached the grand fort of Muckwanpore, if it deserved the name. It was built of stone and brick, and was very high; but a dozen shots from our twenty-four-pounders would have levelled it with the ground. Indeed, one bastion had given warning of its intending to stand no longer. The tempests that rage in these hills had shaken its foundation. The gate was strong, but its hinges

were small. On our entering, a small guard at the gate presented arms, a drummer beat the grenadiers' march, and a little fifer played the tune. Both the drum and the fife were of English manufacture. A little further was the tent we had seen in the stockade, at least some part of it. It was riddled like a sieve with our shells, and the top of it was hanging in ribbons. Here we were introduced to the governor, who was seated on a greasy cushion, the pillows of which, though they had once been white, were now the colour of his face. He received us cordially, and shook hands with us most heartily; and he was really a very jolly old fellow, some twenty or twenty-three stone, his fat sides hanging in large flaps over his hips, which we sometimes made shake again with laughter. He paid us many compliments about our fighting and system of warfare, and wanted to know how many thousands we had had killed. When we assured him that we had not lost more than forty, he laughed heartily, and said, we meant forty hundred, for they had lost more than that. We spent a pleasant hour with this fat governor,

who, after we had looked round the fort, had the politeness to parade his regiment for our inspection. I never saw a finer body of men in my life. They were as well armed, and as well equipped in every respect, as our Native troops. After this we returned to camp, and the following morning marched towards cantonments.

As all treaties contracted in India, between Native and European powers, are ever to be held with a jealous and watchful eye (for naught but time can make them valid), it was necessary for us to take up a position to watch the proceedings of our new friends. Under the cloak of friendship, some of the most barbarous massacres have been perpetrated; and treaties have been frequently signed and sealed, and, ere the signature was dry, the enemy have commenced infringing on their contracts and sacred ties. It has even been known that, during the time occupied by the parley necessary for completing such negotiations, the enemy have been busily engaged in making preparations to strike a more effectual blow. It was but prudent, therefore, that we should keep our eye upon them.

In accordance with one of the covenants of the treaty, a British resident, and the usual escort, were to remain at the capital. This escort marched, on the same day we did, to Khatmandoo. Our march was through the pass of Cheriagottee, where the mad-brained young officers wanted to force an entrance. My description of this pass, as I proceed, will prove how fatal and contrary to the dictates of reason would have been any such attempt.

I was on the rear-guard the morning we left the valley of Muckwanpore. The enemy (or, perhaps, I should say our friends) flocked in great numbers, to bid us farewell, or see us depart. The whole of the baggage was nearly gone, when a number of these soldiers gathered round the guard, asking all manner of questions. A most respectable-looking young man, wearing the dress of an officer, came up to me and said,—"Were you not in the action on the hill of Muckwanpore?"

I told him that I had had that honour.

He replied,—"So was I; and I fired three shots at you from behind a tree,—are you not wounded?"

I replied,—"No."

"Well," said he, "I never missed my man before in my life."

I asked him at what period of the action it was that he aimed at me.

"When you were fighting with Sobah Khissna Rhannah," replied he.

"You were not far from your man, then," said I, "for one of your shots struck the peak of my cap."

At this he laughed. He afterwards complimented me on my swordmanship, and said that few could touch the sobah in that exercise. He then asked to look at one of my men's muskets, and he put himself through the manual and platoon exercises, giving himself the word of command in English. I never saw motions more clean or more compactly executed. I asked him where he learned English and the English modes of drill. He replied,—"From Browne," who was a deserter from the Company's European regiment. He added, that a man of the name of Bell, a deserter from the Company's Foot Artillery, had also taught him his exercise, and Browne had instructed him in English. The former, he said, had been made

colonel of artillery, and the latter schoolmaster; but they had both been discharged from the service at the commencement of the war.

At last we moved off, the young stranger shaking me heartily by the hand, and saying,—"I love a brave soldier; and the white men are all brave." This young man, it appeared, was the adjutant of the corps of which Khissna Rhannah, who fell under my fortunate sabre, was colonel.

Our first march was tolerably easy, as it lay under a winding hill, and we reached nearly the top of the pass, and encamped. On the following morning, we despatched our things very early, to prevent them falling into the hands of the people, should they attempt to prove treacherous (which was not at all improbable) after we had descended the ghauts. When under the base of the hill, the road, which had been before wide and tolerably good, narrowed off, and we soon found ourselves sinking down between two enormous hills. The road was scarcely wide enough, in some places, to admit an elephant, with his load, to pass. On each side of this terrific hill, were huge rocks and stones

piled up for our destruction. Some, of enormous size, the least touch would have precipitated upon our heads, and they seemed to have been rolled to the brink for that purpose. There were stockades upon stockades, all looking on and commanding this little and narrow excavated pathway. Had we once entered, as I have before mentioned was suggested by some rash-brained young officers, not a soul could have escaped destruction. I should think that, in the middle of this ghaut, the perpendicular rock on each side must have been five hundred feet high; and, therefore, had there been no other weapons of destruction than the ponderous masses of rock and stone which they could have hurled upon us, our annihilation must have been inevitable, for escape was impossible.

When we reached the other side, the eye was met by stockades, fortified hills in all directions, and strong breastworks thrown across the roadway, which was here somewhat wider; though our road all along was, in fact, nothing more than the bed of a river, surrounded and commanded by numberless little fortified sugar-loaf hills. These the foe

had been obliged to ascend by means of ladders. To complete the destruction these hills must have dealt upon us, they had poisoned a stream of water, either previous to our march from the ravine some ten days before, or since the treaty of peace was signed; but this was timely detected. The poisonous grass I have before alluded to, had been sunk in a kind of basin, which was constantly replenished by water that fell from the rocks behind it. This might be about twenty yards round, and two deep. On the morning of our return, an elephant, belonging to Lieutenant-Colonel Rose, of the Company's army, as also a horse belonging to that officer, had preceded the army, and even the baggage. The elephant got his fore feet in the water, of which he drank a little, but seemed not to relish it. The horse could not be induced to drink much, nor would the elephant again touch it. When urged by his keeper, such was his perverseness, that the driver descended, and, on looking at the water, he saw a yellowish colour rising to the surface, which was caused by the pressure of the elephant's feet on the grass.

The keeper immediately introduced his hand, and pulled out the poisonous herb. This occurrence was without delay communicated to our gallant commander, and never shall I forget his indignation and displeasure at this intelligence. The fact being ascertained by the medical department, and both the elephant and horse dying shortly afterwards, Sir David peremptorily called upon the Nepaul government for satisfaction for this diabolical attempt to poison his army; but they denied all knowledge of such a base transaction, protesting that the heads of the offenders should be the penalty, if they could discover the authors of such a scheme, which they affected to suppose must be the act of some individual who had sustained injury by the war. They promised that a most strict inquiry should be set on foot, and that the result should be made known to our government. Here, I believe, the business ended; at least, we heard no more of it. A guard was, after this discovery, placed on the poisoned water, to prevent any of the cattle that followed from drinking it; and the basin was afterwards filled up by

our pioneers, as an effectual remedy to prevent any other travellers that might be journeying that way from becoming its victims.

Nothing worth narrating happened during our march to our new place of encampment, or where a temporary cantonment was to be erected; save that we went to visit the still exposed bones of those poor creatures who were murdered at Summanpore and Persah. Skulls, and whole bodies, were here to be seen in all directions, and scarcely a tree that had not fifty shots in it. We dropped a tear to the memory of the poor fellows who had here fallen, and committed their fleshless bones to the earth.

Having arrived at our new place of encampment, we found that some temporary barracks had been erected there, for two regiments, the year before. The site of our new cantonment was marked out. It was on the banks of a beautiful lake, well stocked with fish and wild fowl. Here every one commenced building his hut, not knowing the moment we might be called upon to recommence the campaign; for breach of treaties, with such

people, was an every-day occurrence. From the long and uninterrupted friendship which has now subsisted between the two nations, we may, I think, with fairness conclude, that first impressions are the most durable; and, if in my power, I would take especial care not to run the risk of a failure at the beginning of a campaign. An effectual blow then, makes the enemy shy and tame; and the complete victory gained over the Nepaulese, at Muckwanpore, beat them into principles they never knew before. They are, however, still tenacious of admitting strangers into their country, and it is with difficulty that a passport can be obtained to visit any part of their beautiful territory.

In the month of March we had built and completed our bungalows, or huts, containing two or three rooms each; but we had scarcely got housed when we received orders to proceed to Cawnpore by water, a tedious and long trip at that time of the year. I therefore, being almost tired of war's alarms, began to turn my mind towards the object of my affections, with whom I had kept up a con-

stant correspondence during the whole campaign. I asked for permission to proceed by land to Cawnpore. This was readily granted, and I started alone on this long trip—a distance of four hundred and thirty miles.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING my long and dismal over-land journey to Cawnpore, I propose endeavouring, as well to relieve the monotony of the journey, as to amuse the reader, to sketch a few

CAMP MISERIES.

Having invited several friends to breakfast after a long and tiresome march, find your traps all lying in a river, five miles from camp. Quite a stranger to some of the invited party.

Having invited a party to tiffen, on the strength of having received a beautiful gram-fed leg of mutton from a friend, at the moment that the tiffen should be on the table, being informed by your

servant that a Pariah dog had walked off with it. No other meat to be had at that late hour. The inviter having just been reconciled to a brother officer after a misunderstanding, and the said officer being one of your party, your reconciled friend construes the accident into an insult which is aimed at him.

Being late for marching in the morning, find yourself roused by the drummer's call for getting on the march. Dressing in a hurry, find the drunken bheesty (water-carrier) has mistaken your boot for the goglet in which you carry your water on the line of march. No other shoe or boot to be had, the whole having been sent off the preceding evening.

Riding fast to overtake the division, find yourself quietly lodged in a gaunchie, a large crack in the earth created by drought. Your horse, alarmed at the accident, runs off, and you are left to walk the residue of the march in your wet boots, the soles of which stare you full in the face before

you have walked five miles. When within a mile of camp, find your horse taking a comfortable bathe in the river, to the great advantage of your new saddle.

Going round your sentinels alone, as visiting rounds, find, to your mortification, that when the parole is demanded, you have forgotten it. The sentinel, as a matter of course, keeps you a prisoner until the relief comes, notwithstanding all your rhetoric, in genuine English, to the contrary. Bitter cold night; no redress; rules of the service.

Sending three or four hundred miles for hams, beef, brawn, tongues, &c., and, having invited half the camp to partake of the delicious fare, on opening the cases, find, to your great mortification, that they are inclined to travel farther, being all alive, O!

Sending the same distance for twelve dozen of wine, find, on opening the bottles, that the stupid

sircar has sent you sour beer. Not a drop of wine to be had in camp for love or money.

In the hurry of dressing yourself, having slept late on marching-morning, find, after galloping some miles to join your corps, that you still have on your night-cap, instead of your chaco. Obliged to do penance by riding bareheaded the rest of the march, under a scorching sun.

Exchanging guards with a brother officer, as you have a most pressing engagement on the day you would be on guard in your own turn, find, on that very day, that your friend is taken sick; obliged to mount guard for him, it being your own regular duty, and so well liked in the corps as not to be able to get any one else to take your turn for you.

Waiting, dressed in full uniform, till twelve o'clock, to receive the grand rounds. They do

not come, and you conclude they will not come. Undress and turn in. When you have scarcely closed your weary eyes in sleep, awoke by a dozen voices vociferating, "Turn out the guard, fall in the guard." Find, in the confusion and hurry of redressing, that you have omitted your small-clothes, to the no small amusement of the rounds and guard.

From your tent-pins being worn out, which you are not able to replace, find, on the first windy night, that you have the felicity of being enveloped in wet canvass the whole night, your tent having been tired of standing so long on such weak pins.

Having travelled all night through mud and water, find, in the morning, that the soles of your shoes have parted company from the upper-leathers.

Giving some poor lame soldier a lift, by lending him your horse for a couple of miles, which he

quietly rides off with, leaving his good-natured honour to toddle the residue of the march—sixteen miles.

By way of economy, endeavouring to find your way home from the mess on foot, after having finished a couple of bottles of port, find your teeth come in contact with a horse's heels. In making a retrograde movement to escape, find yourself snugly lodged on a buffalo's horns, who, as you are not of his caste, pitches you over the back of a camel.

Having been out shooting, find, on your return, that the army had marched some hours before. Roaring of cannon and peels of musketry guide you to the field of battle, just in time to be too late, the victory having been won. Awkward situation; your bravery having before this been rather questionable.

Writing to your servant, who was left sick in hospital, to go to your library and to select a

couple of dozen volumes of interesting books, and send them to you immediately, and which selection you leave to his judgment, find, after paying twenty rupees for their carriage, the following works:—

Dundas's Military Evolutions.
Military Regulations.
Standing Orders of the Regiment.
Mess-Rules.
Articles of War.
Johnson's Dictionary.
Schoolmaster's Assistant.
Calcutta Register.
Five Years' Army Lists.
A Volume of Old Regimental Orders.

And fourteen other volumes on equally interesting subjects.

Being ordered on piquet upon a sugar-loaf hill, where your heads are amongst the flying clouds, on a bitter cold night, find some difficulty in getting yourself up, much more your great coat; your teeth chattering and keeping time with the whistling wind, now and then saluted with the sonorous growl of the bear or tiger. In your

hurry, having forgotten your pocket-handkerchief, obliged to beg the loan of one from a soldier who takes snuff, being the only one who has one, and, wishing to be neighbourly, take turn about.

Paying a soldier to carry you across a river, who, when in the middle, sets you down to rest himself, apologizing for the short delay.

Entrusting a soldier with your rum-bottle to carry, find, on calling for it, that he has drank two-thirds, and made the remainder into three-water grog, fearing that the neat spirit might be too strong for your honour's delicate constitution.

Giving your servant your great-coat to take care of, being your only covering. Bitter cold night. No servant to be found. Find him, at last, snugly rolled in your said coat, and sound asleep, when you have been starving with cold and nearly frozen to death.

Being obliged to get a dozen grenadiers to pull you out of a quagmire, into which you tumbled while on a night march. Glad to escape with the loss of a boot, which is ingulfed some feet under the mud, and obliged to walk the residue of the march (some ten miles) barefooted, with a corn on every toe, the only mode of relieving which is by hopping occasionally on one foot.

Having just undressed to steal a comfortable bathe, on rising from your first refreshing plunge, hear the drum beat to arms. The cannonading tells you that the front of the line are engaged. In the confusion, cannot find your clothes or tent. This is the naked truth, that came under my own knowledge during my service in India.

Just sitting down to a comfortable hot dinner, the first you have partaken of these twenty days, no sooner have you tasted the first delicious mouthful, than you are ordered on out-line piquet, the officer

on that duty having been shot. Under these circumstances, obliged to trust your servant to bring your dinner to you; but, from your not perfectly understanding the language, find afterwards that you have directed him to some other guard. Cold night; no great-coat; obliged to creep under the wing of a grenadier's.

Thinking yourself a mighty wiseacre, cause your bedstead to be fitted on your camel or bullock trunks, on which you think you may slumber without the possibility of losing the said trunks. When the morning rays break through your tent, find yourself quietly reposing on *terra firma*, and both your trunks gone, the thieves having removed you from the upper to the lower floor. This is not groundless.

Your piquet being surprised, find, on its coming hand to hand, and man to man, that you have, in the hurry, dropped your sword, to cut five and six with the scabbard.

Taking particular pains to explain to your sentinels that they are to challenge three times, "Who comes there?" and, if no answer is received, to fire immediately, an Irishman, literally adhering to these instructions, when you go your next visiting-rounds, challenges, "Who comes there?" three times consecutively, as quickly as he can bawl it out, accompanied with the contents of his musket.

Having, in a long campaign, had all your crockeryware broken, obliged to make and drink tea out of tin pots without handles, by which you have the felicity of warming your lips, mouth, and hands at the same time.

Thinking yourself a knowing hand, get an unusual large chair made, so as to have elbow-room at a crowded mess. Find, on sitting down, that some wag has shortened the legs; so that, when you are seated, your nose is just visible above the table.

Having received an invitation to dine at the opposite end of a long camp, lose your way, but get there just as the party are breaking up, tired to death. Find your friend, by whom you were invited, just sober enough to bid you good night,—sorry for it. Find yourself back just in time to commence the next day's march.

Tugging away at your hookah, find no smoke; a thief having purloined your silver chelam and surpoose.

Being on the rear-guard in passing over one of the Malwah ghauts, reach camp on the following morning just in time to commence the next day's march. The army cannot, of course, lose sight of the enemy because you are starving. Nothing to eat, but plenty to drink, having waded up to your waist through many a crystal stream.

Thinking yourself prodigiously economical, will

not wet your boots and clothes by crossing a brook where others do; but, instead of this, make a desperate leap at a narrower place, and find your self groping for the bottom in some ten feet water. Ten miles further to go.

Getting up a high tree to reconnoitre the enemy's post, and showing off your agility before the commanding-officer; when, lo! the rotten branch gives way; but, in this emergency, as fickle fortune is ever on the watch to save her votaries, you find yourself suspended by your sash, some fifty feet from the ground, while some wags vociferate, —"Well, captain, what do you see? Are the enemy on the move?" At this moment the colonel's orderly comes,—"Colonel Monson's compliments, Captain F——; will be glad to speak to you *when perfectly convenient.*"

Slumbering on the couch of ease in a hot summer's night, in camp, find, in the morning, that

your trunks are gone, and you quietly reposing on *terra firma*, and the first object that strikes your eye, as an Irishman would say, is gone: viz. the outside of your tent, which has been cut away by the thieves.

Enjoying the indescribable pleasure of a bathe, when there is not a breath of air to fan your heated body, scarcely have you taken one sweet plunge, when you hear five hundred drums beating to arms. In the hurry to dress, put on your jacket first, and shirt last; thus equipped, rush into the battle's heat like some wild maniac: marked by the enemy as some officer of considerable note, quizzed by your brother officers, and laughed at by the soldiers.

Thinking yourself a knowing one on active service, carry half-a-dozen half-boiled eggs in your pocket. This soon gets wind amongst the men, and, in time, reaches the knowledge of your brother officers, one of whom comes up and gives you

a tremendous slap over the repository of your stores, saying,—"Good morning, my dear fellow, how are you? I have not seen you these six eggs (ages, I mean)." In consequence of this trick, you have the pleasure of extracting the contents of your pockets with a spoon, to the no small amusement of the soldiers, who, one and all, tender their services, and whose knapsacks are rammed into their mouths to keep them from laughing outright.

Dressing in a hurry, having overslept yourself, join your brother officers on parade, and find, by their giggling, that you have got the hind part of your pantaloons in front. A good parade joke. Obliged to back out, by making a retrograde movement from the flank of your regiment, to prevent the soldiers from observing you; but, from the general movement of heads and "eyes right," discover that you have been smoked.

Dressing in the same confusion, from being late,

find, on your arrival with your company, the men endeavouring to smother a laugh. On a more minute examination of your dress, find yourself with your nightcap on. Good joke, is it not? "Laurels smiled upon his hoary head."—A positive fact.

Dressing in haste, find yourself with one boot and one slipper on, just in time to commence a twenty-miles' march. Obliged to sham lame to avoid the joke, and to limp the whole march.

It is quite the go to wear mustachios when in camp; but, from the intense heat, obliged sometimes to shave them off. About the middle of the operation, performed with a blunt razor, by which you have cut five and six to some purpose, while in the act of making a desperate effort to clear away the remaining side, hear a sudden attack upon your line,—no time to finish; but rush in this state into the battle's heat, to the terror of your foe, and the amusement of your men.

Having lost your razors, and being so much liked by your brother officers, that you are obliged to let your whiskers and mustachios grow till you are reduced to the alternative of singeing them off with a lighted candle, by which operation you have the felicity of killing two birds with one stone, singeing your hair and burning your nose; leaving the black stumps as thriving mementos of the awful operation.

Being on out-line piquet in a cold night, and during one of those tremendous north-west storms in India, when the wind tears up large trees by the roots, and the rain falls in torrents, find yourself in the midst of these ragings of the elements, overwhelmed in your dripping tent, without the least possibility of extricating yourself, the force of the wind rolling you up like some inestimable treasure.

Being so severely wounded in battle as to be unable to move, find that your pockets are being rifled by some of the followers of the camp. During this

operation, you have the felicity of holding your breath, till you are like a puffed toad, there being no other remedy left you but that, during the plundering of your pockets, you should sham dead to save your life.

Having lost one of your legs by a cannon-ball, obliged to make a pair of crutches of two muskets, and thus escape from the crimsoned field.

Carrying a comrade off the field on your back, and, after lugging him two or three miles, find that he has parted company with his head.

Taking a supposed short cut from the place where you have been dining, find yourself quietly anchored in a bog. You vociferously bellow out for help, which sets all the sentries roaring out, "Who comes there?—Who comes there?—Who comes there?" At last, a small party are sent from the guard to see what is the matter, who

challenge, "Who comes there?" You, in a mistake, answer, "rounds," instead of "friend;" the sergeant of guard asks what round; you then find out your mistake, and say, "friend." Sergeant says, "Advance, friend, and give the parole;" your non-approach draws upon you the fire of the escort, and all you can do is to plunge over head in the bog, to save yourself from being shot, and to bellow out, "Friend in the mud—friend in the mud." So much for short cuts.

Having lost your right leg, and a friend near you having lost his left, make an agreement, by which the bodies of both are to be walked off the field on one pair of legs. In this state march alternately, supporting each other, and thus avoid being plundered and murdered.

Stealing upon your sentries, find six inches of a bayonet quietly thrust into your thorax, before you can articulate "friend," the sentinel having taken you for a spy, lurking about camp.

Straying from camp from intoxication, when you awake in the morning, find yourself divested of your English habiliments, and safely lodged in the main-guard of the enemy, covered over with an old sack. In the morning you are hung for a spy, by way of amusement to your new associates.

Kept two hours in a sentry-box, not being able to give the parole. Bitter cold night. Severely admonished by the officer of the grand rounds for your stupidity. On rejoining your brother officers, the first song you hear at the mess, is at your expense, "I was confined in a sentry-box, wrapped up in a soldier's cloak," &c. &c.

A cavalry officer, belonging to a corps of light dragoons, had been dining some three miles from his tent, where he had made pretty free with the Tuscan grape. About dawn, or a little before, we were attacked by the enemy, and in ten minutes the whole line was under arms. The jolly

captain of horse was obliged to fight the whole day on foot, with another regiment, much to the annoyance of his huge body. His corps particularly distinguished themselves. What a mortification to this fat captain to find his name particularized in orders, as not participating in the glory of his corps!

A shell once fell upon a large oak-tree, when an Irishman bellowed out, "By the powers, but that's shivil enough, so it is." That moment it burst, and carried away poor Pat's head, when another boy from the sod sang out, "Bad luck to such shivility, say I; is that what you call shivility, honey?"

Two shells having come in contact in the air, and burst over the heads of some soldiers, one of them sang out, "Look, joy, there is a great big fight amongst the shells." "Fait," replied the other, "it's hot work when they can't agree."

Sleeping in the same bed with a comrade who is a martyr to the night-mare.

Having fixed your eye and set your heart on some choice *morçeau* at mess, just as you are about to ask for it, find that some hungry sub has purloined the fancied delicacy. No grumbling; first come, first served.

Sleeping next, or near to, a man that can snore the "British Grenadiers."

Sleeping next to a pugilist, who imagines he has come to the scratch, and who, in his sleep, pounds you over the face and eyes, before you can awake him.

Saving every thing that you can rake and scrape together during a long campaign, resolving that

they shall never catch you soldiering again, find that some villain has, on the first day you land in your native country, marched off with it. No use grumbling; it is a common thing in every land.

Sending the one half of your pay to your wife, from some distant country, with letters full of endearing expressions, find, on your return home, that she has a couple of little dears more than you expected, to hail their pa's arrival. Born in matrimony; therefore, no grumbling permitted.

In a cold and bitter wintry night, obliged to go on guard for a brother officer who has thought proper to get drunk.

Being called out by some non-commissioned officer while eating your scanty supper, after a long and harassing march, find, on your return, that that great thief in the army, Mr. Nobody, has purloined it. All fair during war.

Going to bed in the winter rather muzzy, find that a good-natured comrade has borrowed your blanket for the night, and that you are nearly frozen to death. Custom of the service; sharp's the word.

Fighting a duel, and, after snapping several times, finding, on examination of your weapon of destruction, that your frightened second has put the ball downwards.

Finding, when sleeping in the same bed with a drunken snuff-taker, that he has mistaken your nose for his own; but you have a little revenge for so unjustifiable a freedom, by sneezing in his face. All fair in war: give and take is the parole or watchword.

Sleeping in the same bed with a man who talks in his sleep, and twenty times in the course of the night bellows out, "They are coming—they are coming—comrades, to arms! Sound the alarm—fall in—fall in—the enemy are coming."

Sleeping in a crowded tent, in a way termed by the soldiers heads and heels, which is, every alternate man with his head reversed, find the prodigious toe-nails of a grenadier stuck under your chin.

Sleeping next to a man in a crowded tent who has fits, find yourself fast grasped in his loving embraces.

Quarrelling with a man on military tactics, who stutters confoundedly, and will not permit you to help him out with a single word.

Being the youngest soldier in a tent, obliged to go from your warm bed to beat the rain off, in a cold north-east wind. No complaint allowed, it being the custom of the service.

Being on outline piquet with a most agreeable captain, with whom you are on snarling terms,

obliged to dine with this edifying companion, when he makes a point of contradicting you in every word you say; and, should you presume to contradict him in return, you are packed off to your rounds, whether it blow, hail, rain, snow, lighten, or thunder.

Getting drunk at a mess, find, when you can open your slumbering eyes, a dozen charges against you, and three or four gentlemen in attendance with challenges. Don't know a syllable about the grounds of either.

Quarrelling with, and domineering over a man of apparent timidity and great forbearance, find, after you have sent him a challenge, which he to your surprise has accepted, that he is a dead shot, and will receive no apology.

Being ordered to lead in a storming-party, in

the room of an officer who had volunteered to lead the forlorn hope, but who, unfortunately, has been suddenly taken ill. Must go—obedience is the very basis of discipline.

Passing some unpleasant epithets on a sergeant for not pushing on, find, on looking up at him, that his head is off.

Find, on pulling your musket to your shoulder, to shoot one of the enemy who was getting uncomfortably near, that the butt of your firelock has been shot away.

Endeavouring to wake a sentinel, find, after a good deal of shaking, and a few complimentary epithets, that the poor fellow has been shot by the enemy.

Meeting an officer in camp, with whom you are not on speaking terms, and passing him with haughty manner and strut of contempt, find yourself sud-

denly cutting a somerset, by getting your feet entangled in the tent-rope, to the great mortification of yourself, and the gratification of your quondam friend.

Slapping a supposed most intimate friend on the back with all your might and main, find, on the said supposed friend turning round, that it proves to be a person to whom you have a most deadly dislike.

Lending a gold family-watch to a friend to go on out-line piquet with, find in the morning that both of them are in the possession of the enemy.

Having lent your horse to a mounted officer, find them, after the battle, both defunct.

Being ordered to attend the awkward squad, for inattention to your duties when at regimental exercise. By way of distinction from the private

soldiers, the drill-sergeant puts you on the right of the squad. As you are considered by the soldiers as a little bit of a martinet, they feel particularly loving towards you. By way of evincing this affection, the man who is immediately behind you, and whom you have often, by way of punishment, sent to the same drill, steps off with his right leg the instant you step off with your left, by which he digs the toes of his huge jack-boots into your right heel; and, if you attempt to stoop to rub it, or to pull up the heel of your shoe, he gives you a bump behind, by which you are sent sprawling in the dust.

Going your rounds on a dark night, endeavouring to pounce upon some loitering or inattentive sentinel, find yourself quietly quartered at the bottom of a dry well.

Being invited to dine five miles from camp in the very heat of summer, find, after toiling thither,

and being almost suffocated with dust, that your friend had just fallen a victim to the cholera morbus.

Having married a widow for the sake of her pension, and other little considerations, find, on your return to England, that she has three dear little innocents at school, whom she had introduced into the world before she thought of wedlock with her first dear deceased husband, and with whom she thought she would agreeably surprise you on your arrival in your mother country.

Having been invited to dine at a strange mess, find that their politeness and liberality are such, that you must never have the glass from your mouth. When, in the morning, the rising sun sheds his bright rays through the tent-doors, find yourself quietly reposing under the mess-table, in your new regimental full-dress coat, which bears the honourable marks of their liberality.

Wishing for a good day's shooting, leave camp very early in the morning, having first despatched a note to your commanding-officer, stating that you are not able to attend morning parade, in consequence of indisposition, which has compelled you to take medicine. Stealing into camp a few hours afterwards, meet your commanding officer, face to face. Not on very good terms before.

Riding to a ball on horseback, find, on dismounting, that your groom, having an eye to economy, had, a few minutes before you set out, greased your saddle thoroughly with mutton fat, to prevent the extreme heat of the weather from cracking the leather. By this you have had the pleasure of so besmearing your tights, as to prevent the possibility of dancing, or making your appearance amongst the ladies. No alternative but to screw your pins under the whist-table, where you have the felicity of dropping as much blunt as would purchase saddles enough to mount half-a-dozen Lancers.

CHAPTER VII.

I REACHED Cawnpore in twelve days, after a very harassing journey, the fatigues of which laid me on the bed of sickness; but the affectionate nursing of the fair object of my love, and the kind attentions of her excellent family, soon restored me to health, and I was married on the 4th of April, 1816.

I was received by my old regiment in the most cordial manner; and their continued marks of kindness to me and my young wife kept pace with the liberality of their mess. No stranger was permitted to pass through the station without a liberal invitation from the 24th Light Dragoons. Soon after this, my own regiment arrived, when every hand was extended to bid me welcome, and the next eighteen months were spent by me in domestic felicity. At the expiration of that time, we were

called upon again to put our limbs in marching order, on an expedition against the strong forts of Huttrass, Cummoun, and some other refractory dependencies of the Huttrass Rajah.

The former of these forts is situate about thirty miles from Agra, and twelve from Muttra. It is a mud fort, standing in the middle of the most fertile country in Bengal, and is a place of immense strength, in consequence of its enormous ditch, eighty feet wide, by seventy and seventy-five feet deep, with but two small bridges, extremely narrow, and which the occupants of the fort could destroy in an instant.

On our arrival before this place, a negotiation was entered into with the political agent and a messenger from the fort; but still our operations went on in the most active manner. We could not expect success but by a regular and progressive siege, as, independently of the fort, there was also a walled town, which it would be necessary to take and occupy before we could get near enough to the former to mine and breach it. For the taking of the town our first batteries were

erecting during the parley, as convincing proofs that we were in earnest. This siege was under the command of Major-General Sir Dyson Marshall, K. C. B.

Mid-day was finally to determine peace or war. The embassy had been in camp all the morning, begging for time to consider of the proffered terms, or, more probably, to endeavour to meet the foe. This stratagem had often been resorted to on similar occasions to gain the same end; and I have known instances when those creatures would swear by all their heathen gods and goddesses, that their great wish was to be reconciled, when, in reality, they were only plotting a more formidable resistance. I have often heard them swear by their most sacred Ganges, what was well known, both to us and them, to be the most palpable falsehood. I have seen these sycophants kiss the earth, and call every thing dear to them to witness their asseverations, when they have been uttering the most abominable falsehoods to gain some end. I have, also, seen them beat their breasts and tear their hair, in indication of their love and friendship, when all the

while the canker-worm was busy in their hearts. If you permit them, they will put off the evil day from week to week, and from month to month, having always something new to start. This day the Vakeel had brought to camp the most positive assurance that his master, the Rajah, would be in camp to sign and ratify a treaty on the proffered terms. On receiving this intelligence, our good general directed that our batteries should not open till the hour of twelve that day.

Ten o'clock arrived, but no Rajah; eleven o'clock and half-past eleven passed away, but still no appearance of the great man from the fort. About a quarter before the awful hour, the Vakeel was scene emerging from the political agent's tent, and mounting his rut; but his contracted brow betrayed the agitation of his mind. He set off at speed. I rode beside him as far as our grand battery, and he told me on the way that all was settled, and that the Rajah was coming into camp. Scarcely had he uttered this lie, when the awful bell struck twelve, and our batteries opened at the same instant. In a moment the whole town was enveloped in one dense

cloud of smoke. The instant the Vakeel heard the guns, he leapt out of his carriage, and ran as fast as he could towards the fort, screaming in notes something like the angry tiger. This being the case, I took the liberty of taking the nut and horse to camp as prize property. Whether he reached the fort in safety I know not, for we never saw nor heard anything more of his fat ambassadorship; so I suppose he suffered with many hundreds of others during the siege. The moment our batteries opened, their guns also opened a heavy cannonade, evidencing the truth of what the Vakeel had been holding forth. Our siege went on progressively and systematically, keeping in view the grand point in all sieges, preservation of men's lives, and going to work with our eyes open. Our breaching-distance from the wall of the town was only about four hundred yards, and, therefore, if we were inclined to take a peep at things, we were obliged to do it on the sly, for we were within half musket-shot; so near indeed, that we were obliged to have screens for our embrasures, to protect the men when loading and laying the guns. The parts breached were the two extreme corners.

When we commenced, the town was full of men; but we sent them a few shrapnells and a few rockets, which played beautifully along the tops of the houses, and up the narrow streets, and, in one hour, scarcely a man was to be seen on the ramparts; but we could hear them busily at work digging something which we afterwards found to be holes to hide from the shells, over which they covered themselves with old doors and pieces of plank. Some of our shells, however, found them, even in those dreary hiding-places. Many of their houses were on fire. The Congreve rocket is a most destructive instrument of death: its enormous shaking tail carries every thing before it; and, when it explodes, it kills some yards round, and fires houses right and left. Our little whistling shrapnells quite discomposed the gravity of their hoary-headed priests, and drove them into the fort to seek refuge, and call in the aid of their heathen gods; but not one could be prevailed upon to interpose, even so far as to stop a single rocket or shell. Some long shots were then thrown from some of the large guns in the town, near and into camp; but these caused

no other inconvenience than to put some ladies, who had come from Agra to be spectators of the scene, to the double-quick, who never thought themselves safe till in their own dear homes, some thirty miles off. One lady only remained; but she kept at a much more respectful distance than before.

A reward was given for all descriptions of balls brought into camp, varying in amount according to size. Such is the avarice of the Natives who hover about camps, that they will risk anything for money. Near the right of the line, balls used frequently to be thrown, and some of them rolled as far as the piquet. I was riding in that direction one morning when balls were flying pretty thick. A Native saw one lob, and ran to stop it. In this attempt, one of his legs was so badly broken, that I believe it was afterwards amputated. If he had carried the ball to camp, he would have got about fourpence for it!

In two days the breaches began to wear a stormable appearance; and, on the third day, the storming parties were ordered to be in readiness about two o'clock in the afternoon. The day was calm,

and the sky serene and cloudless. By three o'clock every soldier was at his post, ready and willing to perform the service of his country, and add new laurels to its crown. The left column was to be led by the 87th, or Prince's own Regiment, who were as merry as crickets; and the right column by the 14th Regiment, a beautiful corps. About half-past three we moved off towards the town, in silence. Under cover of the village we halted, and an unaccountable delay ensued. Here we sat down and talked over the work before us. While thus engaged, the eye of an inquisitive officer was fixed on another officer of the same regiment, who had taken his epaulette from his shoulder, and his plate and feather off his cap, so that he looked for all the world like some discharged pensioner. This strange metamorphosis drew upon him the ridicule of his brother officers, and the scoffing of the soldiers. Whatever might be his motive for such an alteration in his dress, to say the least of it, it was extremely imprudent and improper; for, by such conduct, he incurred the animadversion of the soldiers of his own regiment, who would, in all

probability, put the most illiberal construction on it. The officers did not fail to have their jokes and draw their conclusions from such a strange circumstance; and, when the question was put to him, why he did such a thing, his answer confirmed the ill-natured surmises that had gone abroad; his avowed object being that the enemy should not know him from a private soldier of the regiment. How far such an expedient may have deserved censure, I leave the public to judge. I merely introduce the instance to warn other young officers against doing anything that may justify the animadversions of the soldiers, or bring them under the lash and ridicule of their brother officers. Whatever might have been the feelings of this young officer (and I should be sorry to impute his conduct to anything but thoughtlessness), I can venture to assert that he never re-established his former character; in consequence of which, he some time after left the regiment. Therefore, young soldier, never be ashamed to let your foe know that you hold his Majesty's commission. I would sooner cram it down their throats than have

my honour or courage doubted. Be tenacious of your character, more especially in the point of courage. If you trifle with this, the sooner you cut and run the better.

The head engineer, conceiving the breaches not practicable, from his not knowing the depth and width of the ditch, had the storming postponed till the following day, with the view that an opportunity might be afforded him, under cover of the night, to obtain the necessary information. At night this officer himself stole down to the ditch unobserved, and, on his return, he seemed delighted beyond bounds, that the storm did not take place, as the ditch was so wide and deep that an entrance was impossible. It appeared that what had been knocked off the bastion had not actually filled up any part of the trench, but only hung to the sides of it.

On the following morning, we found that the enemy, having seen us march down the evening before, had fled when the night closed in, supposing we were going to storm in the night. On this being ascertained, a strong party was instantly des-

patched to occupy the town. We found some difficulty in obtaining an entrance, as they had barricaded the two gates with stone and immense bales of cotton. At last, we were obliged to scale the walls with ladders. With the exception of a few poor old people, not a living soul was to be seen in the town; but the number of the dead was considerable. Two elephants had been slain, and camels, horses, bullocks, goats, &c. lay killed in all directions. After sauntering about the town, and taking a peep on the other side, we found that the fort was quite close. The moment the enemy saw us, they commenced a heavy cannonade; and the tremendous peels of musketry which followed informed us that they had not run far. The prize agents now turned us all out, supposing, with a good deal of reason, that we were not to be trusted with gold mohurs and rupees, of which a few were found in some of the banking-houses.

On the following day, after reconnoitreing the fort and the ground in its vicinity, spots were fixed upon for new breaching and shelling batteries; and, in twenty-four hours afterwards, we commenced our

work of death on the fort and its obdurate inmates. Long ere the hour of the sun's decline, it grew as dark as midnight. About ten o'clock, the terrific shelling commenced, every whistling shell bearing on its lighted wings messengers of death and desolation. I never saw these implements of destruction so accurately thrown,—some of them scarcely five inches above the walls of the fort. In five minutes the screams of the women in the fort were dreadful. In a place so confined, where numberless houses were crowded together, every shell must have found its way to some poor wretch's dwelling, and, perhaps, torn from mothers' bosoms their clinging babes. No person can estimate the dreadful carnage committed by shells, but those whose fate it has been to witness the effects of these messengers of death. On this occasion our shells were very numerous, and of enormous size, many of them thirteen inches and a half in calibre. The system of shelling had been so improved in the twelve years which had elapsed since the siege of Bhurtpore, that, instead of about one shell in five minutes from a single battery, it was by no means

extraordinary to see twenty in one minute, from the numerous batteries which were brought to bear upon this place. It was, at times, truly awful to see ten of these soaring in the air together, seemingly riding on the midnight breeze, and disturbing the slumbering clouds on their pillows of rest; all transporting to a destined spot the implements of havoc and desolation contained within their iron sides. The moon hid herself, in seeming pensiveness, behind a dense black cloud, as though reluctant to look on such a scene; and the feathered tribe, that were wont, in those warm nights of summer, to melodize the breeze, retired far into the distant woods, there to tune their notes of sorrow. Mortal language cannot array such a scene in its garb of blackest woe. Some carcasses were also thrown. These, when in the air, are not unlike a fiery man soaring above. They are sent to burn houses, or blow up magazines. Far and wide they stretch forth their claws of death; and well might the poor Natives call them devils of the night, or fiends of the clouds. To complete this dreadful scene, the roaring Congreves ran

along the bastion's top, breaking legs and arms with their shaking tails. Nothing could be more grand to the eye, or more affecting to the sympathizing heart, than this horrid spectacle. Still, the superstitious foe were stimulated by some hoary priest with hopes of victory, thus imbruing their hands in the blood of their children, their parents, and their friends. Our shells found their way to their very cells, tearing babes from their mothers' bosoms, and dealing death and destruction around. Oh! what must be the anguish of a fond mother, to see nothing but the head of her fondling hanging to her bosom. I will relate one melancholy case of this kind, out of numbers that came within my observation, and actually happened at this place.

A female was lying on a bed of green silk; under her head was a pillow of the same material; her right arm had, no doubt, cradled her babe; and her left was extended as though for the purpose of keeping her child close to her. A large shell had perforated the tiled roof, and, having made its way through three floors, had

gone through the foot of the bed, and penetrated some depth into the fourth floor. A piece of this shell had gone through the woman's forehead, carrying away a great part of the head, so that her death, according to the opinion of a medical man who saw her, must have been instantaneous. The lower part of the child's body, from the hips downward, was entirely gone; but, strange to say, its mother's nipple still hung in the left corner of its mouth, and its little right hand still held by its mother's clothes, which, probably, it had grasped at the first noise of the shell. We understood that this woman was the wife of a most respectable officer in the fort, who had also met his death some hours before her, and was, therefore, in pity spared the afflicting sight. Such, reader, are the scenes of war! Such are the sights which soldiers, in the course of service, are called upon to witness! The poor woman and her babe were committed to the grave; probably, the first of her generation that ever returned to the earth as her last home,—for she was a Hindoo woman.

The garrison of this fort had been solicited, in

the warmest manner, to send their families to their homes, with a promise that they should be guarded to any part of the country, and their property guaranteed to them. To these proposals, dictated by the feelings of humanity which our good general possessed in a most eminent degree, we received nothing but contemptuous answers. Be the blood of their slaughtered relatives, therefore, on their shoulders, not on ours. Wherever the troops of the company have been employed, humanity has always marked their steps; yet I have only known one instance, in my long service, in which the natives consented to avail themselves of the kind offer made to them that their families should be protected. I shall have the pleasure of mentioning this in its proper place.

It was currently reported, and there seemed to be some foundation for such a report, that there were immense treasures in the fort. This was a more shining prospect than we had contemplated. Nothing could be more congenial to our minds than the chance of touching the coin. These an-

ticipations gladdened our very hearts, and kept us watchful and vigilant. To say the truth, I do not know any class of people more deserving of money, or who can spend it in a more gentleman-like manner, than soldiers From our late gayeties at Cawnpore, and having danced my marriage rounds through the whole station, my purse, at this critical juncture, was in deep decline. It had undergone a most severe draining, and its contents had dwindled away to a single silver piece. My account with the paymaster had also made an oblique evolution, and settled on the wrong side, leaving me no credit by the position it had taken. Since this untoward account had taken that whim into its head, the paymaster was never at home. A confounded bore this,—always to find people out, whom you particularly want to see and have a little sterling confab with. Thus stood the case, or, rather, thus stood my purse, yawning for lack of coin, and this was the case with many others. Was it a wonder, then, that we so readily gave credit to the reports which were in cir-

culation, touching the probability of our reaping a golden harvest by this siege?

With these prospects in view, the siege went on with all possible energy. Having viewed the gaping ditch, and assured ourselves of the impossibility of both descent and ascent, we had pushed our mining operations within thirty yards of the top of the glaciers, and began to descend into the bowels of the earth. I was this day on a working-party, with one hundred men, and had just arrived in the tool-yard, about three hundred yards from the left of the trenches, when I was thrown flat on my face by some violent shock of the earth. Before the general shock, the earth seemed in dreadful convulsions. The walls surrounding the tool-yard were propelled forward from the fort, and fell to the ground. Stones, bricks, pieces of wood, and, nearer the fort, bodies and limbs, were to be seen soaring in the air in all directions. For the moment, consternation and dismay were depicted on every face. When I arose, I felt much alarmed; the earth

seemed still to move under me; and at first I thought something had happened to me alone; but, on looking around, I found my men, some in the attitude of prayer, and others lying down, hiding their faces with fear. Having recovered my senses, I looked towards the fort, and saw it enveloped in one dense cloud of smoke or dust; and, now and then, streaks of fire issuing from its battlements. In the midst of this momentary alarm, there was an indistinct buzzing that the grand magazine of the enemy had been blown up. This report having reached my ears, I ran, or, rather, rolled along the trenches, and was informed that their grand magazine had really been blown up by one of our shells. Again looking towards the tomb of destruction, what a sight met the eye! The smoke which arose from the ruins seemed to be a solid and substantial structure, gradually and majestically ascending to the skies, bearing on its top variegated volumes of vapour, that seemed to ride upon its summit. From this ascending mountain were ever and anon vomited forth sheets of vivid fire; and glittering sand fell

in showers around the spot. Through this dense, but really insubstantial mass, was to be seen the setting sun, spreading his luminous beams through the gigantic phenomenon; and the beauty of the sight was beyond human fancy to imagine. This tremendous volume of smoke seemed almost to rise perpendicularly, verging off a little with the wind, which scarcely breathed. When it had ascended so that the sun was visible under it, the mass above changed colour, and you might trace on it the most brilliant rays of the rainbow. This continued ascending in various forms, until, at last, it was buried in distance: after which, every eye was directed towards the destruction below, and the sight was frightful indeed. Heads, bodies, legs, arms, hands, spears, guns, muskets, planks, and colours, lay indiscriminately among the pile of ruin. Four thousand maunds, or three hundred and twenty thousand pounds of gunpowder, an accumulation of years, were contained in this magazine. This was buried in stone magazines, some hundreds of feet under the earth; and it was supposed that the major part of the

garrison had sought refuge in those excavated vaults, from the destruction of our shells, and were there entombed in this pile of ruin and desolation. The cries of men, women, and children, and the groans of wounded horses, could be distinctly heard, and drew from every eye the tear of pity. Our guns had ceased firing, no one knew why. There were no shoutings of exultation; but, on the contrary, loud were the expressions of commiseration and sorrow. Amidst the convulsion, it was a most extraordinary fact, that the new and scarcely finished temple of the inmates of the fort still reared its superstitious head, and on the very margin of their once boasted and inexhaustible mine of powder and ball, stood uninjured, amidst the general wreck, divested only of its scaffolding. This coincidence, which they, no doubt, attributed to supernatural agency, still fed their deluded hopes, and they would not bend the stubborn knee and ask for mercy, but still persisted in their resistance, led on by some hoary-headed priest, who would not tear himself away from his ill-gotten stores. The night closed in

as cold as the hearts of these obdurate creatures; the sky was serene and clear; and the moon rose in her most effulgent brightness.

The moon had now risen high above the tops of Rumnah (a place where they keep preserved game), when our guns re-opened, and more messengers of destruction were sent to complete the work of death. Every hand employed against the fort would willingly have carried these poor creatures the cup of peace and the balm of comfort, rather than send them more woe; but, notwithstanding these sympathetic feelings, there is a duty we owe ourselves and our country. We were in honour bound to push the siege; but this was our duty, not our inclination; nor is it true that soldiers, inured to scenes of war, do not possess the nicer feelings of the heart. The shelling again roared through their narrow streets, and tore up their little dwellings by the roots, each hurling additional victims into the gaping pile. About the hour of midnight, there seemed a bustle and clashing of arms amongst the people in the fort, and I began to think that they intended to give

us leg, so I kept a good look-out. I crept close to the edge of the ditch and listened. I could hear voices, but not distinctly what they said. I was observed from the fort, and nearly paid dear for my peeping. Several shots were fired, one of which struck close to my head. I moved my quarters to a more safe place; and, from the neighing of horses, it was pretty evident to me that they were on the bit; but, as I was no reservoir of news, I took good care to keep my opinion to myself, until the thing became more certain. Five minutes after, I saw some of them outside of the fort, on horseback, waiting to assemble in force, before they attempted to break through our mounted cavalry, which formed a chain of sentinels round this side. It was imagined impossible that they could make their escape. I communicated what I had seen to the commanding-officer of the protecting-party, who had a hundred Native men under his command, which would, in all probability, have been sufficient to have stopped them; for, no doubt, they did not intend to go empty-handed away, but

laden with gold mohurs. When I first communicated this intelligence to the officer on duty, he politely said it was only fancy,—they were no flinchers. I told him that I could *see* them coming out, but he replied, sarcastically, "Then why don't you go and stop them? I will tell you what, Shipp: you are never easy unless your head is in the cannon's mouth." At the first part of this reproof I got terribly nettled, and warmly replied, "Had I your means, Captain Brewer, (alluding to the men under his command) I would stop them; but, as my men have only their pick-axes and shovels, it would be an act of pure madness to attempt such a thing; though it is by no means clear to me that I could not even stay their flight with these poor means." At this he instantly flew into a rage, and said, "Pray, sir, what do you mean to insinuate by what you have this moment given utterance to?" "My dear Brewer," said I, "you know I am as poor as the inside of a sentry-box, and it is really a pity to see these fellows under our very noses, walking off with the coin." He smilingly replied, "That's true; and I will pro-

vent it if possible." So on we marched at double-quick, and, all I could do and say, I could not prevent my men, armed as they were with pick-axes and shovels, from following me. I threatened to cut the first man down who dared attempt to leave his post; but no sooner was I gone than my men were close at my heels, and one fellow came running up to me, and said, pointing to a small village close by the entrance of the bridge,—"By the powers, your honour, but there is a whole generation of cavalry all mounted on horses. See, your honour, some of them that are halted are coming this way." I replied,—"What the devil has brought you here?"—"Does your honour think I would lave you in this blusteration," said Paddy. On getting pretty close to these "cavalry on horseback," my attention was drawn off from the soldier, who, on turning round, I found was close at my elbow, with a pickaxe on his shoulder. Here the enemy, observing us, rode off to the left at full speed. One I endeavoured to stop, and he rode at me. I gathered myself up in an attitude of defence, resolved if possible, to dis-

mount him; but, unfortunately, his horse's foot struck the inside of my thigh, and down I went, and he had the politeness to fire his matchlock at me, but it did not touch me. He rode on, and I jumped up and again recovered my station at the head of the party. We now arrived at the end of the bridge, where there was a kind of half-moon battery or breastwork,—at least there had been, but now nothing but the parapet and embrasures remained. Behind these my men, many of whom had followed me, took refuge, till we had again driven the enemy into the fort. We pushed on, and on the bridge the struggle was dreadful. The enemy wanted to come out, and we wanted to go in. They would not permit us to go in; and we, equally unaccommodating, would not let them out. This was the dispute, and, after a good deal of fighting, we not only stopped their intended journey, but put an end to many of their lives. They, for a time, disputed every inch of ground with us; but Jack Sepoy was not to be done, and we, after a hard struggle, gained possession not only of the bridge, but of the inner gate. Here they had the

advantage for a time, for they had fastened the inner gate; which, however, yielded to force. At this moment I received a tremendous blow from a large piece of wood that was thrown from the ramparts, and hit me on the head; I fell to the ground, stunned for a moment, but soon got up again. When I was knocked down by the log of wood, a sergeant hollowed out,—"By the powers, but he is kilt at last outright!"—"Not quite, sergeant," said I; "but it was a devil of a blow."—"Och! never mind that, your honour," said the sergeant, "it's all in the army."—"No, sergeant," I replied, "it is all on my head." A few seconds after this, the same sergeant received a similar salute, which made him hug the ground, when a soldier who was near him sang out,—"Are you kilt, sergeant dear?"—"Upon my conscience," groaned the sergeant, "I don't know; but I feel mighty queer, so I do."

I had not been on my legs again above a second, and had scarcely had time to scratch my head, when there was a dreadful explosion of powder. The shock caused by this explosion nearly threw me

down again. On looking behind, I found it necessary to give some orders, and I pointed to the object of my instructions. Some ill-natured fellow from the ramparts thought I was pointing the finger of derision at him, so he let fly his matchlock at me, and shot me through the very finger I was pointing with—the forefinger of the left hand. The shot passed through the finger, and, carrying away nearly the whole of the bone of the two first joints, grazed the palm of my hand, and passed through the lapelle of my coat. At last the inner gate yielded to force, and we rushed into the body of the fort. On our first entrance, we could see women and children flying across the narrow streets; some mothers bearing their offspring in their bleeding arms; some dropping them in their flight; and others meeting death from the balls of our men, who were firing at random. Many poor childless mothers threw themselves on the points of our men's bayonets, and some begged for mercy. Putrid bodies, both of men and beasts, lay about in all directions,—some of them three or four deep; and the smell was absolutely suffocating. The

fighting soon ceased, and, though many attempted to escape by another bridge, they were taken prisoners.

The fort being now completely in our possession, as soon as the prisoners had been secured, I examined my wound. An hour having elapsed since I received it, my whole arm had begun to ache most dreadfully. Finding, therefore, that I could do no further good to the service, I was resolved I would do no harm to myself, so I bent my way towards camp, to get my wound dressed. To be candid, I may as well confess that I did not walk home, but rode one of the finest Persian horses I ever beheld. I found him loose, running about the fort. I caught him, and rode him with a piece of rope in his mouth. The good-natured prize-agents did not request me to give him up, nor, perhaps, were they aware that I had such an animal in my possession. Be that as it may, however, I sold him at Lucknow, to the King of Oude, for two thousand rupees, about two hundred pounds sterling. Having reported the capture of the fort to the major-general, who was, of course, much

pleased with the information, and immediately made his arrangements accordingly, I got my wound dressed. My good-natured doctor was pleased to announce to me, that if I escaped with the loss of my finger, I might consider myself fortunate; but he feared that the dreadful manner in which the finger had been torn, would render amputation of the hand necessary. The wound was evidently from an iron aud rugged ball. Iron ball-wounds immediately turn a rusty, or more of a yellow colour, and are bad healing wounds. In the morning my wound was again dressed by another medical friend; and it was so much better in the forenoon of the following day, that I got into my palanquin and rode down to the fort. I must beg to be excused from entering into a minute narration of the scene inside. Let it suffice that it far exceeded anything that man could write, were he to sit down to draw a picture of the most abject misery and woe. The most depraved wretch could not have looked upon the work of death which presented itself to our eyes, without being melted into sorrow. I soon turned from such a sight, and stood towards home.

Near a small village, a beautiful young woman, about sixteen years of age, had been seen, and ultimately seized. Her husband, to whom she had only been wedded about three months, was one of those who were entombed when the magazine blew up. From that period nothing could sooth her or appease her grief; no power could restrain her; and at last she escaped into the adjoining wood, or rumnah. When I saw her, she was running wildly; but, at times, she would pause, hold up her finger, and tell you to listen; when she would exclaim, with the most heart-rending shriek,—"That was him! It was he that did speak! Yet now he is gone." Then the poor bewildered maniac would tear her sloe-black hair, which was hanging in ringlets down her back and bosom, and, at length, sink exhausted to the ground. She was taken to camp, and committed to the care of some of her relations, who had been taken prisoners.

CHAPTER VIII.

Amongst the prisoners captured in the fort of Huttrass, search was made by us for the Keeledar, and his friend the negotiator, who had been so many times in camp; but neither of these gentlemen could be found; and we naturally concluded they must have escaped on the evening of the storm; for, strange to say, a great body of cavalry had cut their way through some of our cavalry piquets. The Europeans saddled the Native corps of Hindostanee horse with this; and they in return threw the blame on the European cavalry. Some part of this flying enemy, however, passed the piquet of the 8th Light Dragoons, and several of the brave fellows of that regiment were wounded in endeavouring to stop them; but I have no doubt that the main body passed between the right of the 8th Dragoons and the left of the corps of Captain

Badley's horse, between which flanks there was a wide space and a high-road. This road was watched by a regiment of Native Infantry. From the beautiful horses left in the fort, and the immense number of suits of chain armour we found strewed about the stables of the cavalry, the whole of the enemy's horse must have been in mail; so that our cavalry could have made but little impression, even if they had fallen in with them. By this escape one of our grand objects was defeated, by the loss of the person of the rebel governor, which was wanted to answer his rebellion to an offended government. How it was possible that a single individual could have escaped such a bombardment was to us a mystery; for large houses were literally torn up by the roots. They had thrown a great number of their dead into a well, and many lay in the ditch, a melancholy and revolting sight, for the sun had swoln them to an enormous size.

It seems that, the moment any of their children were killed in houses remote from the well, they were thrown into the street. I counted five limbless babes in one street.

The day I left camp the maniac widow died, and it is with infinite pleasure I now bid farewell, for a time, to such distressing scenes.

Deputies from the other forts and dependencies of this Rajah had witnessed the siege *incog.*, and were no doubt in camp when the explosion took place. Not being inclined to risk the same aerial ascent, or to be entombed as many hundreds of the poor creatures in Huttras had been, they readily surrendered to the wishes of the government. What had become of Diaram (for that was the Rajah's name), we could not discover; but he was a dangerous man loose in a country like India, and might do much mischief if he joined the Pindarees, who were then in full force prowling about the country, not immediately in our provinces, but lingering on the borders. After some search, this Rajah was found with Nawab Ameer Khan, an independent chief; and no sooner had the Company discovered the place of his residence, than, instead of punishing the rebel as he deserved, they munificently offered him a pension for himself and family, if he would reside in our provinces. With

these terms the veteran Rajah readily complied, and he is now residing in affluence, peace, and happiness, under the Company's banner of protection and shield of faith. I have heard from those who have since seen him, that his loss in lives at Huttrass was upwards of fifteen hundred in the fort, besides those in the town. Two of his nephews were amongst the dead; and he himself encouraged his men in person during the whole of the siege, and was scarcely ever from the ramparts.

My wound at this time assumed a dangerous appearance. It had been much irritated by the extraction of several pieces of shattered bone; and, as the weather at this period grew intensely hot, my doctor advised me not to travel with the regiment, as he apprehended that the extreme heat, and the constant shaking of the palanquin, might bring on inflammation. I therefore the next afternoon left my corps for Cawnpore, some hundred miles, by dawk*, and arrived there about the same

* Travelling by dawk is a very speedy mode of conveyance, well known in India. The traveller is carried in a palanquin by eight bearers, who are relieved every ten miles; and by this ar-

time on the afternoon of the following day. From having been more than four-and-twenty hours without proper dressing, the whole of my arm, and indeed all my left side, became much inflamed, and were extremely painful; but the fond attentions of an affectionate wife, and the kindness of her good family, soon made me forget my pains and aches.

I had such a home as few were blessed with; and, in the bosom of my family, I forgot the toils of terrific war. By good nursing and good medical advice, my wound began to mend apace; but there were still pieces of bone protruding through the wound, which, however, were in time extracted by the hand of skill.

The moment I got my hand dressed on the night I was wounded, I took the precaution of sitting down to communicate the true particulars of the

rangement a hundred miles are so certainly performed in twenty-four hours, that from Cawnpore to Calcutta, a distance of eight hundred miles, is reckoned an eight days' journey. This is accomplished, of course, by travelling by night as well as by day, which is done with great comfort to the traveller, the palanquin being provided with a couch, and well-armed guards with torches accompanying the party during the night-time.

affair to my family by letter, knowing well what erroneous reports are often sent to the wives of soldiers, and communicated in the most blunt and abrupt manner.

The following correspondence, which I pledge myself to be copied *verbatim* from letters which actually passed between some of the privates of the 87th Regiment and their wives, after the siege of Huttrass, may serve at once to amuse the reader and to show how easily accidents may be exaggerated, and reports of the most alarming nature obtain circulation.

"DEAR JUDY,—Sure, the Fort of Huttrass was taken last night when the moon rose this morning; and, sure enough, by a party of the old Fogs into the bargain. Lieutenant Shipp, good luck to his honour, was twice knocked down by them. Och! by the powers, his mother or father must have been of Irish distraction, for he fights for all the world like an Irishman. Sure, he took the fort all alone with only his working-party with pickaxes and shovels, and some Sapyes, and the divel a gun amongst them; but his working-party had a fine

opportunity of picking holes in the jackets of the enemy, and shoveling them up in a corner together all in one lump. Two thousand were taken prisoners alive, beside all them that were dead. Sure, I forget, dear Judy, to tell you that there was a great big blusteration in the fort. Their magazine was blown up; yes, and all the powder and ball besides. I was standing in the tool-yard, and found myself laying on my face, and before I could get up I was down again. I have no more news except that we shall go from here as soon as we march for Cawnpore, where I hope to find my Judy well. Tell Mrs. Gaffy that Pat is not well, and he is sick besides with a bad cold. We are quite fatigued doing nothing. So no more at present from

"Your doating husband,

"*Huttrass, May* 2, 1817. "P. R."

"MOLLY AVERNIEN,—Och! sure the old Fogs have bothered the enemy from head to the tail; they are for all the world like an Irish fair, all of an uproar. Yesterday evening, their great big magazine was

blown up, and kicked up a tremendous dust and smoke. It was a beautiful sight, and looked for all the world like sand and gravel rolling down from the skies; and, when the sun got directly behind it, it was as clear as mud. Dead bodies, wood, sticks, stones, and bricks, were seen cutting capers in the air. On the whole, it was a mighty genteel sight, and would have done the eye of a blind man good, could he have seen it; but, Molly dear, the worst part of the story is to come afterwards; but before I tell you what is to come after this, would you believe that the old Fogs were at the head of all this blusteration and smoke? Faith! they were, sure enough. Lieutenant Shipp surrounded the fort with himself and a hundred pickaxes and shovels; but he was knocked down before he got in the second gate, only he got up and ran after the spalpeen who did it, when another spalpeen shot at him and carried away his whole hand and five of his fingers, and only left his thumb, which got off clear without being hurt. But he is getting better. Sergeant R. got a lump on his head, and is mighty cross about it; but that's neither

here nor there. I think the campaign will soon be over, for they have had a sickener. I wrote to you the other day, but as I did not send it you did not remember to answer it, as you will if you get this safe and sound. We are all pretty well, only the regiment is sickly and a great quantity are in hospital with the *Corporal Forbes,* which carry them away before they have time to die, or say who comes there. I shall tell you in my next letter when I write that Pat Murphy is made sergeant, Jamy Flanagan corporal, and Taddy Dagerty lance-corporal. I must conclude by telling my own dear Molly that I am alone by myself,

"Your affectionate husband,

"D. H., 8th Company."

"*Huttrass, Bengal, East Indies,*

"*May* 2, 1817.

"P.S. Give my respects to O'Neil if he is alive; if not never mind it,—it's of no consequence at all. Should you see M'Cather, tell him I will give him twenty-five rupees for the watch, ready rhino, if he will give me credit till the prize-money is paid;

if not, I shall be off the bargain. I cannot say more, for I have not got a tint of ink or paper left that I have not used. I will tell you face to face when we meet how much I love my Molly.

"Before Huttrass, the self same day.

"D. H."

"DEAR JENNY,—When you get this letter, don't be after forgetting to remember, as you did before, to answer it. Now promise me this in your next letter, and I will keep up the correspondence by writing to you; if not, you can write to me to let me know, and I will answer it when I write again. The news is this, Jenny: that yesterday evening the enemy's great big magazine blew up to the skies. Och! there was such a smoke that you could not see anything for dust. Lieutenant Shipp led in the storming-party, one hundred sapyes; but the enemy knocked him down upon his face dead, and he was some time before he could get up again, and when he was up, sure they would not let him alone, for they shot him through the

hand, and the doctors say it must be cut off to save it. His working-party followed him with the tools, and not one of them was touched saving the lieutenant, and he was most desperately wounded. I saw his honour this morning, and asked him how his hand was, and he said it was only a scratch. I think I never saw so many dead bodies in one place,—they all lay as familiar together as though they had been alive. 'Dear Jenny, I could not help crying at the number of poor women and children that laid dead in the huts and streets without the least life in them. I went to see what was doing, but that sight soon sent me back again. Several men laying on the bridge with desperate cuts, and our lads said it was Lieutenant Shipp's well-known cut that settled many of them. I have no more to say, but I wish you were here to partake in the glory; now it's all over. Make my compliments to Mrs. Foy, if you see her; if not, never mind. I shall write to tell you we have left this the moment we are gone.

"Your's truly,

"*May*, 1817. "T. F."

"My dear Pat,—I wish you would be after writing me a single line, to tell me if it is true that you were killed in the storming-party the other night. People tell so many lies that I never believe one of them; but I am mighty unasy about it, and should like to know the truth. If you are dead, honey, sure Sergeant Logan will be after reading it and letting me know. Och! if you're dead, dear Pat, let this console you, that I will never marry again; but perhaps you are not, and will only make a redicule of me for opening my heart to you. I saw Dennis M'Guire, who told me it was all a lie, that you were not dead, and that if I wrote to you you would let me know. Dear Paddy, you don't know, sure, how distressed I have been till I know; therefore, write, if you are alive; if not, Corporal Hagan or Sergeant Logan will have the goodness to let me know. I shall look out for the post every hour, though I know I cannot expect under three days, but that's no matter. So no more from

"Your affectiouate wife,

"*Cawnpore.* "Molly Kaneaghan."

"P.S. Before I close this, pray don't forget to write to me as soon as you are able."

"DEAR MOLLY,—Whoever told you that I was kilt, it is a great big lie, without a morsel of truth. It's truth I got a ball in my side, but I assure you, if I had been kilt, you should have been informed by me; but I am worth a hundred dead men, and hope I shall live till it's my turn to die, and then you know, dear Molly, I cannot help it. We have hard work here, besides plenty to employ ourselves, and never have an idle moment without something to do. My wound is getting better, but it's a little worse this morning, owing to a cold; but my doctor says there is no danger as long as I live; but, should it take an unfavourable turn, I may be worse before I get better: so you see you must not be alarmed on my account, but must be glad that I have written you so favourable account. Give my respects to Mary Jones.

"Your's doatingly,

"PATRICK M."

"*Camp, before Huttrass.*

"DEAR JEMMY,—Your letter was not lost that I received yesterday, though a great number of

them were that did not arrive safe. I was glad to see that you were getting better of your wound, and not worse. We have been both very well, save Mrs. Logan has been very ill, and not well besides. I wish I was with you, dear Jemmy, for I am quite tired doing nothing. I saw Pat Flanagan yesterday, but he told me nothing about the trunk, but I asked him, and he said he would take care of it for you. Sure, Corporal O'Gorman died yesterday, in the hospital; I went to see him, he left you his compliments. Dear Jemmy, this, sure, is a dull place, because there is no fun. The divil a one you see hardly at all, becase they have left the station, and are all gone, and those who are here are as dull as old Mother Gaffey, when she's sober; and, fait! that's never, sure. I met her the other day in the bazar, and, when I overtook her, she said 'Good morning, Jenny;' and went on, 'My morning on you, Jenny, honey; sure, I have not had a taste these two hours;' so I took her to the canteen, and we had a noggin of good stuff together, but she seized my hand, and would not let it go till I gave her another drop of the cratur;

then she turned, and called me all the blackguards she could think on. I never said a word to her, but told her she was bastely drunk, and I never would treat her again; so she shied the noggin at my head, and I left her alone by herself, and went my way. I forgot to tell you before, becase I did not recollect it, that Dinnis Murphy is going to get married to Kitty Reilly, as soon as the priest gets sober; and a pretty job he will make of it, for she will play him a pretty game. If being fond of whiskey, fighting, and several other accomplishments, will make a man happy, fait! poor Dinnis will be mighty happy indeed! Let me hear from you, dear Jenny, whenever you write; and belave me "Your sincere friend,

"JENNY M'FOY."

The contents of these confused epistles will show the necessity of a man's writing himself to his friends and family, to prevent unfounded (and often malicious) reports from plunging them unnecessarily into grief. Several ladies of the regiment had called on my young wife for the purpose

of breaking to her the news of my being killed, which had reached the cantonments through communications similar to those just quoted; and nothing but the letter written in my own hand could have satisfied her that these reports of my death were unfounded. The letters from which these reports originated afterwards fell into my hands, and their contents are already before the reader.

In a few days the regiment arrived in cantonments; and in a month or six weeks I was again on parade with my company, little the worse, except that I had an ugly and troublesome finger, which was always in the way. I have since turned it to some use as a true register of the weather; but, beyond this, I do not think I could even now make it so far useful as efficiently to pull a man's nose with it.

I forgot to mention that, when I went down to visit the fort on the morning after its fall, the prize-agents were busy on the look-out for prize property, and to keep our lads from picking and stealing; but, had there been a thousand of them, all with the eyes of lynxes, this would have been

impossible. I heard that a private of the Company's Foot Artillery passed the very noses of the prize-agents, with five hundred gold mohurs (sterling 1000*l.*) in his hat or cap. Several of the men, when the troops got beyond the power of the prize-committee, boasted of their plunder; and, indeed, it is not much to be wondered at that men should make so free as to help themselves, when the dreadful metamorphosis that prize-money always goes through before it reaches the pockets of the captors, and the length of time before it is paid, are considered. All prize property is liable to many diseases and changes, incidental, perhaps, to the climate of India. When first taken, it shines in the full vigour of habit; is of good solid substance—of solidity of body—current, pure, and clear; but in bulk rather protuberant and gross, and therefore, perhaps, somewhat inclined to be dropsical. Change of situation is in general resorted to, but the disease has taken fatal root, and nothing can eradicate the distemper but reduction of the system. Having been severely drained, and much inflammatory matter having been expressed,

symptoms of decline but too often follow, and the poor sufferer is left but a shadow, if it escape total extinction. In this manner the solid substance extracted from the fort of Huttrass dwindled away, leaving, however, a residue of some 20,000*l.*, of which I pocketed eighty-six rupees; but, as I had sold my share for two hundred, I may be said to have come off tolerably well. We afterwards learned, from undoubted authority, that immense treasures had been conveyed from Huttrass. The Rajah, aware that he had fallen under the displeasure of the government, had the precaution to send his principal treasures away, as also the greater part of his family. This treasure passed through the city of Agra, the Rajah having solicited the civil authorities to permit the female part of his family to pass through that district to some distant festival. As the Rajah was an ally, this request could not be refused; and, accordingly, from twenty to twenty-four ruts, containing the treasures of that potentate, as well as his family, passed through Agra, to a place of safety.

The station now began to be gay, and nothing

but parties, dinners, balls, suppers, &c., were the order of the day. This routine of gayety and festivity was kept up for a considerable time, until the more active minds began to tire of it. In addition to this, our purses began to exhibit symptoms of an attack of their old complaints. Mine, in particular, had had such a regular and confirmed shaking-fit, that the disease threatened to be vital unless some immediate remedy were applied.

Full of anxious anticipations as to what would be the consequences of this lack of coin; exhausted by the intense heat of breathless day; and weary of continued dissipation; one moonlight night, when naught was heard but the bigot's bell, which sounded from a temple that lingered still amid the ruins of time, I sauntered some miles from the [illegible], an Æolian voice arrested my attention, [illegible] such ineffable sweetness did the [illegible] for the moment I felt riveted to the spot, [illegible]gh enchanted by some magic power.

I stood still and listened till the voice grew fainter, and at last died upon the refreshing

breeze of eve, which wafted around all the fragrance of the East. The scene before me was beyond conception beautiful: none but those who have seen an Eastern summer's eve can picture to themselves anything half so splendid and sublime. The silvery lake was studded with innumerable wild fowl, sporting on its unruffled surface ere they retired to rest; and the fishes leaped from their natural element to catch a last glimpse of the setting sun. The plaintive willow hung weeping over the bosom of the water, and huge toops of trees invited the birds to sweet repose. The banks were green and verdant, and the distant hills foliaged with every sort of leaf, and bedecked with all the numerous variegated flowers which conspire to scent the Eastern atmosphere. The cattle were on their way home, to be sheltered from the prowling tiger of the night; and all was still and hush, save the bleating of the lambs on nearing their nocturnal retreat. It was a scene well calculated for contemplation and the melodious theme of praise.

I had not gone far before my attention was again

arrested by the same melodious voice, bewailing, in the Hindostanee tongue, the death or desertion of some beloved swain. As I perfectly understood the language, I paused and listened, in the hope that I might catch the words more distinctly; but they died away in the distance before they reached my ear. I slowly approached the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, when I distinctly heard the recital of some love-sick ditty by a female voice. The strain partook more of recitative than of song; and the air, though plaintive, was singularly wild and beautiful. Concealing myself behind a large cotton-tree, I had a full view of the mournful songstress. She stood with her back towards me, with her head reclining on her right arm, which rested on the stump of a tree. During her sweet but sad song, her veil had fallen from her head and shoulders, and exposed a form of exquisite symmetry. At last she heard my footstep. She started; and, immediately veiling herself, she seized her shoes from off the ground, and was about to fly on the wings of fear, when I calmly and softly said,—"Fair maiden, fear not; I will not harm you."

She paused, and hesitatingly said,—"Sir, I am not afraid."—"Pray," said I, "what brings you so far from your village, and alone too, so late in the evening?"

"I have been tending the lambs of my father, sir, and my little brother has taken them home; I was not aware it was so late."

"If I may presume to judge from the tenor of the song I have just overheard," said I, "I fear you must be unhappy."

Upon this, a crimson blush suffused her cheek; but she replied, with timidity, "No, sir, I am not unhappy; but I am, unfortunately, of a pensive and melancholy turn of mind, and my occupation feeds and nurtures this sad propensity into a settled habit, so that sometimes I remain so long abroad, that my family become alarmed for my safety; but, thank Allá! I have hitherto escaped unmolested, and I feel sure, sir, you will not hurt me; your face tells me you are good and kind."

Encouraged by this compliment bestowed on the expression of my countenance, I ventured (somewhat intrusively, I must confess) to question the

gentle stranger, to ascertain to whose memory the words were addressed which she had just been singing.

Upon this she drew her veil close round her face, which, during the conversation which had passed between us, she had hitherto, unconsciously, allowed to remain uncovered, and she said, "He was a youth that once lived in the village that stands by yonder silvery lake; but he is now no more." Here she applied her white veil to her eyes, and wept silently.

"Perhaps," said I, "he was a relation of yours?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, "he was my betrothed husband; but he was snatched from me ere he could say, blessings be on thee."

"Then he died suddenly?"

"He did, sir: scarcely one short mile separated his home from mine, and, ere I could reach his couch, the rose of youth had left his beauteous cheek; his eye was fixed upon his disconsolate mother, who sat by his side; his hand grasped that of his sire; he seemed in a soft and sweet slumber—but his dewy touch told the sad tale of

woe. Yester-night one moon, he was burned on this melancholy spot, amidst the wailings of his disconsolate and distracted family. I, too, sir, was present."

Here she sobbed convulsively, and picked up pieces of sticks and straws. Not till that moment did I suspect that her intellect was disordered by the loss that she had sustained. I endeavoured to sooth and comfort her, and requested her not to weep.

"Not weep!" she replied, with a kind of hysterical laugh, "then, sir, I should soon die. Oh! sir, if I could not sometimes wash these hands with the salt tears of remembrance for his sake, I deserve not the name of his espoused wife. It's true, the people call me, I know not why, the 'pugley;'* yet, sir, I am not mad, but I ever must wail unfeignedly the loss of him who now has left me to find my way through the cares of this world alone: but, harkye, sir,—don't tell the people that I am not mad; if you do, I shall not

* Meaning a maniac, or idiot.

be permitted to wander alone on this lovely spot. Now, sir, I can come here alone, at the still hour of night, lighted on my lone trip by the silvery moon, and here by myself brood over my misfortunes, and hug them to this aching heart. Would that my good father would build me, on this dear spot, a little hut, where I might dwell alone, far from the gaze of prying men and the pointed finger of scorn,"

"You must not nurse this state of melancholy," said I, "or you will soon leave the fascinations of your sweet and revered spot."

"Leave it, sir," she asked in an eager tone, "and go whither? Ah! sir, you need not tell me where; I know whither he has flown. I saw him go; I have seen him since—yes, often; and shall to-night, when the moon is up."

Thus saying, she clasped her hands and looked towards heaven, and, pointing upwards, she exclaimed, smiling through her tears,—"There he dwells. See you yon golden cloud gliding above yon jessamine-tree? There is his residence; there he slumbers on the couch of peace."

"What reasons have you for supposing that spot to be the place of his rest?" said I.

"On the assurance of himself; *he* told me so, and I can depend upon his word: he never whispered in his short life a falsehood; and, now that he is gone, he never—oh! sir, never, would deceive his Mootee, his early choice; no, no, sir, he was on earth incapable of anything wrong, in heaven he cannot err; he cannot—will not, deceive his Mootee."

She now wept and sobbed aloud, and I feared that I had rashly touched a too-tender string. I was in the act of again endeavouring to sooth her, when a shrill voice called, "Mootee—Mootee." She started at the well-known voice of her father; her bosom seemed chilled at his presence, and she said to me, "For God's sake, sir, fly; that's my father's voice. Fly, sir, I beseech you, or the breath of slander may blight my fair name. Go, sir, I conjure you, ere he finds you in the presence of his daughter, whose imprudence, in thus permitting a Christian to approach her, would never be forgiven." Again the father repeated, with some

degree of anger, the name of his daughter, who turned a death-like paleness and sunk upon the root of the tree. Scarcely had I hid myself behind a thicket before a hoary-headed man approached, his white beard almost reaching to his knees. He seized the disconsolate maiden by the hand, and led her towards home, and I soon lost sight of them, as the path was winding and through a thick wood. Some two years afterwards I called at the village, and inquired after her, and it was with unfeigned sorrow I learned that she was found dead one morning on the spot on which her husband was burned.

Shortly after this adventure, the most Noble the Marquis of Hastings was on his way up the river to this station. The object of his voyage up the country was quite secret. Strange were the surmises, and many of them as ridiculous as they were strange. Some said Scindia was to be attacked, —others, Bhurtpore. His lordship was very particular and minute in the inspection of the troops of the upper provinces. The 87th Regiment were in excellent order for service, and I longed to see

them as a body again in the field. The noble marquis was as hospitable as majestic: dinners and drawing-rooms were now all the go at Cawnpore, and quite astonished the natives. His lordship's manners were truly winning, and devoid of pride. At his parties he generally selected the greatest strangers to sit next him at dinner, and was to all extremely affable and condescending. Thus passed the time till the August following, when his lordship's grand scheme for the annihilation of the Pindarees was published, and set us all on the stir. Every one was as busy as trunk-makers, preparing. On every face was the smile of joy, except on those of affectionate wives, whose anxieties foreboded numberless ills that were never realized, and sorrows that never came. Farewell dinners passed in all directions, and, to wind up the farewell to each other, a station amateur play concluded the festivities. I played Lord Duberley in the Heir at Law, and Lord Minikin in Bon Ton. His lordship seemed highly amused with these performances, and was pleased to pass some eulogiums on my Lord Duberley. When the play

had concluded, a gentleman came into the dressing-room, and addressed me thus: "Shipp, if you act your part as baggage-master, as you have that of Lord Duberley, you will do well."

"Baggage-master!" I replied, "I don't understand you." "Why," said he, "you are appointed baggage-master to the left division of the grand army."

"My dear sir," said I, "you must be mistaken; for I have not heard a syllable of the matter." He replied, "You may depend upon it as a fact; and, to be candid with you, I went to Lord Hastings and asked him for the appointment, when he himself told me you were already appointed, at the especial request and wish of Major-General Marshall, in consideration of your conduct at Huttrass, and of your being the only officer wounded during that siege."

Had I known this good news before, I would have thrown all the life and soul of a baggage-master into the character of Lord Duberley. As it was, no intelligence could be more welcome to me. On the following morning I wrote to the brigade-major to

know if the information was true. He replied by note that it was, and apologized for having, through multiplicity of business, forgotten to mention to me that I must join the left division of the grand army forthwith. They had left Cawnpore two days before. Being now sure of this good news, I communicated it to my wife, and fixed the following day for my departure. I then waited on the noble marquis to thank him for my preferment. His lordship received me with great kindness. "Mr. Shipp," said he, "you have no occasion to thank me, but your own merit, and the kindness of Major-General Marshall, who requested the appointment of me as a favour conferred on him." His lordship concluded, "I will not ask you to dine to-day, as you would in all probability prefer spending the short time you have to spare with your family." I expressed my grateful sense of his lordship's kindness, and returned home and spent the day with her whom I loved best on earth. In the evening I took leave of my brother officers, and on the following morning, ere the cock crew, I had taken an early breakfast, and by the time the sun left his slumber-

ing couch I was some miles on my road, to join the left division of the grand army.

There is a kind of pensiveness by which the human mind is assailed on separating, though for a short time only, from pleasant acquaintances; but, when we part from objects bound to us by the dearest ties of love or consanguinity, an indescribable weight oppresses the heart. I felt this in parting from the most affectionate of women, to enter on a new series of wars, perhaps never to behold her again. These thoughts will intrude, in spite of all one's efforts to repress them, where the heart feels assured of reciprocal love. If I do not deceive myself, or my recollection fail me not, I was weak enough to weep on this occasion, for who could see the wife of his bosom writhing with anguish and clinging round his neck, whispering sweet words of love and constancy, and refrain from tears? She had two little sisters, too, who hung about my knees, crying "Dear brother, do not go; see how sister cries. Pray do not go; sister will be ill." I tore myself from the endearing embraces which restrained me, and rushed out of the house.

CHAPTER IX.

THE whole combined powers of the three Presidencies of India were now in motion, to effect the dispersion or annihilation of the Pindarees, a set of despotic marauders and savage barbarians, who were prowling about the country in immense hordes. Their numbers might be estimated at two hundred thousand, all horse-men, the remains of the old Mahrattah sect of warriors, who had been driven from their homes by the civil wars of the several Native powers of Hisdostan. These marauders levied their exactions from the poor peasantry of the more remote districts of Hindostan, whom they robbed and plundered year after year, and murder is a common incident of the day. The horses on which they ride, and also their equipments, whether stolen or not, are the rider's own property, and respected by the rest as such. The craftiest and

most daring among them are the greatest men, and call themselves, according to their several degrees of superiority, names of high office, such as those of our Native officers of cavalry. Their weapons generally consist of a long spear, a sabre, a shield, and a matchlock; but many of them have pistols also, and some few I have seen with huge blunderbusses. Their families generally accompany them, and they are mounted on the best and fleetest horses. Should any of their women die or run away, they can easily be replaced at the next village. If any resistance is made, either on the part of the female herself, or of her father, mother, or husband, coercive means are unhesitatingly resorted to, and the poor creature is carried off in the same manner as any other commodity of which they may stand in need. As soon as they have drained one town or village, they take up their quarters in another, living entirely upon rapine and plunder.

In this manner these marauders had long prowled about uncontrolled, laying whole districts waste, and bringing with them, wherever they went, deso-

lation and ruin. These desperadoes, who set the laws of the land at defiance, and the laws of humanity at naught, the Marquis of Hastings was now determined to destroy; for which purpose, every soldier that could be spared was now in the field, the noble Marquis commanding in person the centre division of the army, and superintending and directing the whole plan of the war.

In four days I reached the division, then lying under the Fort of Callenger, and reported myself to Major-General Marshall, commanding the division, with whom I breakfasted. His extremely kind manner of receiving me was truly flattering. I cannot say that I was very bashful, but I always endeavoured to be respectful to my superiors. I took the earliest opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments for his kind recommendation of me to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. The general replied,—"Shipp, you deserve what you have been appointed to. I have not forgotten your gallantry at Huttrass, although I was so extremely ill before that place; but I must confess that plaguey gout almost made me overlook your merit. I heartily

wish you joy. There will be a knife and fork always laid at my table for you. Make my board your home." Thus saying, he shook me cordially by the hand.

I had now been told in person, both by the Marquis of Hastings and by the general in command of the division of the army in which I was now to act, that I had hitherto performed my duty like a brave and loyal soldier. These attestations to my military character and conduct caused my heart to glow with pride and satisfaction; and, indeed, nothing can be more gratifying to the feelings of a soldier than the consciousness that the approbation with which his superiors are pleased to regard him has been really deserved by him, on account of his ardent attachment to his profession, and his faithful performance of its perilous duties. It was with heartfelt pleasure that I heard I had earned the good opinion of men of high rank and command; and I felt highly gratified in the contemplation that, when retired from scenes of war, I could add to the enjoyments of the domestic circle the comfort of being able to look on my former life

with satisfaction, and of fighting my battles over again and again with delight. Glory had been my motto; laurels were my crown!

I then paid my respects to Brigadier-General Watson, C.B., colonel of his Majesty's 14th Regiment, second in command of this division, whose cordiality and hospitality, for nearly a year that I was a constant guest at his table, I can never forget. After wishing me joy of my appointment, he said, "Shipp, as you are the only King's officer in this camp besides myself and staff, I hope you will take a seat at my table during the campaign." This hospitality I could not accept, the commanding officer having previously given me the same invitation; but the brigadier-general would take no excuse, but said he would settle that with General Marshall. I lived with him till the month of May following in a most friendly manner, faring at his board in a very sumptuous style. In his private character, General Watson was generous, kind, and affable, and ever ready to do a good act; and in his public capacity a brave, active, and zealous officer, who seldom contented himself with directing

things to be done, but actually saw them executed. From the extreme indisposition of the major-general, he undertook the more active parts of the several storms and sieges in which the left division was engaged, as the continuation of my narrative will show.

On the following day I visited the strong hill fort of Callenger. It is situated on an immense hill, on the ascent of which the greater part of the town stands. At the extremity of this ascent, the rocks are almost perpendicular. In some places they are fifty and sixty feet high. On these are built prodigious bastions and stone walls, with embrasures and loop-holes, so that any approach by assault or escalade was impossible. On its summit is a beautiful tank of clear water, nourished by a crystal spring. There are also fields, gardens, and woods, and two or three temples or mosques. The view from this elevation embraced an expanse of some miles of country. In its front, or more prominent part, lay the lowlands of the station of Bandah, on the most beautiful and clear stream in Hindostan, the River Cane. This beautiful stream empties

itself into the Jumnah, about sixteen or twenty miles from this station. Between us and Bandah stood some enormous hills; and temples were built on their very pinnacles, which are reached by winding steps, cut out of the rock by manual labour. These buildings, viewed from the base of the hills, look like little white spots in the sky.

When the sun arose on the following morning, I was invited to go up and witness the splendour of the scene, and I had no cause to regret such an invitation. The morning clouds seemed to slumber on the tops of those barren hills; but the rising sun's glitterings beams roused them from their lethargy, and drove them from their thrones of night. Even at mid-day, I have seen the buildings on these hills entombed in the murky clouds, and their inmates, when visible, seemed beings of another world. They were Brahmin mendicants, who descended in the morning, and solicited alms all day in the name of Alla, re-ascending at eve to their aerial abodes, there to mumble forth their witchcrafts, and to contaminate the salubrious breeze of night with their invocations to blocks and stones.

The breeze in these valleys is pure, renovating, and salubrious. Peacock-fowls are seen in great abundance on these hills. They are both fed and worshipped by the mendicant priests, who are much annoyed if you disturb or shoot them, which, notwithstanding that, Europeans take the liberty of doing, wherever they can find them. These birds are, while young, as delicious as a young turkey. In former days, even during my time in India, shooting peacocks was strictly prohibited by the government, as interfering with the religious rights of the natives; but those orders or prohibitions have been long since rescinded, and they are now considered fair game. They are found in almost all the districts of Hindostan. Their plumage is splendid and beautiful, and, when parading before the sons of idolatry, who worship them, they seem as proud of their tails as the priests themselves do of their pretended and presumptuous knowledge of futurity.

By their ridiculous predictions of futurity, these wretches live, and impose on the deluded villagers, whom they buoy up with the most felicitous pros-

pects to come, feeding their fancies with the hope of future aggrandizement and wealth. Such is the confidence of the uninformed villagers in these promises of future bliss, that they will part with their all to insure a favourable prediction; but, when the auspicious and long-watched-for period arrives at which their hopes are to be realized, then they see how they have been deceived and robbed. But the miscreant priest has always a loop-hole to creep out at, either by asserting that his dupes have not dedicated a sufficient portion of their property to the priesthood; that it is necessary for them to do penance so many days; or give so much money, so much corn, and so many pieces of cloth to the priesthood, to enable them to invoke their gods for the promised mercies. This is frequently complied with, and the delusion goes on from one imposition and infatuation to another. I will relate one anecdote of these mendicant priests, that came under my own immediate knowledge.

A Brahmin priest, noted for his piety and great knowledge of future events, had cast his lascivious eye upon a most beautiful Hindoo woman, of about

thirteen years old. In India they are considered women at that age. This was in the city of Delhi, in the year 1803. He frequently begged at her door, and often received alms from this Hisdostanee beauty, and at last he prevailed upon her to hear the events of her future life. He had been induced to urge this request, he said, from a very extraordinary dream he had had that night. The truth, however, was, that he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the girl's pedigree, to the third and fourth generation, before he made the attempt that follows. "Your name," he said, "is Chaundnee." She started, and said, "Yes, it is; but how came you to know that? I thought my name was known only to my parents."—"Listen, listen," he continued, "and you shall hear greater wonders far. Your father's name is so-and-so; your mother's, brothers', sisters', uncles', aunts', so-and-so." Here the poor deluded girl fell at his feet, overcome by superstitious awe. The Brahmin continued, "So far my dream is true; but, let me see, what says my book of knowledge?" Upon this he opened a large volume, in which all he had

been saying was written in full, with the narrative that follows. On opening the sacred book, as he turned over its leaves, he affected to start, and struck his forehead as an indication of wonderment; and, pointing his impious finger at the name of Chaundnee, said, "Fair maiden, read thine own name, written in full in the book of knowledge. Read," he repeated; "I know thou canst." The astonished maiden fixed her bewildered eyes upon the page, and read her own name written in characters of gold. This style of writing those impostors execute beautifully. The poor girl was struck with amazement at seeing her own name written in letters of gold; but the priest would not permit her to reply. "Stay," said he, "till I read the whole. You will be the richest and most exalted woman in Hindostan. There are large caskets of diamonds for you in the Mootee Paree, (meaning Pearly Mountain, a hill of that name near the city, on which was the residence of this priest). If you will go alone when the moon rides upon the Mootee Paree, you will receive the casket of jewels, which far exceed in value and splendour

those of any other of God's votaries. Fear not, sweet maiden, to go; and alone, as you value your life. None else are permitted to see the contents of this Mootee Paree; even I dare not go in. The present will be delivered to you by a young prince, who is, at some future day, to be your husband." Thus saying, he left her in haste. She watched him out of sight, and believed and swallowed with avidity the ridiculous imposture which had been practised upon her. Agitated by the thought of her promised greatness, she became so unsettled in her manners, that her parents were alarmed, and at last induced her to confide to their parental bosoms the cause of her anxiety. Being doatingly fond of her parents, and seeing their unabated anguish, she at length related the whole story, concluding with an assurance, that she believed it with the most implicit faith, for she had seen it with her own eyes written in letters of gold in the great book of knowledge, and that she must go, and alone, the moment the moon slumbered upon the Mootee Paree. Her sire, in a moment, saw the whole diabolical plan of the men-

dicant priest, and was resolved to punish him for attempting to disturb his domestic quiet; but, to satisfy his infatuated child, he said that she should go ıe grand book of knowledge directed, and be convinced with her own eyes of the imposition, by witnessing his chastisement of the impostor.

At the appointed time, the father and daughter, with two of the sons, armed, sallied forth, and waited till the moon rode upon the hill of Mootee Paree. With timid step the maid approached the mouth of the cave, her father and brothers concealing themselves from view at some distance, to await the result. At last a voice was distinctly heard, and the name of Chaundnee was pronounced three times. "I am here," answered the maiden; "who are you that thus call upon my name?"

"Thy friend and future prince. Approach and fear not; here is the rich casket of jewels that you must wear on the bridal day." She advanced, when she felt some person grasp her wrist, at which she shrieked, and her father and brothers rushed in, seized the old mendicant priest, and in a moment divested him of the most prominent

feature of his face, as well as those two little appendages of his hoary head, called ears. The Brahmin, after this, flew, none knew whither, as the loss of ears is considered a disgrace of the greatest enormity. This story was given to me in English when I was at Delhi, and it happened during the time I was there. I saw the young woman one morning going to bathe in the river. By abominable tricks like these, these hypocritical mendicant priests live, and feed their lascivious passions, under the garb of sanctity.

This is the description of the people inhabiting those beautiful mountains, on which the eye could dwell and always find something new to feast on. This very fort of Callenger had, but a short time before, been stained with the purple stream flowing from Christian bosoms. It was in the storming of this fort, that his Majesty's 53d Regiment of Foot suffered so severely before they succeeded in planting old England's banner on its proud top. On the summit of the edifice is a monument, which was erected to the memory of the brave fellows who fell in the assault of this place.

We remained here three or four days, visiting this fort; and the oftener we went up, the more we were astonished how it was possible our troops could have got in on the occasion alluded to. To us who merely journeyed for amusement up its stupendous sides, the ascent was most difficult, and by the time we had gained its summit we were exhausted. That a fort like that of Callenger, often attempted by legions of Native armies, should have been taken as it was, was matter of amazement to all who beheld it. It had once, we understood, been taken by stratagem in the following manner. A Native Rajah, who was going to war, solicited the governor's permission to lodge his treasures and family there as a place of security during the war. The governor, no doubt actuated by the hope of the ultimate possession of the treasures, readily granted the required asylum, for which purpose a hundred doolies, or covered palanquins, were to be sent up on the following morning. The infatuated and blinded governor, his soul burning with the prospect of gain, slumbered on his couch of supposed safety. Each of these

palanquins was to be permitted to carry one female belonging to the Rajah's family; but, instead, each in reality contained a soldier dressed in the habiliments of the female sex, and veiled to hide his huge mustachios. To each of those doolies were eight bearers; in the palanquins were their arms, hidden from view. Those hundred doolies went up without the slightest suspicion, and they were ranged around the governor's house. The sequel may be readily guessed: no sooner were the supposed bearers relieved of their loads than they flew to arms, and thus got possession of the Fort of Callenger.

The army being now formed and complete, with every requisite for a long campaign, I put the implements of my office in lashing order. My post of baggage-master being a situation which is, I believe, peculiar to India, it may not be improper to state its duties, &c. He is a staff-officer, and, when not employed in his particular department, is attached to the suite of the commander of the division, as much as the commissary-general, quarter-master-general, or any other staff-officer of the division,

On the line of march, he is held entirely responsible that neither men nor baggage precede the column of march, and that they are on their proper flank, which is regulated by the general orders of the day. If the reader recollect what I before stated, that he may safely calculate ten followers in a Bengal army to every fighting man, and when he is informed that, according to calculations made in our camp, including the several Native contingencies we had with us, our followers were not less in number than eighty thousand, men, women, and children, some thirty thousand of whom followed the army for what they could pick up, by fair means or otherwise, my situation cannot be supposed to have been a sinecure. It was truly one of great labour and activity. I had twenty men belonging to a corps of local horse. These men were provided with long whips and placed at my disposal. To attempt to talk the numberless camp-followers into obedience was quite out of the question; and, therefore, these whips were for the purpose of lashing them into something like discipline. To the great number of human beings I have spoken of

must be added fifty elephants, six hundred camels, five thousand bullocks, five thousand horses, one thousand ponies, two hundred goats, two hundred sheep, fifty ruts, one hundred palanquins, one hundred dogs, and one hundred hackeries, or carts; presenting the following total:

Fighting men	8,000
Camp-followers . . .	80,000
Elephants	50
Camels	600
Bullocks, Horses, and Tattoos .	11,000
Goats, Sheep, and Dogs .	500
Palanquins, Hackeries, and Ruts .	250
Total	100,400

One hundred thousand four hundred were thus under my command, for the movements of the whole of whom, men, animals, and vehicles (except fighting men), I was responsible; and I am sure the reader will not class me amongst cruel men if I was obliged to use the whip, where obduracy and contempt of orders were frequent.

On the following morning we commenced our march, and I began the functions of my new situation by impressing upon the minds of some of the followers, that my arm was strong as well as

the lash of my whip. I found I was soon obliged to take other measures besides merely bellowing to them; and in three days I had whipped the whole body into perfect obedience, which saved me a tremendous deal of labour afterwards, and some hundred yards of whip-cord. Sometimes some mischievous fellows would, to annoy me, get the whole baggage on the wrong flank, but I had influence enough to find them out, when they paid dearly for their trick. After a short time they found it would not do; so, my situation, instead of a task, was at last a pleasure to me, and the sight of my whip was sufficient to deter the most desperate from exceeding his limits. My commanding-officer frequently said that, if he lived and commanded twenty armies, I should be his baggage-master.

In two days we arrived under the town and Fort of Hedjeeghur, a strong hill fort, that had been recently taken by the honourable Company's army. The refractory Rajah, driven from his strong and proud walled fort, lived in the town below, where, no doubt he panted for vengence on his foes. He was a designing and crafty fellow, capable of the

blackest crimes; but he was so pressed under the thumb of the government whom he had offended, that he dared not show himself in his true colours. What must have been his heart's writhings, when he saw that proud fort, which had been the residence and glory of his forefathers, forfeited by the most diabolical breach of treaty! It must have filled his cup of bitterness to the brim. In his disposition, this conquered Rajah was cunning, cruel, and despotic; but, from fear, he was the most cringing sycophant that ever lived.

The next march brought us to the foot of the ghaut we were to ascend. On its projecting bosom could be seen a kind of winding path or road, which, in some parts, seemed suspended from the clouds; and how any mortal power could get up our twenty-four pounders, and all their gigantic appendages, seemed beyond human foresight to imagine. The pioneers went to work with the view of enlarging the road, in which occupation we will leave them, while I endeavour to describe the scene below. I imagined that no spot on this wide earth could equal in beauty the scene I beheld in Nepaul;

but the one in which our encampment now lay appeared to me almost to surpass it in magnificence. The hill, from its base to its summit, was, I should think, a good English mile. Similar hills surrounded the encampment, and rippling and creeping streams wound through the camp in every direction. Here the trees, closely embraced by the fragrant woodbine, were of an enormous size; and, when in full leaf, their lofty tops vied with the encircling mountains. Every kind of wild flower was here in great profusion, and the grass under our feet was like the finest green carpet. The eye could wander far through beautiful trees, and through their verdure could be seen little huts of peace, standing by the brookside, which bespoke domestic bliss. But here, as at Nepaul, stalked idolatry in all its deformity, bidding defiance and evincing the most obdurate ingratitude to the sole Author of such blessings. Oh! that in God's good time the pure word of truth may flourish among this unenlightened race. May their seed bloom in the blossom of faith, and may sweet anthems of praise resound through their fertile

valleys, and not only ascend to their mountain-top but to the throne of heaven!

I was delighted to find, by the orders of the day, that the army would ascend the ghaut on the following morning; but that the baggage-master with one thousand men as a working-party, would remain behind. Immediately after the division had ascended, they were to follow, permitting all private baggage to be got up in the best manner it could. The working-party which had been left below, was for the purpose of getting up public stores. I was up early, and saw them off, and it was a most terrific sight to see the cavalry hanging, apparently, on the craggy cliff. Strange to say, elephants ascended, carrying up their usual enormous loads; but the time occupied by these animals was considerable, from their trying to step one after another, and never venturing without first being well assured of the solidity of the ground. This reference to the extraordinary sagacity of elephants reminds me of two or three other anecdotes of these huge animals, which may be interesting to the reader.

In the year 1804, when we were in pursuit of Hoolkah, there was, in our encampment, a very large elephant, used for the purpose of carrying tents for some of the European corps. It was the season in which they become most unmanageable, and his legs were consequently loaded with huge chains, and he was constantly watched by his keepers. By day he was pretty passive, save when he saw one of his species, when he roared and became violent, and, during those moments of ungovernable phrenzy, it was dangerous for his keepers to approach him, or to irritate his feelings by any epithets that might prove repugnant to him. On the contrary, every endearing expression was used to sooth and appease him, which, with promises of sweetmeats, sometimes succeeded with the most turbulent to gain them to obedience, when coercive measures would have roused them to the most desperate acts of violence. By night, their extreme cunning told them that their keepers were not so watchful or vigilant. The elephant here alluded to, one dark night, broke from his chains, and ran wild through the encampment,

driving men, women, children, camels, horses, cows, and, indeed, every thing that could move, before him, and roaring and trumpeting with his trunk,—which is, with elephants, a sure sign of displeasure, and that their usual docility has deserted them. Of course, no reasonable beings disputed the road he chose to take. Those that di soon found themselves floored. To record th mischief done by this infuriated animal in his noc turnal ramble, would fill a greater space than can afford for such matter. Suffice it that, in h flight, followed by swordsmen and spearsmen shou ing and screaming, he pulled down tents, upse everything that impeded his progress, wounded an injured many, and ultimately killed his keeper by blow from his trunk. He was speared in some twent places, which only infuriated him the more, and h struck away with his trunk at every thing before hin His roaringwas terrific, and he frequently struck th ground in indication of his rage. The instant he had struck his keeper, and found he did not rise, he suddenly stopped, seemed concerned, looked at him with the eye of pity, and stood rivetted to

the spot. He paused for some seconds, then ran towards the place from whence he had broken loose, and went quietly to his piquet, in front of which lay an infant, about two years old, the daughter of the keeper whom he had killed. The elephant seized the child round the waist as gently as its mother would, lifted it from the ground, and caressed and fondled it for some time, every beholder trembling for its safety, and expecting every moment it would share the fate of its unfortunate father; but the sagacious animal, having turned the child round three times, quietly laid it down again, and drew some clothing over it that had fallen off. After this it stood over the child, with its eyes fixed on it; and, if I did not see the penitential tear steal from its eye, I have never seen it in my life. He then submitted to be rechained by some other keepers, stood motionless and dejected, and seemed sensible that he had done a wrong he could not repair. His dejection became more and more visible, as he stood and gazed on the fatherless babe, who, from constant familiarities with this elephant, seemed unintimidated, and played with its trunk. From

this moment the animal became passive and quiet, and always seemed most delighted when the little orphan was within its sight. Often have I gone with others of the camp to see him fondling his little adopted; but there was a visible alteration in his health after his keeper's death, and he fell away, and died at Cawnpore, six months afterwards, —people well acquainted with the history of the elephant, and who knew the story, did not scruple to say, from fretting for his before favourite keeper.

During the Nepaul war, 1815, a female elephant, that had a young one some seven years old died, leaving its young to lament its loss. I went to see it every day, and I pledge my word to the reader, that the sorrow and sighing of this little animal was truly piteous and distressing. For some time it refused all kind of food. An old male elephant, that always stood near its mother, after some days, seemed to take pity on it; fondled over and caressed it, and at last adopted it. It always travelled on the line of march close by its side, would feed out of its mouth, and gamboled with

it as it was wont to do with its mother. Thus noticed, it grew fast, and, ere the campaign was over, its poor mother was forgotten, and all its affections seemed settled on its new friend. Its name was Pearee,—love, or lovely, in English.

Colonel James Price, now major-general in the Company's army, knew, perhaps, more of the history of elephants than any man in India, having been one of the Company's breeders, at Chittygong, for many years. I have heard him recount the most affecting stories about these animals. He generally kept two or three himself. I was tiffing one day with him, when the subject turned on the sagacity of elephants, and he said he thought he had a young one as cunning as any one he had ever seen; and he offered to lay a bet, that if any one played this animal a trick, he would return it, if it was a month afterwards. The company seemed to doubt this, and the consequence was a small wager, taken by me. I cut the elephant some bread, of which these animals are extremely fond, but, between the pieces, I introduced a considerable quantity of cayenne pepper. Thus

highly seasoned, I gave this bread to the elephan
but he soon discovered the trick, and I was oblig
to run for it. I afterwards gave him some bre
without any pepper, which he ate and seem
grateful for, and we parted. About a month
six weeks afterwards, I went to dine with the sa
colonel, and, prior to dinner being served, we to
our usual walk to look at his stud. I had forgotten
about the elephant and the bet I had made r
specting him, and accordingly played with a
fondled him, without any suspicion. With t
he seemed much pleased at the time; but, on
going away, he drenched me from head to fo
with dirty water, in return for my cayenne-pepp
trick.

About mid-day, the whole of the private ba
gage was up, and some small guns had been dra
up by the working-party. By six o'clock, no o
but myself and the working-party were remaini
below. When I made my report to the comman
ant of the division that every thing was up, I
could scarcely credit my assertion; but, when
assured him of its reality, he thanked me in t

most cordial manner, and said he had given the following day for the completion of that job. The large guns took four hundred men, with double and treble drag-ropes, to pull up; and some of them were, in some of the most abrupt turnings in the ascent, actually hanging by the ropes in a very dangerous state. One gun broke from its drag-ropes, but it was, fortunately, not far from a turning, which brought it up without any accident. Indeed, scarcely an accident happened worth the relation, save one, which I pledge my word was an absolute fact. A small hackery, or cart, belonging to some of the followers of the camp, fell down a precipice upwards of eighty yards deep, the sides of which were studded with trees of an enormous size. The two bullocks who drew this cart were dashed to pieces, and the driver was so dreadfully injured that he had scarcely a feature left that could be recognized as human. Some ten feet from the cart, lay a child about two years of age, perfectly uninjured, with the exception of one slight bruise on its little knee. It was supposed that the cart did not upset till at

the bottom of the declivity, and that not until then did the child fall out; but it was certainly one of those extraordinary circumstances which sometimes happen, for which it would be difficult satisfactorily to account.

CHAPTER X.

HAVING made my report that the whole of the stores, baggage, &c. had been safely got up the ghaut, I was still at the general's, when a messenger came from Rajah Buckeet Bellee, the Rajah of Hadjepore, whom I have before alluded to, and the general requested I would escort him into camp. I therefore rode towards the top of the ghaut, where I found the Rajah in waiting. The purport of his visit was to make his peace with the general, who was much displeased at his not having complied with his requisition to furnish five hundred workmen to assist us to get up the baggage. The Rajah had with him five elephants, and twenty horsemen, with spears, guns, &c. He was inclined to be affable and jocular with me; but I could see through his dark eyebrows the more inward workings of his heart. He broke silence by asking me

if the general was displeased with him. Know-
ing the character of the fellow, I could hardly
make up my mind to be civil to him, so I replied:
"You had better put that question to him who c
best answer it. If the general is not offended,
has good reason to be so." He then asked
what was the object of our campaign, and I t
him that he had better reserve all these questi
for the ear of the general himself, who, no dou
would be able to satisfy his Nawabship. Find
that I was not quite so elated with the hon
of sitting on the same elephant with him as he l
expected I should be, and that he could get
information out of me, the Rajah next admired
dress, and took a mighty fancy to my watch, l
I would not let it out of my hand. He winked t
man on another elephant, and muttered somethi
in the Mahratta language, which I did not t
roughly comprehend, but which sounded somethi
like, "it won't do," or "he won't do." He th
took a fancy to my whip, which I permitted him t
look at. Some person happening to speak to
just as we arrived in the precincts of the camp,

whip was passed from one to another, and all protested they knew nothing about it, so that I had but little hope of ever seeing it again. On the Rajah's return from the general, from whom he had met but a cool reception, he remounted his elephant, with indignation in his eye, and vowing vengeance, if ever in his power, against all Europeans. I had to see him out of the camp, when, having proceeded to the extent of my orders, I demanded my whip, protesting that he should be detained in camp until it was restored. Every search was made, but no whip was to be found. I was not to be hoaxed in this manner, so I persisted in having either my emblem of office returned, or its full value paid to me. The Nawab asked what it cost. I said five gold mohurs; and, after some demur, and a good deal of parleying, I pocketed that sum, and we parted, to my perfect satisfaction.

We marched the following day. Our journey lay through a wild country, in which scarcely a human being was to be seen, though the soil seemed good and fertile. The fact was, that we were now en-

tering those districts which had been recently
haunts of the Pindarees. The next day our ma
lay through a famous diamond country, belong
to the Punnah Rajah. Having passed a small
serted stone fort, I was much astonished that, aft
the enormous ascent of nearly a mile, the wh
country continued flat for a considerable distan
From the country having been deserted in con
quence of the ravages of the Pindarees, all a
peared desolate and dreary, except in the distr
in which the diamond speculation was carried
Here were seen, in little groups, adventurers d
ging for these precious stones. In this venture,
in all others, some won and others lost; but
number of the latter greatly predominated.
adventurers purchase a certain extent of grou
say ten or twelve feet square, for which th
pay from a hundred to a thousand rupees, whi
depends entirely on the situation. Terms
ing been agreed upon, they then dig, sift,
wash, and, if they find any diamonds under a c
tain value, they are their own; if above (I think
thousand rupees is the amount stipulated),

are the property of the Rajah. Few of very high value are found; but, notwithstanding this, the speculators are well watched during the whole of their sifting and washing. A good deal of gold, silver, copper, and iron, is also found in this part of the country, and there can be no doubt that the Rajah is a rich man; though, notwithstanding his treasures, he must be devoid of happiness, as the following incident of his life will prove.

Some three years before the time that the division of the army to which I belonged passed through this district, the Rajah had married a most beautiful woman, the daughter of a neighbouring Rajah, making his third wife. This woman, of all his wives and concubines, he most loved, if such a tyrant can be supposed to be susceptible of such a feeling. In his court he had promoted a young man (his barber), from an indigent sphere to be his chief confidant. This confidant became his greatest favourite, and, indeed, ruler. Nothing could be done but through his interest. Thus things went on for some time, when the Rajah was invited some hundreds of miles to an annual festival, which in-

vitation he accepted. The times were turbulent, for the Pindarees were then roving about in large bodies; but, notwithstanding this, the Raja imagined he could safely leave his confidant in charge of his family and his people. Having made this arrangement, he started on his journey, re posing the most implicit trust in the firmness and integrity of the new minister, for so he was denominated. Scarcely had one week elapsed, when the fiend who was thus trusted cast his sensual eyes on the object of his master's best love; but he found her virtuous as she was beautiful. He protested his most ardent love; that he could not exist without her honeyed smiles; that she was every thing that could promote his happiness or destroy his life. He entreated, he conjured; but all were as words cast upon the wintry blast: she was firm and threatened to expose his infamy to the Rajah. Thus menaced, his crime seemed to stagger him, and he importuned no more; all the exasperated fury of an offended master rushed upon his mind. The Rajah, as he well knew, was of a most violent and ungovernable temper,—one of those unhappy

mortals who act first and think afterwards; and such a report against his favourite would have wrought his jealous heart to a pitch of utter phrenzy. The villain, seeing his danger, immediately turned his own dastardly crime upon her who had resisted his corrupt proposals, and, seeking an interview with the Rajah on his return, he represented to him, clothed with the most infamous and plausible falsehoods, that his favourite wife had been unfaithful in his absence. Had the infuriated and jealous-hearted Rajah but given this report one instant of consideration, he must have detected the wretch in his infamous falsehood; but the artful favourite knew and relied on his master's fury. The moment he whispered the poisonous words into his ears, the Rajah grasped his sabre, flew like a madman into the zananah, and, without speaking one word, he cut his favourite mistress into pieces; then, gazing on the murdered beauty who lay lifeless at his feet, he sought refuge in the bosom of him who had destroyed his peace of mind and the object of his most ardent attachment. Her lacerated body was committed to the pile, and

burnt, after the usual lamentations. He was an i
dependent Rajah, and consequently beyond t
reach of British justice. In his own country the
was no law to punish such offences. In a sh
time, therefore, the circumstance passed aw
and was forgotten; and not even did the relativ
of the poor woman inquire the cause of the fo
act, for murder was a common incident of the day.

At length, one of the other wives of the Rajah
lay on her death-bed. In this state, she expresse
a wish that her whole court might be assemble
for she had something of the greatest importance t
disclose, before she closed her earthly career. Thi
was communicated to the confidant, who immedi
ately imagined that the murdered victim had com
municated to her the whole affair. He however
took the necessary measures to summon the cour
into the chamber of death; but, when they h
assembled, the favourite alone was missing, and,
search being made, it was found he had fled on
horseback. The council having assembled, a fu
and clear disclosure of his infamous designs w
made. The Rajah, in bitterest anguish, tore h

hair, beat his breast, and ran raving like a madman round the palace. Nothing could sooth or pacify him. Every horseman was despatched in pursuit of the delinquent, but he was never found; and all the infuriated murderer could do, was to build a temple to the memory of his favourite mistress. This he did, and a most splendid edifice it is.

The unfortunate Rajah, when I last saw him, which was in the year 1819, was a perfect madman. After looking on his blood-stained hands, he would wash them a hundred times a day; but neither water nor time can wash away the guilt of murder. In the temple before alluded to, is her effigy, and two valuable diamonds occupy the place of her once smiling eyes.

We remained at Punnah some four or five days, waiting for instructions from head-quarters. The left division was originally intended as an army of observation, to watch the several ghauts on the frontiers of our provinces, and to prevent the Pindarees from getting into our districts; but they having taken another direction towards Candish, we received orders to move on in the combined

and general pursuit, and we stood towards S
ronge Bopaul and Burrowah Saugar, throug
most wild and desolate country, where tyran
sway had driven far from their homes the po
villagers. At one time, having lost sight of t
Pindarees, we began to be seriously alarmed a
our families at the different stations. At one o
the principal stations (Cawnpore) there was scarce
a soldier to be seen, and reports having reach
them that the Pindarees had descended the ghau
the alarm of the women and their families becam
dreadful. Their doors were barricaded with ston
bricks, tables, chairs, drawers, beds, and so for
and not one dared to venture abroad. All w
fear and consternation. Servants were despatch
for information, who brought back the most u
founded reports, which greatly increased the
alarm. My wife's letters were filled with fea
and forebodings. Many ladies had hired boat
for the purpose of going down the river to a
more secure place, when an event happened that
for a time, confirmed all their alarms, and almo
frightened them out of their wits. A lady of t

station, riding out early in her chair (or *ton-jon*), saw, on the race-course, an immense dust, raised by a number of bullocks who were coming to the cantonment for grain, escorted by a party of local horse. She inquired who these were, when the person of whom she asked this question, said, "Brinjaree," meaning a small cattle that carry commissariat stores; but the lady understood him Pindaree, and the name was quite sufficient. She jumped out of her palanquin and ran towards home, screaming, "Pindarees, Pindarees," and all she could answer to the questions put to her was, that the Pindarees were come, and were already in the cantonment. Servants were despatched, who, seeing every body running, vociferating, "Pindarees," the alarm, as may well be supposed, spread like wildfire. Some took to their boats; some got under their beds; others into their cellars and godowns; and the consternation was unbounded. My wife, fortunately, had a small guard of sepoys at her house, there being some commissariat stores there. On the news reaching her, her doors were locked and bolted, and a confidential servant was

despatched to ascertain the nature and the ext
of the truth of the report. He returned, sayi
that they were then plundering the great baza
The screaming of ladies and children which ensu
and the alarm of servants, beggars description, a
it was not before evening that confidence and pe
were restored, by the kindness and judicious int
ference of Captain Sissmore, the acting paymas
of the station.

We pushed on towards Bersiah, where we fou
Major Logie, of the Bengal Infantry, who
thought it advisable to stockade himself, for
had with him a considerable quantity of treasure
Colonel Adam's division. As the Pindarees w
hovering about in large numbers, and a large bo
of Scindia's horse seemed to eye the treasure w
delight, the major having only a few men, we fou
him on a small hill, well and securely fortified. T
day before our arrival, this enormous body of Sc
dia's horse encamped close to the stockade, and
their manners were extremely insolent to Maj
Logie; so much so, that he told them in plain term
if they did not move their quarters, he would fi

on them; and I do not know any man in the Company's army more likely to put his threat in execution. It is true they were the troops of an ally, but they were not to be trusted, and nothing but fear prevented them from seizing the treasure under Major Logie's care. At this place we received hourly information that the Pindarees were in the neighbourhood; but, as they were in tens and twenties, it would have been folly for us to have gone in pursuit of them. Indeed, we might as well have attempted to catch the falling stars. Such a pursuit could not have redounded to the credit of the service, and it might probably have frightened and dispersed them, which was not our object. We rather encouraged their combining in large parties, that we might surprise and cut them up. With this view we remained here some time, watching their movements. Here, again, the munificence of the government of the East-India Company was evinced. Proclamations were published through every village, calling on these marauders to become good subjects, offering to purchase their horses and arms at a fair valuation, and to give them land and a free

pardon for all their former transgressions. I
one of these kind and liberal proposals had t
a right to expect; but their obdurate hearts wo
not accept the proffered mercy, nor their indo
habits permit them to think of cultivating the ea
It is supposed that, during the more inactive sea
of their lives, they will sleep from twelve to fift
hours out of the twenty-four, and the few ho
that they are awake are spent in rapine and s
sual pleasures. There is no race of people on G
earth more depraved and debauched than a Mus
man Pindaree.

Notwithstanding my restless mind, and the ha
of my early life, I had always a turn for the pen
and melancholy. Nothing is better calculated
amuse and nurse this feeling than the moo
scene of an Eastern eve. One night, while we
mained at this place, I wandered from the cam
search of some lonely spot, where I could indu
unseen my melancholy thoughts, and refresh
the breezes of eve my dried-up body, on wh
an intensely hot sun had been sporting the whole
without mercy. Thought led on to thought,

resolution was formed upon resolution; until, recalling my self-possession, I found that I had strayed far from camp. Being in an enemy's country and unarmed, I stopped short and looked around me with the eye of a lynx. All was silent as the grave. I paused and listened; but not even a whisper disturbed the serenity of night. I suppose it was about eleven o'clock. The moon was up, bright, and far on its rambles, and scarcely a cloud was to be seen. All of a sudden, I thought I heard distant thunder; the moon in an instant seemed obscured and dim; and darkness seemed rapidly covering the face of heaven. I made towards home; but, instead of taking the right direction, I found myself surrounded by thick woods. I again stopped, and bethought myself which way I should steer my course, when a most terrific toofaun (whirlwind) came on, that seemed likely to tear the very trees up by the roots. The frightened birds soon got on the wing, screaming most piteously. The thunder became truly alarming, and the lightning raged terrifically. I took shelter under an old mango-tree, that seemed to rock and groan under

the elemental strife. At last a little rain fe
which cleared the dense atmosphere, and the mo
again shone forth in all her grandeur; but su
was my confusion, that I knew not which way
road lay. Seeing the light of the moon br
through the wood, at some distance, I suppo
this to be the edge of the wood at which I had
tered, and accordingly I took this road; but scarc
had I gone twenty paces, when I heard the dis
tinkling of a bell. I made my way to the spot f
which this sound seemed to proceed, and s
reached a temple, in which I could see a pries
his devotions. Three or four cur dogs gave
ciferous notification that some stranger was n
Frequently did the hoary, and almost naked m
dicant, bid them be still, but all in vain. Ha
finished his devotions, as I supposed, he a
and said, "Who is there?"

I answered, "Not your enemy, but your fric

He replied, "Christian, why do you wish to
into those secrets you so much condemn?
steal from your couch, this bitter night, to re
of our sacred devotion? We came not near to

lost you. It is, therefore, very ungenerous in you thus to disturb the devotions of one who perhaps has but a short night—nay, possibly, a short moment only, to repent of an age of sin. If I was a young man, I would cleave you to the ground for this intrusion; but I have now grown feeble and old. I beg you will remain here no longer, but go back to thy brethren, that wallow in sin and drunkenness. Go, I say, ere I ring a little bell that will soon bring assistants to chastise you for this intrusive visit."

"Be not angry, father," said I: "I have been driven to seek shelter from the storm; I came not hither from any impertinent curiosity, or a wish to pry into your devotions."

"Well, sir, if that be true, seat thyself on that fallen fragment."

I sat down as I was desired; and, after a silence of a few minutes, the old man pointed to some characters sculptured on the stone, and said: "I see you are a soldier. That little stone on which you sit records a doleful tale."

I of course expressed great anxiety to hear the

particulars of this tale of woe; and the veneral Fakir, with some hesitation, at last kindly pr misèd that, if I was not in a great hurry, he wou relate them to me; but, he added, "Christia cannot weep; Christians cannot feel; Christia have no pitying hearts."

I assured him, that he did Christians great justice.

"Well, sir," said hè, smilingly, "I will put observation to the test upon you; but first let drink of the crystal stream, for the narrative is lo and affecting, and I am old and weak."

The old man then commenced his narrative the following words:—

"Some fifty years ago, I resided near the co of Delhi. I was then about eighteen years of a and by profession a singer of some note. T led me into the society of the most fascina women of the age, at a period when the court in a sad state of vice and profligacy, when m boasted of their intrigues, and blazoned abr their own iniquities. I at last married a lovely man, virtuous as she was beautiful; and we li

in that bliss of which I had been in early life deprived, from those sins which my profession led me into. When I married, I was thirty years old, and, from the precariousness incident to my profession, I had drank deep of the cup of want and sorrow. I was well versed in the intrigues of the court and of the world; but, being already disgusted with them, I retired to a small village, and there commenced some kind of trade with my wife's little property, and was as happy as the day was long.

"By this wife I had one daughter and two sons. My girl, sir, was my firstborn; and she was like the dew-drop from heaven. Day by day she increased in loveliness; so much so, that our neighbours used to call her "the beautiful Rose." Girls, you know, sir, are confined in this country closer than boys. Finding that my daughter became the subject of general encomium, I saw the necessity of a closer confinement than was consistent with her tender age; but I thought it my bounden duty, as her father, to keep her innocent ear from the delusive breath of flattery, which stings and blights

the young heart ere it grows into blossom, a
instils into the infant bosom poisons that cank
the very root of purity. Yet, sir, notwithstandi
the precautions I adopted to keep her from ea
contamination, spies, ere she completed her twel
year, were put upon my house, to watch her m
tions, and steal her from my embrace. Once I
made up my agonized mind to destroy her by
own hand, rather than see her the slave of pow
and all was in prep[illegible]ation for this purpose, wh
strange circumstance happened, that for the mom
delayed my wicked purpose.

"One night, when I was pensively wandering
side my cottage, brooding over the bloody pur
I had contemplated, and fancying at intervals
I beheld my beloved child weltering in her bl
a man, muffled in a cloak, suddenly glided by
and said, in a kind of whisper, 'Follow m
the temple that stands by yonder tank. I
something for your ear. Trust me, and you
find a friend; doubt me, and I am your bitte
foe.' These words were uttered in a voice
was familiar to me, and my legs mechanically

lowed him to the temple. When arrived at the appointed spot, the stranger thus addressed me: 'Meerzah, you have a fair daughter closely confined within your house. This night fly with her to some forest deep, and hide her from the wanton gaze of our wicked king. His people, when the moon rises, will be on the watch to seize her, and drag her to his presence. You they will provide for, by cutting off your head. The time for preparation is short—fly toward Lahore—avoid the highroad—take this purse to aid thee on thy journey. Good night; stay not a moment here.'

"Thus saying, the stranger left me in the bitterness of my woe, ere I could say, 'God bless and thank thee.' I flew to my cot; told my tale of woe to my fair daughter, who flew to my embraces, and said, 'Nay, good father, fly not; for, ere my bosom should be polluted by a wanton touch, this dagger shall bereave the wretch of his promised prize.' I wrested the poniard from her, and said, 'Sweet child, let us run the risk of flight rather than imbrue our hands in blood.'—Upon this she immediately made preparation for her

flight; and, having first embraced me, of whom she was dearly and doatingly fond, and kissed away the tear from my eye, in half an hour we were on our way by by-roads to Lahore. I left behind me a few lines to this effect: 'Grieve not, dear wife and children,—circumstances induce us for a time to leave you. Be comforted and composed until time, the great unraveller of mysteries, shall explain. Peace be with you. Your daughter is with me. God bless and protect you.'

"Scarcely had we proceeded two miles on the road, when the kind and friendly messenger who had informed us of our great danger, joined us, and apparently alone. He congratulated us on the success of our escape, and I, in gratitude, entreated to be informed to whom I was indebted for so kind a warning. He replied, 'One whom you once knew.' These words were pronounced in a tone that struck upon my ear as boding us no good. 'Your name, sir,' said I, becoming alarmed. 'That name has been long since forgotten by you,' said the stranger; 'but thine can never be obliterated from the recollection of Amed.'

these words I seized my sabre, for I well knew the subtle fiend to be an agent of the king's; but it was now too late: he whistled, when a legion surrounded me, and, before I could cleave the villain to the earth, I was bound hand and foot; but my fair daughter fled wild into the forest deep, and eluded their search.

"From that period, for thirty long years, naught was seen or heard of my sweet child. Reward upon reward was offered to any person that could give information of her; but all proved in vain. My wife and one of my sons were massacred; and for twenty years I was confined in a dungeon, debarred the light of heaven, and tortured to disclose that which I did not know.

"In this dreadful state twenty years of my life were spent, at the will and mercy of him who had attempted to rob me of my child. My tyrant was one evening walking in his garden alone, when a man rushed upon him, and stabbed him to the heart. That man was my eldest son, who, ere he could escape, was cut to pieces; but the king who could so far forget himself, was soon himself for-

gotten, and under a new king I once more saw the light shining from heaven. I flew from the scenes of my early bliss to this lonely temple where ten years ago that very daughter begged shelter from the storm, as you have done to-night. Oh! could I here draw a veil over the dreadful scene that passed. I soon found that she was bereft of reason; she asked me for a drink of water to cool her parched lips. I brought in a loter* that once was hers. The moment she saw it, she seized it with a giant's grasp, and pressed it to her bosom that seemed to rage high in tempest. 'Where she demanded, 'stole you this?'—'Stole! good sister.'—'Who was that that said good sister?' 'Me.'—'You!' Here she seized the lamp, and when she held it to my face, she exclaimed, in frantic accents, 'Tis my father!' and dropped down into my arms. Oh sir! could you but have seen those wild eyes fixed in death, that still seemed turned towards me, you would indeed have pitied me."

Here the old man wept aloud, and I could

* A loter is a brass pot, used to drink water out of.

help joining him. There was a long pause. At last he continued: "I summoned my friends; and, from the marks on her person, I could identify her beyond the power of doubt. On that stone I have engraven her name, and, in spite of my best efforts, my old eyes will still linger on her tomb; but, when I recollected what I had suffered from my uncertainty of her fate, what was my ecstacy when I knew she was at rest! I love to relate the tale. The wind-up is to my soul a delicious feast; and I can now spend my few remaining days in peace, if not in happiness."

I thanked the fakir for his story, and we shook hands, and parted in friendship! he to his quiet couch, and I to the noisy camp.

END OF VOL. II.

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